

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

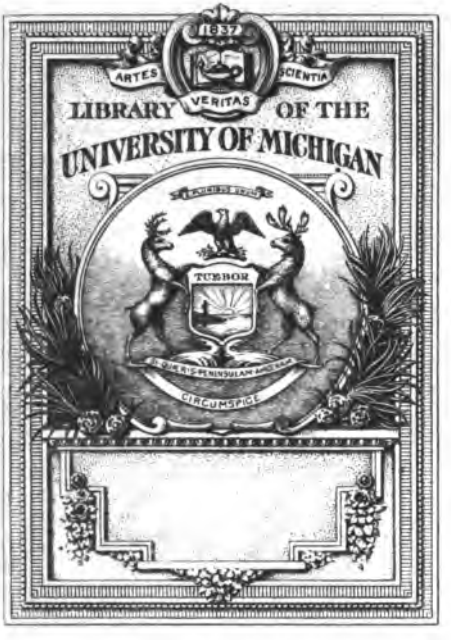
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 509398


ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE

C97j
1809





JOHN DE LANCASTER.

A NOVEL.

BY

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR E. SARGEANT, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND WALL-STREET, OPPOSITE TRINITY CHURCH, AND M. & W. WARD, NO. 4 CITY HOTEL,

By D. & G. Bruce.

1809.

Librarian
Pattison
8-4-25
12197

JOHN DE LANCASTER.

CHAPTER I.

The Reader is made acquainted with the Family of De Lancaster.

On the first of March 1751, Robert De Lancaster, a native of North Wales, and grandfather of my hero, had assembled his friends and neighbours to celebrate, according to custom, the anniversary of their tutelary saint.

I enter at once upon my story without any introduction, having already announced this novel in my memoirs, and I flatter myself, if it is perused with that candour, to which fair dealing has some claim, it will serve to entertain the major part of its readers, disappoint not many, and corrupt not one.

Robert De Lancaster was a gentleman of great respectability, and Kray-Castle, the venerable seat of his family through many generations, lost no-

thing of its long-established fame for hospitality on this occasion: the gentry were feasted, and the poor were not forgotten.

The family of this worthy ancient Briton consisted of an only son Philip, married to an heiress of the house of Morgan, and a maiden daughter, named Cecilia. He was himself a widower. Mrs. Philip De Lancaster was at this time in that state, which gave speedy hopes of an heir to the very ancient family, into which she had married: in the festivities of the day she had taken little share, and in the superintendence of her father-in-law's household absolutely none: that province she had found in much more able hands, and never sought to interfere with the administration of it, in short she had no ambition for authority, and very great objection to any thing that might require exertion or occasion trouble.

Cecilia De Lancaster, from the death of her mother, through a period of more than ten years, had patiently and without repining suffered her youth to pass away, amply repayed by the love and approbation of her father, whilst she devoted herself to all those duties, which had devolved upon her, when Kray-Castle lost its mistress.—Her brother Philip had quite as little disposition to trouble as his lady, so that all things were un-

der the unenvied government of Cecilia; and every guest, that resorted to the house, every domestic that belonged to it, bore witness to the excellence of her administration.

A character like hers, though located amidst the recesses of Merionethshire, could not be totally divested of attraction; for she had high pretensions on the score of fortune, and a pedigree that only stopped where the world began: these might have been enough to satisfy any reasonable man, though some perhaps would have rated them the higher for the loveliness of her person, the excellence of her understanding, and the virtues of her mind.

Amongst the many suitors, who in various periods of her celibacy had been induced to propose themselves to her, none had been so persevering in his addresses as Sir Owen ap Owen, baronet, a gentleman by no means of yesterday, and possessed of a very fair and ample landed property, upon which there were no other incumbrances save only the barren rocks and unproductive mountains, over which it stretched. He was indeed not very eminent as a scholar; for although Sir Owen had without doubt been taught to read, he had almost entirely discontinued the practice of it: and indeed, considering the nature of Sir

Owen's more immediate pursuits, reading might very well be dispensed with, as it could only tend to interrupt his evening nap, and not improve him in the art of hallooing to his hounds, or pushing round the tankard to a tawdry toast: he however administered justice to his neighbours, and settled differences in a summary way after a fashion of his own, by reference, not to any books of law, but to the beer barrels in his cellar; by which his decisions as a magistrate became extremely popular, and men quarrelled first, that they might get drunk afterwards, and patch up the peace in their cups, which they had broken when they were sober. By these means Sir Owen got a good name in the county, and supported a considerable interest, which he never failed to employ, as his fathers had done before him, in opposing and railing at the minister of the day, whoever that obnoxious animal might chance to be.

This distinguished personage was now in the fifth year of his suitorship, and verging towards the fiftieth of his age, whilst the inexorable Cecilia had already endured a siege half as long as that of Troy, without betraying any symptoms, that might indicate a surrender. In fact, Sir Owen seemed now to content himself with a yearly summons, like the Moors before Ceuta, as a

compliment to his perseverance, and to keep up appearances and pretensions.

It was now Saint David's day, when he never failed to be a visitor to the castle, and he had brushed out the lining of his coach, and put himself in his best array, to do honour to the festival, at which he knew Cecilia would preside. His person was not eminently graceful, for he was a round, red-faced gentleman, neither tall of stature, nor light of limb; but his apparel bore the faded marks of ancient splendor, and his huntsman had bestowed uncommon pains in frizzing out a huge white perriwig, which he had powdered with no sparing hand. Sir Owen was at no time apt to be an idle looker-on whilst the bottle was in circulation, and on the present occasion he had charged himself more than usually high to encounter an opposition, which he had reason to expect would be more than usually stubborn; for though due consideration had been paid to his rank, and he had been placed at table close beside the lady, who presided at it, fortune had not favoured him with any striking opportunities for displaying his address, or advancing himself in her good graces. On the contrary he had been rather unlucky in his assiduities, and in his eagerness to dispute the ladle had overset the soup, with sundry other little misadventures,

incidental to an awkward operator and an unsteady hand.

It is perfectly well understood, that the worthy baronet had pledged himself to his privy counsellor the huntsman for vigorous measures; confessing to him, whilst assisting at his toilette, with the candour natural to his character, that he was ashamed of hanging so long upon a cold scent, and protesting, with a due degree of spirit, that he would that very day either bring the trail to an entapis, or give up the chase, and draw off; for which manly resolution he had all proper credit given him by the partaker of his secrets, and the companion of his sports.

When the gentlemen had sate a reasonable time after the ladies had retired, it was the custom of the house to adjourn to the drawing room, where Cecilia administered the ceremonials of the tea-table. It was here Sir Owen meditated to plant himself once more by her side, and bring his fortune to a crisis; trusting that wine which had fortified him with courage, would not fail to inspire him with eloquence. High in hope, and eager to acquit himself of his promise to his confidant at home, upon entering the room he pushed his course directly for the tea-table, where the cluster of candles and the dazzling gleams re-

flected from the polished apparatus, there displayed in glittering splendor, so confounded his optics, that without discovering the person of Mrs. Philip De Lancaster, or computing distances so as to bring up in time, he came foul of the tea-table, and discharged a part of the wreck with a horrible crash into the lap of the aforesaid lady, whilst his head came to the floor amidst the fragments of broken cups and saucers with an impunity, which no common head would probably have had to boast of in the like circumstance. Dreadful was the consternation of the company, most alarmingly critical were the screams and convulsive throes of the unfortunate lady, whose lap was ill prepared to receive any such accession to the burden which it was already doomed to carry. The consequences in short were so immediate, and their symptoms so decisive, that had not Mr. Llewellyn been in attendance, and happily not quite so tipsy as to be incapacitated from affording his assistance, the world might have lost the pleasure of reading these adventures, and I the fame of recording them.

A couch being provided, and the lady laid at her length upon it, she was caried up to her chamber, whilst the castle echoed with her piercing screams.

A servant now announced to the baronet, that his coach was at the door. De Lancaster entered into no farther explanations, and his awkward guest surrendered himself to the guidance of a coachman luckily not quite so tipsey as his master.

CHAPTER II.

Conversation in a library.

When the wheels of Sir Owen's coach had ceased from rattling over the flinty pavement of the castle court, Robert De Lancaster glanced his eyes round the room, and in a corner of it discovered his son Philip, unnoticed of him before. Neither the cataract and confusion, that had ensued upon Sir Owen's tumble, nor the screams of a lady, in whose safety he might be presumed to have some interest, had provoked this disciple of Harpocrates to violate his taciturnity, or to stir from his seat. At the same instant Colonel Wilson, a friend of the family, entered, and brought tidings from the runners in the service of Mr. Llewellyn, that things above stairs were going on as well as could be expected.

Then with your leave, Colonel, said the lord of the castle, we will adjourn to my library, and there await the event. Upon the word Philip started from his corner, ran to the door and held it open for his father. A silent bow was interchanged at passing; the library was near at hand: the chairs were set ready, the candles lighted, and the three gentlemen arranged themselves round the fire in their customary seats.

I think, said De Lancaster, addressing himself to the colonel, amongst all the extravagancies I have been betrayed into, there is none that sits so light upon my conscience, as the passion I have had for collecting books.

They certainly are a source of pleasure, said the colonel, to the readers of them.

They cause great trouble to the writers, Philip answered in an under voice, as if talking to himself.

Colonel Wilson was a disabled officer, having lost a leg in the service, and had now retired upon a sinecure government of twenty shillings per day to a small patrimonial estate in the near neighbourhood of Kray-Castle: he was a few years younger than Robert De Lancaster, who had

now kept his sixtieth birthday. Wilson had two sons; the elder was in the army, and the younger at the head of Westminster school: he was a man of strict probity, good understanding, and an excellent heart. These were qualities, which De Lancaster knew how to appreciate as well as any man, and though his studies and pursuits had been widely different from those of the Colonel, yet he courted his company, and lived in perfect harmony with him as his friend and neighbour. Wilson on his part was not blind to the eccentricities of De Lancaster, but as they never disagreed except upon points that did not interest the passions, their disputes were carried on without any mixture of acrimony, and only served to keep the conversation amicably alive.

Wilson had lived in the world; De Lancaster in study and retirement: the latter would sometimes contend against assumptions, which to the former appeared to be little less than self-evident; in the mean time De Lancaster would oftentimes undertake to demonstrate paradoxes, that to Wilson's unsophisticated understanding seemed perfectly inexplicable: these he was in the habit neither to admit, nor pertinaciously to contest: if he had done the first, there would have been a speedy end to the discussion; if he had pursued the latter course, there would have been no end

at all, for De Lancaster was not often in the humour to recede from his positions.

Philip De Lancaster on the contrary believed all things, and examined none: he was a man of great faith and few words; by no means wanting in curiosity, but extremely averse from inquiry and trouble. Being an only son and heir to the wealthy house of De Lancaster, it was thought advisable by the fathers on each side, who were the contracting parties, that he should take to wife Matilda, only child of old Morgan of Glen-Morgan, and presumptive heiress to his fortune and estate. Philip, who had shown no ardour as a lover, was by no means remarkably uxurious as a husband; and Matilda did not molest him with her fondness or attentions: They lived in the same house as appurtenances to the family at Kray-Castle, (for such from time immemorial had been the custom of the De Lancasters) and they lived without quarrelling; for they were very little together; their passions were never roused by contradiction, or enflamed by jealousy; the husband had no attachments, and the wife, who was said to have been thwarted in her first love, laid herself out for no future admirers.

These few preliminary remarks may probably account for the placidity, with which Philip now

soon persuaded to admit that our time has been mispent and our talents misapplied.

Certainly, replied Wilson, there are some points, upon which we ought not to waver in our opinions, but there are many others, which it is not worth our while to be too pertinacious in defending. In my profession we must not quarrel with men for their caprices, so long as they are not mischievously or impiously eccentric. It is not often we can find a mess-room in the same way of thinking, except upon the question of another bottle.

In your profession, my good friend, resumed De Lancaster, (for which I have all possible respect) the pliability you describe may be perfectly in character, and much to be commended; for where differences are to be adjusted by arguments, swords should not be admitted into the conference. In my system of life I see no reason why I should be bound to think with the majority; nay, I confess to you, I am very ill inclined to subscribe to popular opinions, unless upon strict investigation.

Are they always worth it? said the colonel.

I should think not, echoed Philip.

"Pardon me, exclaimed De Lancaster! So many things are assumed without being examined, and so many disbelieved without being disproved, that I am not hasty to assent or dissent in compliment to the multitude; and on this account perhaps I am considered as a man affecting singularity: I hope I am not to be found guilty of that idle affectation, only because I would not be a dealer in opinions, which I have not weighed before I deliver them out. Above all things I would not traffic in conjectures, but carefully avoid imposing upon others or myself by confident anticipation, when nothing can be affirmed with certainty in this mortal state of chance and change, that is not grounded on conviction; for instance, in the case of the lady above stairs, whose situation keeps our hopes and fears upon the balance, our presumption is, that Mrs. De Lancaster shall be delivered of a child, either male or female, and in all respects like other children—

I confess, said Wilson, that is my presumption, and I should be most outrageously astonished, should it happen otherwise.

I don't think it likely, murmured Philip.

No, no, no, replied De Lancaster; but we need not be reminded how many preternatural

and prodigious births have occurred and been recorded in the annals of mankind. Whether the natives of the town of Stroud near Rochester are to this day under the ban of Thomas a Becket I am not informed; but when in contempt of that holy person, they wantonly cut off the tail of his mule as he rode through their street, you have it from authority that every child thenceforward born to an inhabitant of Stroud was punished by the appendage of an incommodious and enormous tail, exactly corresponding with that, which had been amputated from the archbishop's mule.

Here a whistle from the colonel struck the auditory nerves of Philip, who, gently laying his hand upon his stump, gravely reminded him that Becket was a saint—

De Lancaster proceeded—What then shall we say of the famous Martin Luther, who being ordained to act so conspicuous a part in opposition to the papal power, came into the world fully equipped for controversy; his mother being delivered of her infant, (wonderful to relate) habited in all points as a theologian, and (which I conceive must have sensibly incommoded her) wearing a square cap on his head, according to academic costuma. This, colonel Wilson, may per-

haps appear to you, as no doubt it did to the midwife and all present at his birth, as a very extraordinary and præternatural circumstance.

It does indeed appear so, said the colonel. I know you don't invent the fable; I should like to know your authority for it.

My authority, replied De Lancaster, in this case is the same as in that of Becket's mule; Martinus Delrius is my authority for both; and when we find this gravely set forth by a writer of such high dignity and credit, himself a doctor of theology, and public professor of the Holy Scriptures in the university of Salamanca, who is bold enough to question it?

I am not bold enough to believe it, said Wilson.

CHAPTER III.

An Accession to the ancient family of De Lancaster.

When the good man of the house perceived that the Salamanca doctor and his anecdotes on-

ly moved the ridicule of his friend Wilson, and even staggered the credulity of his son Philip, he pursued the subject no further, but wearied with the exertions and agitations of the day, leaned back in his easy chair, and fell asleep. The parties, that were still awake, seemed mutually disposed to enjoy their meditations in silence, till upon the castle clock's striking eleven, Philip appositely remarked that it wanted but an hour to twelve—

And then, said Wilson, the first of March will have become the second of March, so that if your boy don't make haste into the world, saint David's day will be over, and he will not have the privilege of being born with a leek in his bonnet, and Martin Luther will keep the field of wonders to himself.

The story is very extraordinary, said Philip; but do you think it is true?

Do I think it is true, replied Wilson, that this gentleman, (pointing to a picture over the chimney) whom I take to be Icarus, came into the world, as the painter has described him, with his wings at full stretch? If you can give credit to the one, you may believe the other.

I think the safest way is to believe neither, Philip observed; but the gentleman you point at is not what you suppose: I believe he is some King: It is a family piece, and my father can explain it to you.

That I will do directly, cried the father, who had waked just in time to hear what his son had been saying. The personage you inquire about is not Icarus, but King Bladud of unfortunate memory, and the incident being historically connected with the records of my family, I have had the picture cleaned and repaired, and conspicuously hung, as you see, over the chimney piece of my library. He with the wings is, as I told you, King Bladud: He has miscarried in his experiment, and fallen to the ground from the topmost pinnacle of the Temple of Apollo. The venerable old man in the sacerdotal habit is the priest of Apollo, and the Philosopher in the saffron-coloured mantle is my ancester, the ingenious contriver of the unlucky pinions. From him it is I date the privilege of attaching wings to my more ancient bearing of the harp, as you see it displayed on the banners in the hall, and in sundry other parts of the castle, with the appropriate motto underwritten—*Dum cœlum peto, cantum edo.*

Thank you, my good sir, said the colonel: I

am perfectly satisfied. For my own part I am contented to exhibit three cockle-shells on the handles of my spoons, but where I picked them up, and how I came by them, I know no more than the man in the moon, nor care.

At this instant Cecilia entered the room, and, running up to her father, joyfully announced the welcome entrance of our hero on this mortal stage in the character of a lovely boy, adding in the usual phrase that the mother was quite as well as could be expected.

I rejoice to hear it; I rejoice to hear it, exclaimed the grandfather. But, my dear Cecilia, are you quite certain that it is a boy?

Dear sir, replied Cecilia, you wont suppose the people about my sister can be deceived as to that.

Why no, said De Lancaster, upon better recollection, I presume they cannot.

Cecilia directed a congratulatory look to her brother, and nodding to him as she left the room, said, I give you joy, Philip, I give you joy with all my heart. Philip received it with many thanks, and entertained it with much composure.

Reach me the family bible, son, said De Lancaster, and looked at his watch, observing that it wanted half an hour of midnight. He thereupon entered the day and hour of his grandson's birth in the recording leaf of the aforesaid holy book; observing, that he would postpone engrossing the event into his pedigree roll till his attorney could attend for that purpose—I confess, added he, it is more properly the office of my bard David Williams, but as he, poor man, is blind, I shall wink at his excusing himself from that branch of his duty.

I don't see how you can well do less, said the colonel.

He will be christened John, continued the old gentleman, not attending to the colonel's remark: the links in the chain of my genealogy have long been distinguished by the alternate names of John, Robert and Philip, and the brightest of the three has fallen to his turn. The Johns have been the heroes of the family: that was my father's name; he was a gentleman of the most punctilious honour, but he was killed in a duel with a foreign officer, who happened to tread upon the train of my mother's gown in a ball-room. The Philips universally, without the exception of my worthy son here present, have been lovers of their ease,

and my great-grandfather was very generally distinguished by the style and title of Robert the Philologist: by manuscripts, which are now in my possession, it appears, that he had been at considerable pains and study in writing comments and annotations for a new and splendid edition of the *Incredibilia* Palæphatus: This he did not live to complete, but he is said more than once to have declared, that he would convince the world, that Palæphatus told many more truths than he himself was aware of.

Perhaps Palæphatus atoned for it, said the colonel, by telling many untruths, that he was aware of;—but is it not time to go bed?

CHAPTER IV.

Our Hero pays his first visit to his Grandfather. The congratulatory Lay of the Minstrel.

THE next morning Robert De Lancaster rose with the sun. From the window of his chamber he cast his eyes over that grand and beautiful expanse of country, which the proud and lofty site

of his castle overpeered. It was the first sun, that had risen on his new-born hope, and the splendour, which that glorious luminary diffused over the animating scenery under his survey, was to a mind like his peculiarly auspicious and impressive: his bosom glowed with pious gratitude to the Supreme Dispenser of those blessings—It is too much, all-bounteous Being, he exclaimed, too much for sinful man! I am not worthy of such goodness.

He summoned his servant, and being informed that the night had passed well with Mrs. De Lancaster, he desired the child might be brought to him: his wish was speedily obeyed. He stood for some time intently gazing on the countenance of his grandchild, and at length pronounced it to be a perfect model of infantine beauty, open and ingenuous, every thing in short that his warmest wishes could have pictured.

I perceive, cried he, and can decypher the hand-writing of nature in the expressive lineaments of this lovely babe: if God, who gave him life, shall in his mercy give him length of days, he will be an honour to his name and an ornament to his country.

He is a sweet pretty puppet, said the nurse.

Pooh! cried the prophet, I am not speaking of what he is, I am telling what he will be. I prognosticate that he will be brave, benevolent, and virtuous—

And handsome and tall and well-shaped, re-echoed the loquacious dame; only look what fine straight limbs he has, pretty fellow!

Take yourself away with him! cried De Lancaster in displeasure. You have interrupted me with your chatter, and the continuity of those thoughts, which spontaneously presented themselves, is no more to be resumed.

The nurse departed, dancing the child in her arms, and prattling to it in her way, unconscious of the offence she had committed, whilst De Lancaster pacing up and down his room, in vain attempted to find that place in the book of fate, from which her untimely gabble had caused him to break off—It is lost, said he to himself; I can only discern bright gleams of virtuous happiness, but not unclouded, not without those darkening shadows, that denounce misfortune.—Heaven forbid my father's fate should be this infant's portion with my father's name!

He ceased; sate down, and, whilst the tear

hung on his cheek, silently put up an unpremeditated prayer.

It was his custom every morning after he had dressed himself for the day to be attended by his bard David Williams, and it was now the hour for the old man to present himself with his harp at the door of his patron's chamber: whilst he was in it, all approach was interdicted; the mind of De Lancaster seemed in a peculiar manner to sympathize with the melody of the harp: he had not only a national predilection for that instrument in common with his countrymen of the principality, but professed an hereditary attachment to it as a true De Lancaster, whose ancestors had worn it on their shields from the days of King Bardus. He had now heard the signal, that announced the morning visit of his minstrel, but a doubt struck him whether he could admit him to perform without hazarding an infringement upon his own order for general silence throughout the castle, as recommended by the sage Llewellyn: whilst pausing upon this dilemma it luckily occurred to his recollection, that there was a piano as well as a forte upon his favourite instrument, and furthermore, that the apartment of his daughter-in-law was at the greatest possible distance from his own; balancing these considerations in his mind, the good

man became satisfied upon the point in doubt so far, that David was allowed to enter, and perform his morning serenade under suitable restrictions.

There was a stool, on which Williams always sate during his performances, and an easy chair, in which the patron reposed himself, and indulged his silent meditations. By signals audibly given, on the arms of the aforesaid chair the blind musician was directed to modulate the character and spirit of his movements, so as to correspond and accord with the movements of the hearer's mind. It was a communication without language, perfectly well understood by the performer, who no sooner heard the signal for soft music than he began a prelude so exquisitely tender, that the strings only whispered under his fingers, till at length being filled with the inspiration of his muse, he broke forth extemporaneously into the following strains—

"Shine forth, bright sun, and gild the day,
"That greets our new-born hope with light!
"Give me to feel thy cheering ray,
"Though these dark orbs are wrapt in night.

"Yet Heav'n in pity hath allow'd
"These hands to wake the tuneful string,
"The muse her influence hath bestow'd,
"And taught her sightless bard to sing.

" Sound then, my harp, thy softest strain,
" Melodious solace of the blind !
" Airs, that may heal a mother's pain,
" And sooth a father's anxious mind !

" Hush, hush ! for now the infant sleeps—
" Let no rude string disturb its rest ;
" And lo ! instinctively it creeps
" To nestle at its parent breast.

" Ah luckless me ! these curtain'd eyes
" Shall never view its lovely face ;
" I ne'er must see that star arise,
" The day-spring of an ancient race.

" Father of life, in mercy take
" This infant to thy nursing care,
" And for the virtuous grandsire's sake
" Oh ! hear the humble minstrel's pray'r !

" Grant that this babe, as yet the last
" Of Lancaster's time-honour'd name,
" When coming ages shall have past,
" May rank amongt the first in fame !"

Thou hast sung well, David Williams, said the patron, as soon as the harp had ceased, and I command thee to accept, and wear upon thy finger, this antique beryl, upon which is engraved a head of the poet Homer, thy prototype in melody not less than in misfortune. Thy muse, old man, hath not been unpropitious : go thy way therefore, and cherish thy spirit with the best flask of metheglin that my cellars afford. I know it is thy favourite Helicon, which at once gives nerves

to thy fingers, and nourishment to thy fancy. Get thee hence, blind bard, and be merry!

Old David devoutly drew the ring on his finger, and with a profound obeisance replied—I thank you and I bless you, my munificent patron. I will drink prosperity to the illustrious house of De Lancaster and the new-born heir thereof. It has stood from the time when the old world was deluged, may it stand till the time when the new one shall be dissolved!

With these words David took his leave and departed, whilst De Lancaster, glowing with that pure sensation of refined delight, which music can convey to its admirers, and blest in having now recruited his pedigree with a new descendant from the loins of Noah, sallied forth for the breakfast room, displaying on his stately person a new suit, after an old fashion, of flaming full-trimmed scarlet, ornamented with enormous gold-worked buttons, plentifully dispersed; a prodigious flowing perriwig of natural hair sable as the raven's plume, with rolled silk stockings and high-topped square-toed shoes, which, resounding upon every step of the oaken stairs as he descended, gave loud and early notice of his approach to the personages assembled to receive him.

Cecilia, Philip and Colonel Wilson in turn presented themselves, and received his cordial embrace, for in his heart nature had implanted all the warm affections of father and of friend, and in courtesy of manners he was a sample of the chivalric ages; Llewellyn therefore was by no means overlooked; his services were both highly praised, and liberally repaid. Lawyer Davis also attended, being summoned for the purpose of the enrolment. So many were the messages of inquiry from the neighbours round the castle, that almost every servant and retainer belonging to his houshold made an errand to present themselves and pay homage to their good old master. Had pen, ink and paper been called for, there would have been three domestics to have brought them in: in the mean while it may be presumed that the more than usually profound respect, with which they accompanied their devoirs, was in some degree owing to the awe they were impressed with by the splendor, in which they saw him now arrayed; and certain it is, if they needed any pardon for this excess of reverence towards a mortal like themselves, the stately person and commanding countenance of Robert De Lancaster were exactly such, as in their predicament might serve for an apology: his stature was of the tallest, but well-proportioned and erect; his frame athletic, but without a trace of clumsiness

or vulgarity; his voice, his action, his address were all of that character, which seemed peculiarly adapted to impose respect. Colonel Wilson, who had got secret intimation of this brilliant sortie, which his friend was about to make, had brushed up his epaulets, and turned out in full uniform for the occasion.

Not so Sir Owen ap Owen, baronet, of Penruth Abbey, who, having been told of the event as he had just turned his hounds into cover, instantly galloped off to Kray-Castle; and being now ushered into the room in his hunting jacket and boots, exhibited a figure, which both in dress and address was as perfect a contrast to that we have been describing, as reality could present, or imagination feign.

Cecilia took an early opportunity of saying she was upon duty and withdrew: the rest of the company fell off one and one, and Sir Owen found himself left with Mr. De Lancaster.

What ensued will be related in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

An importunate Visitor interrupts the Business of the Morning.

It must be obvious to the well-bred reader, that this visit of Sir Owen to the worthy owner of Kray-Castle, though not exactly in form, was nevertheless not out of place, considering what had passed in the antecedent day. We may literally say that it was made upon the spur of the occasion, and this we hope will be an apology for our introducing the baronet in boots. Without doubt he was conscious that something more was due from him than a simple inquiry could acquit him of, but the happy turn things had taken, since his head came to the floor and our hero into the world, relieved him in great part from his embarrassment: the politeness of De Lancaster put him entirely at his ease, when turning to Sir Owen, he said—I think, my good neighbour, as I am indebted to you on my boy's account for his early introduction into life, there is nothing wanting to complete the favour but that you should take some charge of him, now he is with us, and stand godfather at the christening.

To this the baronet made answer, that he should be ready to obey the call, and was greatly flattered by it, adding with a significant smile, that it was not his fault, if he had not by this time had the honour of standing in a nearer relation to a grandson of Mr. De Lancaster than that of godfather; to which the other as readily replied—Neither was it his fault.

This was so fair an opening, that Sir Owen could not miss it, and *upon this hint he spake.* His speech, though not remarkable for its eloquence, was extremely easy to be understood: he professed a very sincere esteem and high respect for the amiable Cecilia: he would make a very handsome settlement upon her, and add two horses to complete his set, so that she should command her coach and six; he would new set the family jewels, furnish the best apartments afresh, and build her a conservatory: he would leave off smoking, take to tea in an afternoon, and learn quadrille: he would move the dog-kennel to a greater distance from his house, that the hounds might not wake her in a morning: he would stand candidate for the county at the next election, and as soon as he had taken his seat in parliament, and overturned the present ministry, he did not doubt of being made a lord. He said he was well aware of the lady's high pretensions on the score of pedi-

gree, but he flattered himself he should have something to say on that head, when he had looked into matters, and refreshed his memory; this he knew for a fact—that old Robin ap Rees, his minstrel, had records to prove that his ancestors, the Ap Owens, were not drowned in the general deluge, but saved themselves with their goats on the tops of their mountains in Merionethshire; and this should be made appear to the satisfaction of Cecilia, as clear as the sun at noon-day: he added in conclusion, that as a mark of his respect for the name of De Lancaster, his second son should bear it jointly with his own, coupled with another *ap*.

These proposals being submitted, he wished to know if there was any thing more, that could be required of him for the satisfaction and content of the lady he aspired to. To this Robert De Lancaster gravely answered, that certainly there was nothing wanting to complete his wishes but her consent.

Why that is what I have always intimated to her, cried the baronet, that she had nothing to do but to say yes, and I was ready to strike hands upon the word and clinch the bargain. When a thing can so easily be set to rights, it is rather surprising to me, that she can hesitate about it.

Upon De Lancaster's dropping a hint as to the seriousness of an engagement for life, and that two opinions must coincide upon that measure, Sir Owen very appositely observed, that it was mere loss of time to spin out a business year after year, that could be finished in a single minute.

I grant you, my good friend, said De Lancaster that Cecilia could do more towards settling this affair in the space of one minute than you and I could do in a twelvemonth, for she is absolutely her own mistress; therefore with your leave we will turn it over to her, and when I have next the honour to see you, I will engage you shall have an answer from her own lips: let me only request you to receive that answer as decisive, be it what it may; and for your own as well as for her repose stir the question no more.

So let it be! replied Sir Owen, and fit it is that so it should be; for, take notice, I am getting on all this while, and she is not standing still in life, so that for the sake of posterity we had best lose no more time about it. If it is to be, the sooner it is done the better; if it is not, why there must be an end of it; I must turn my horse's head, as they say, another way; and that puts me in mind that I have left the hounds in cover, and, if they find, I shall be quite and clean thrown out.

Nothing in this life more likely, replied old Robert archly, and with this answer, which cut two ways at once, the baronet, who just then thought of nothing but his hounds, bustled out of the room, muttering to himself—Huntsman will wonder what, the plague, has become of me.

CHAPTER VI.

Some men are more fond of telling long stories than others are of listening to them.

When this inauspicious conference was over, and the subject matter left, in the diplomatic phrase, *ad referendum*, Robert De Lancaster, who was anxious to dispath the more interesting business of the day, rang the bell for his servant, and by him was informed that all parties where in readiness to attend him to the audit-room, where, amongst other family treasures, the record of his pedigree was kept in a vaulted casmate, so fortified, as to bid defiance both to force and fire.

Accompanied by Cecilia, Philip, Wilson and Lawyer Davis, followed by the nurse carrying the

infant, and Williams, in his bardal habit, led by a venerable domestic out of livery, he proceeded to the spot, and with his own hands liberated the incarcerated roll. It was a splendid record, and when spread out at full length exhibited several figures gaudily emblazoned. Colonel Wilson, who had no great respect at heart, but much gravity of countenance, whilst these ceremonials were in operation, addressing himself to the master of the show, said—it is well, my good friend, that you have stage room enough to display this fine spectacle in perfection without putting any of your ancestors to inconvenience—Then passing along till he came to the upper end of the roll, where Japheth, son of Noah, conspicuously kept his post, and pointing to a figure on the step next below him, he gravely asked who that majestic personage might be in kingly robes, wearing a crown on his head, and carrying a sceptre in his hand: Robert De Lancaster as gravely replied, that it was Samothes, the first sovereign monarch of this island, from him called Samothea.—Wilson bowed, and obtruded no more questions.

Whilst the ceremony of enrolment was in process—I record this infant, said the grandfather, by the name of John, although he hath not yet received the sacred rite of baptism, forasmuch as the *pronomina* of John, Robert and Philip

have been successively adopted by my family from the very earliest time of the Christian æra to the present—Write him down therefore by the name of John.

This being done in proper form by Lawyer Davis, and date annexed, blind Williams gave a crowning twang upon his harp (for I omitted to premise that he brought it with him) and in a loud and solemn tone chanted forth—FLOREAT! —when our hero (unwillingly I record it to his shame) set up such a dismal and most dolorous howl, as startled all the hearers, but most of all his grandfather, who, struck with horror, cried out to the nurse—Take him away, take him instantly away! Why would you let him roar at this unlucky moment?—Bless your honour, said the prating gossip, 'tis a sign of strength—A sign! repeated the sage.; how should you know of what it is a sign? Away with him at once! I would it had not happened.

As the cavalcade now marched away in solemn silence, Colonel Wilson, halting on his wooden leg, whispered to Lawyer Davis, who was in the rear—This is ridiculous enough, friend Davis, we must fairly confess; But the harmless foibles of good and worthy men should not expose them to our contempt.

Amongst the many oddities (for I am loath to call them absurdities) that marked the character of Robert de Lancaster, his pride of pedigree was one of the most prominent and most open to ridicule. That his friend Colonel Wilson saw it in this light there is no doubt; yet although he was quite intolerant enough towards many of Robert's eccentricities upon speculative points, in this favourite folly he left him undisturbed, perceiving, as we may suppose, that it was a prejudice not to be attacked but at the risque of his friendship. This topic therefore had never come into discussion, and even the history of the picture, lately brought out of obscurity, was, as we have before observed, new to the incurious colonel. He had seen the pedigree unrolled for the first time, but of its contents he knew no more than what his single question about King Samothes had drawn from De Lancaster in the way of explanation.

If Wilson acquiesced in this foible of his friend, none else amongst the numbers, that were in habits of acquaintance with the family, were likely to start any question as to the antiquity of it; they were so cordially welcomed, and so hospitably entertained at Kray Castle, that it would have been hard indeed upon their host, if they could have swallowed nothing at his table but the dinner, that

he put upon it. Add to this, that the good old man was a patient listener to other people's anecdotes, though a deliberate narrator of his own. For all those dealers in the marvellous, who are proverbially said to shoot a long bow, he had a great deal of companionable fellow-feeling, and as he did not hold the commonly received opinions of the world in very high respect, he had boldly put together and amassed a curious and elaborate collection, somewhat after the manner of Coryat, of what he styled his *Confutations of vulgar Errors*. These have come under the inspection of some people since his death, and though it must be owned that they are not to be read without some few grains of allowance, yet there is a sufficency of novelty to make them entertaining, and good sense enough interspersed to render them in a certain degree respectable.

He there paradoxically asserts, (and I must believe it was his serious opinion, for he was fond of repeating it amongst his intimates) that the human understanding had been extremely narrowed and contracted, since the art of printing had been dicovered and carried into practice, for that tradition was the mother of memory, and book-reading the murderer. For modern history he had a sovereign contempt; he said it was a mass of voluntary misrepresentations and that no man could be trusted to write the annals of his own time;

strenuously contending, that it was from the dark ages only we could strike out light to illuminate mankind. In the early writers of the history of his own country he was profoundly versed, and could adduce a host of authorities to prove that *Dominicus*, *Marius Niger* and *Borosus* were clearly warranted in their affirmations that the island of Great Britain was as well and as fully stocked with inhabitants long before the days of Noah, as any other country upon the face of the globe.

Upon all these topics Wilson had not much to say: he knew his friend was in the habit of disputing points, which others took for granted, and taking many for granted, which by others were disputed; he was therefore well contented to let him talk his fill so long as he was only talking for fame, resolved on his own part to take no more for truth than he saw fit; and, being always able to prove what he himself asserted, what he heard asserted without proof he did not hold himself always bound to believe.

He now perceived the time was come, when it would be no longer in his power to parry the propensity so discoverable in his friend on this occasion to treat him with a discussion on the antiquity of his family: he was prepared to meet it, nay, he was just now disposed even to invite it by some leading questions respecting the family

bards, and the authenticity of the facts by them recorded.

This was every thing that De Lancaster could wish for: it was at once a salve for his vanity, and a challenge to his veracity. Assuming thereupon a more than ordinary degree of solemnity, he said—It is not to the bards alone that I am indebted for all I know of those, who have borne my name before I was in the world, though much is due to their correct and faithful records of the times they lived in. By my own perseverance in keeping hold of the clue, which by the help of *Joannes Bodinus*, *Franciscus Tarapha*, *Wolfangus Laxius*, and other equally illustrious authorities, hath led me to the fountain head of my genealogy, I have at this moment the consolation to reflect, that when that most incomparable personage Samothes, (first son of Japheth, who was third son of Noah) was monarch, patriarch and legislator of this my native island, I had an ancestor then living in it, who shared the blessings of his government, was also nearly allied to him, and stood so high in his favour and confidence, as to be appointed president and chief teacher of theology in that celebrated college of philosophers called Samothei, which both *Aristotle* and *Secion* affirm to have been established in the days of this good king, and so called in honour of his name:

but not this school only, the whole island took its name after this excellent king, and was for a course of years, till the arrival of Albion, called Samothea, as both the learned *Bale* and *Doctor Caius* concur in affirming—but perhaps to you, Colonel Wilson, these anecdotes may be uninteresting; and, if so, I will pass them over.

By no means, my good friend, replied the colonel, for be assured that all these family facts, which you have collected, and Moses in his history seems to have overlooked, are to me perfectly new and extremely entertaining.

Sir, resumed the narrator, Samothes was succeeded by his son Magus, from whom the Persian Magi derive—(Wilson arched his eye-brows, as men are apt to do on certain occasions)—and Sarron succeeded Magus, from whom were derived a sect of philosophers amongst the Celtes, called Sarronides. In the reign of Druis, continued De Lancaster, or, as *Seneca* writes it, Dryus, (which I take to be a corruption) my ancestors transplanted themselves, together with the philosophers, named after their sovereign Druids, into the isle of Anglesea, which, as *Humphry Lloyd* truly observes, was their chief place of abode, or, more properly speaking, their pontifical head-quarters. Bardus, the son of Druis,

succeeded to his father, and in his reign so famous was my then existing ancestor for his performances on the harp, that we have ever since borne that instrument by royal grant of this king as our family coat of arms and crest. Now let it be observed, added he, that many families have coats of arms and crests, and can't tell how they came by them.

That is true, said the colonel, and one of those am I; but I beg pardon for interrupting you: I pray you to proceed.

After a period of three hundred and ten years, the Celtes being subdued by Albion the giant, and this island subjected to his dominion, he changed its name of Samothea to that of Albion. This same Albion the giant was, as every body knows, the fourth son of Neptune.

I am proud to hear it, cried the colonel, but I protest to you it is the first I ever heard of him, or any of his family: I can now account for our superiority in naval affairs; and I most heartily hope that the trident, which this son of Neptune inherited from his father, shall never in any time come to be wrested from his posterity of this island.

I hope not, replied De Lancaster; but I proceed with my narrative—Upon the landing of Brute with his Trojans, (which was not above three thousand years ago) I find it asserted by *Master Henry Lyte of Lytescarie*, that this island was no better than a rude and barren wilderness, *ferarum altrix*, a nursery for wild beasts, as he slightingly denominates it; but I must take leave to tell that learned antiquary, that his history, which he proudly styles *The Light of Britain*, might more properly be called The Libel upon Britain; for I will neither give credit to his lions, which he presumes to say overran the island, nor implicitly acquiesce in his monstrous white bulls, with shagged manes and hairy foreheads, forasmuch as I find no mention of them in our King Edward the First's letters to Pope Boniface, wherein this very point of the landing of Brute in Albion is very learnedly discussed. As for his lions, I treat that fable with contempt, for, besides that King Edward does not mention them, I will never believe there could have been one in the whole island, else how came King Madan, the grandson of this very Brute, to be killed and devoured by wolves in a hunting match, when it has been notorious from all time, that the wolf will fly from the hunter, that has anointed himself with lion's tallow? Will any man suppose that the royal sportsman could have failed taking

that obvious precaution, had there been but a single ounce of the fat of that animal in the whole kingdom?

Nobody will suppose it, said Wilson, and I am satisfied there were no lions for the reason you assign: I must beg leave to doubt also if there was any authority for his enormous white bulls, provided you are quite sure that King Edward does not hint at them in his correspondence with the Pope: but have we not lost sight of your ancestors amongst these lions and the bulls?

Not so, replied De Lancaster, for upon the partition, which Brute made of the kingdom between his three sons Locrine, Camber and Albanact, my family is found in the Cambrian district upon the very spot where Kray-Castle now stands; which will warrant me in saying without vanity that few land-holders in the island can boast a longer tenure in their possessions, this being not above sixty years after the taking of Troy, and eleven hundred thirty and two years before the Christian æra.

That is quite sufficient, said the colonel: few post-diluvian families can produce a better title.

CHAPTER VII.

The narrative is interrupted by the arrival of a letter from old Morgan of Glen-Morgan.

It is not always the greatest misfortune, that can befal the listener to a long story, if the teller shall chance to be called off in the middle of it. This was just now the case with Robert De Lancaster, who had advanced in his narrative but a very few years on this side of the Trojan war, when the arrival of the servant, whom he had dispatched with his letter of congratulation to old Morgan of Glen-Morgan, cut him short in his progress, and it probably required as much philosophy on his part to command his patience, as it did on Wilson's to conceal his pleasure.

However this might be, De Lancaster upon the receipt of Morgan's answer to his letter, came to an immediate pause in his story, and leaving about three thousand years of his pedigree as yet unaccounted for, read as follows—

" Dear Sir,

" Your servant duly delivered your kind letter, informing me, that my daughter Mrs. Philip

De Lancaster was safely delivered of a son; an event, which I hope will afford much consolation to you, and be the happy means of delivering down to future generations a name which from time immemorial has been highly respectable in these parts.

"To my name as one of the sponsors at the christening you have an undoubted right, and I am flattered that you enforce it; but of my personal attendance upon that solemnity there is I fear but little chance; for I am a victim to the gout, and though the snow which now lies on the hills, may disappear before the month is out, I cannot expect my pains will be in the like melting mood: but He, who is the disposer of all things, will dispose even of such a wretched insignificant as I am.

"Alas! my good brother-in-law, I am not like you, a healthy, gay and social man; I am gloomy, sullen and uncomfortable; hypochondriac by nature, and splenetic by vexation and disease: I will not say that I repent that ever I was a father; that would be wrong; but I do say, that, being a father, I repent of my unfitness, and am conscious of my errors.

"One only child, whom we jointly call our

daughter, was all that Providence intrusted to me: her mother died when she was an infant, and I never ventured on a second marriage. I did not seek for teachers to instruct me how to educate my child: I took that task upon myself, and was her only master: I coveted not to accomplish her as a fine lady; I studied to implant good principles in her heart, and make her an honest, honourable woman. I suspect my discipline was too rigid, for I totally overlooked amusement, and fixed a melancholy upon her spirit, accompanied with so absolute a submisson to my dictates, that she seemed to think and act without any will or option of her own.

"When you tendered to me your alliance, I embraced it with ardour; for I held your character then, as I do to this day, in the highest honour and respect. Had ambition been my ruling passion, I could have looked up to nothing in point of family of superior dignity; had avarice been my vice, how could I have gratified it more than by marrying my daughter to the only son and heir of De Lancaster? Your son was comely, courteous, unassuming, and though perhaps not prominently marked with any brilliant gleams of genius, yet certainly in moral purity no young man bore a more unblemished character. I recommended the connection to my daughter—

warmly, anxiously recommended it—Implicitly, without appeal, in a concern the most material she accorded to my wish, and answered at the altar to the awful question there repeated as compliantly as she did, when I first proposed it to her.

"Now, sir, when I disclose to you that this too duteous creature had conceived a passion, which under the terror of my authority she had not courage to discover, judge what my sorrow and remorse must be. I have, though unintentionally, made a wreck of her peace, and endangered that of your son. I may have brought into your family a wife without a heart for her husband, and a mother, (which Heaven avert!) without natural affection for her offspring.

"Thus I have laid the sorrows of my soul before you, and beseech you, that, with the candour and benignity, which are natural to you, you would look upon my child, and without revealing my secret to your son, influence him to be mild with her, in her present situation more especially; and this I am confident will engage her gratitude, though I dare not promise it will gain her love.

"I was about to conclude with my love and blessing to the mother and her babe, but upon

reading over what in the confusion of my thoughts I have so ill put together, I find I have omitted to tell you, who the young man is, of whom I have been speaking. His name is Jones, a gentleman by birth, but destitute of fortune. He was ensign, and on a recruiting party at Denbigh, where I noticed him for his modest manners and engaging person; having withal known his father Colonel Jones, and served with him in the same regiment when I was in the army, I invited this youth to make my house his quarters, became very fond of him, and furnished him with means to purchase a lieutenancy. I have nothing to charge him with; his conduct towards my daughter was honourable in the extreme, and I am informed that it was his punctilious delicacy towards me as his patron, that occasioned him to secede, when she probably would have summoned resolution to have laid the state of her heart before me; which had she done, if I know myself, I know she would have had her lover, and Jones would have had my estate.

I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir, &c. &c.

JOHN MORGAN."

The perusal of this melancholy letter made a deep impression on the feeling heart of De Lancaster: he pondered on its contents for some time,

and began to arrange his thoughts for answering it in a consolatory manner. When he had written a few lines, he laid down his pen, and said within himself—How much better might all this be stated face to face in person than upon paper! He is ill, poor man, and unable to come to me; I am in health, and will go to him; he cannot fail to take my visit kindly, and the face of a friend is cheering, when the spirits are depressed. I will act towards him, as I, in his circumstances, should wish and expect him to act towards me. It is but about four hours drive, and I can be home the next morning: if the roads are passable, 'twill be a pleasant jaunt, for the weather is now fine, and promises a fair day to-morrow.

Having settled this point to his kind heart's content, the good man rang his bell, and summoned his servant, who had been to Glen-Morgan, to make his report of the roads.

Were they practicable for the coach to pass with safety? The coach might pass in perfect safety, for though the snow laid on the mountains, the road was clear, and he saw no danger. The report was satisfactory; the servant was dismissed, and the coachman summoned: upon inquiry made as to matters within his department, every thing thereunto appertaining, horses and

carriage, were ready for the start. Cecilia was now called into council, and the important project was announced to her: It occasioned some surprise to her at first on account of its uncommon spirit and vivacity, but she gave it no opposition, nor even moved the previous question—The kindness of the motive, and care for her dear father's safety, occupied her gentle thoughts: Were the roads safe, and would he go alone? The roads were safe, and as he wished to have some private talk with his brother Morgan upon family affairs, he would go alone, and return to her on the next day.

It was resolved: the grand affair was settled: the solemn fiat was announced; the note of preparation was sounded through all the lower regions of the castle, and echoed through the range of stables—Our master goes to-morrow to Glen-Morgan, and will stay out a whole night!

When tidings of this extraordinary event were announced to Colonel Wilson, he was in the common parlour, and had sate down to chess with Mr. Philip De Lancaster, who took much content in that narcotic game, of which however he scarce understood a single principle. Going to Glen-Morgan, cried Wilson! this is news indeed: I am astonished.—I am cheque-mated, said Philip; I cannot move a man.—By heavens! but I am

moved with pleasure and surprise, exclaimed Wilson, to hear that your good father meditates a visit to Glen-Morgan.—It is not above twenty miles, said the other, and the coach is easy; he may sleep in it all the way.—The devil he may, rejoined Wilson: You might as well expect the coachman to fall asleep.—That is not impossible, said Philip, he is very fat and drowsy. But now I think of it, I'll go and angle for some perch: I shall like to send my father-in-law a few fish of my own catching.

Do so, cried Wilson: you can stand still and catch them.—With these words he stumped out of the room, and turning into the library, where De Lancaster was sitting—I come to congratulate you, said he, as he entered, upon the resolution you have taken. It will warm the heart of my old friend Morgan to be flattered with a visit from the man in all the world he most esteems and honours.

If it will give him any pleasure, I shall not regret my pains.

It will, be assured, repeated Wilson. I have a letter from him by your messenger full of sighs and groans: I don't much heed them; for it is his humour to deal in the doleful, and set him-

Let me profit by your good humour then, rejoined the colonel with a smile, and let me hear the remainder of your genealogy; for we have turned our backs upon the Trojan war, and are drawing near to modern history, when according to your doctrine, truth becomes darkened, and we get into the regions of deception; which I shall not be sorry for, as I confess there is ever more amusement for me in a harmless pleasant fiction, than in a dry uninteresting matter of fact.

What answer De Lancaster gave to this appeal will be found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Narrative is resumed and concluded. A learned Lecture upon Harmony, by which the unlearned hearer is not greatly edified.

Since you make so polite a tender of your patience said De Lancaster, to me, who have already put it to so hard a trial, I must resume my narrative from the landing of Brute and his Trojans when my ancestors established themselves on

this very spot, I do not say in this very castle, under Camber, the second son of the aforesaid Brute. Lud-Hurdibras was the grandson of Camber, and King Bladud was the son of Hurdibras: He built, as is notorious to all the world, the city of Bath, and was the projector of those salubrious baths, that *William of Malmsbury* would fain ascribe to Julius Cæsar, which I pronounce to be an egregious anachronism, and you may take it *meo periculo*.

I take it at my own peril, said the colonel; for I have seen Bladud himself with these very eyes standing sentinel over the bath of his own making, and I never met with any body hardy enough to dispute his title to it.

Let it pass then! He was a benefactor to mankind by the institution of those baths, and might have been more eminently so, had his opinion upon the practicability of men's flyingin the air been established upon experiment. I confess there is much plausibility in the project, but I am also aware of some difficulties attending it, which merit consideration. I do not say it may not be achieved, but I am not prepared to recommend the undertaking to any friend, whose life is of immediate consequence to his family.

It would be a famous lift, said the wooden-legged warrior, to people in my mutilated predicament; and though I am not quite disposed to the experiment myself, any body else who is so inclined will have my good wishes.

That was exactly the language, cried De Lancaster, of King Bladud's courtiers, and the learned men of the time. They unanimously declared that many notable discoveries might be struck out in astrology, which was the reigning study of the day, if men would fly up high enough to look after them; but they were not impatient to be amongst the first to fly upon those discoveries. My ancestor, however, who was then about the person of the king, and an enthusiastic admirer of the sublime and beautiful, went a step beyond them all, and actually contrived a very ample and becoming pair of artificial wings, which in the judgment of the very best mechanics then living promised all possible success to the experiment. Upon their exhibition in presence of the sovereign, and of a committee specially appointed, so charmed was king Bladud with the skill displayed in their construction, that he was graciously pleased to authorize and empower the inventor himself to make trial of his own pinions, with free leave to fly as far and as high as he saw fit, and to perch at discretion wherever it might suit him,

the chimney tops and lattices of the chambers even of the maids of honour not excepted.

Happy man! cried Wilson; this was a roving commission of a most tempting sort, and I hope your ancestor had too much gallantry to hesitate about embracing it.

I beg your pardon, replied De Lancaster, my ancestor was not a man of that forward character as to aspire to situations, that ought to be above the ambition of a subject, but when this flattering offer was with all becoming thankfulness most modestly declined, King Bladud himself (as my ancestor no doubt foresaw) had the aforesaid wings fitted to his royal shoulders; ascended the roof of the temple of Apollo (at that time the loftiest edifice in the city of Troy-nouvant) and launching himself into the air confidently, as became a prince so sagacious and philosophical, committed his sacred person to the protection of Apollo and the artificial supporters, which promised him so delicious an excursion. Whether the fault was in the wings themselves, or in King Bladud's want of dexterity in the management of them, is not for me to determine; but history puts it out of doubt that the attempt was fatal to the adventurous monarch. He fell headlong on the steps of the temple, (as you see in the picture

fronting you) and was dashed in pieces in the twentieth year of his reign, and the two hundred and twentieth from the landing of Brute. All the world believed my ancestor a lost man, but Lear, son of Bladud and heir to his kingdom, being a prince of a most noble nature, and sensible to whom he was indebted for his so early elevation to the throne, rewarded the artificer of his father's pinions by empowering him to affix them to his armorial bearing of the harp, and from that hour to this the harp of the bard between the wings of Bladud has been the proper and distinguishing shield of the De Lancasters, as not only the records of the herald's office, but the head of every spout appertaining to the castle, can testify and evince.

The spouts alone would satisfy me, said the colonel, but the heralds and the spouts together are authorities incontestible; but since you have named Lear, I should wish to know if he is that very Lear, who, according to the drama of our poet Shakspeare, having parted his kingdom between his two ungrateful daughters Gonerill and Regan, ran mad upon the reflection of his own folly for having done it.

For his madness, replied De Lancaster, there is no authority. He bestowed his eldest daugh-

ter Gonerill in marriage to Henuinus, Duke of Cornwall, and Regan to Maglanus, Duke of Albania. His youngest daughter Cordelia, who was justly his favourite, married Aganippus, prince of Gallia, and succeeded to the crown at Lear's death, being the first of her sex, who had ever borne the title of queen absolute and governess of Britain. After the decease of Aganippus she fell a victim to the malice of her nephews Cunedagius and Morgan, sons of her unworthy sisters, and being thrown into prison by them, died, after a reign of only five years, by her own hand. The usurpers, who at first agreed to divide the empire, soon rose in arms against each other, and Morgan was slain in Cambria by Cunedagius, where the place of his death is yet called Glen-Morgan, or Morgan's Land, now in the possession of the friend, to whom we meditate to-morrow's visit.—But I am hastening to release you, and conclude my narrative—The line of Brute, the Trojan, ended in the year 3476 with Ferrex and Porrex, sons of old King Gorbodug, who swayed the sceptre through a period of sixty and two years. During the whole time of the Pentarchy, that took place upon the decease of the abovenamed sons of Gorbodug, my family appear to have kept close in their Cambrian retirement, till the reign of Mulmutius Dunwallo, immediately subsequent to the Pentarchy. It

was then that a learned ancestor of mine assisted Mulmutius in compiling that incomparable code of laws, which being turned into Latin from the British language by Gildus Priscus, was in time long after translated into English by the great King Alfred, and by him incorporated amongst his famous statutes—And now, my good friend, as I have always determined to have nothing to do with modern history, I here wind up my long detail, congratulating myself that those, from whom I trace my blood, had the good sense to keep close in their quarters in Cambria upon the landing of the Romans, never deigning to mix or intermarry either with them or the Picts, who came with Roderic A. D. 73, or with the Saxons, who first entered the land A. D. 390, or with the Danes in the time of Egbert, much less with the Normans in a more recent period, but remained pure and unadulterated from the days of Samothes, the grandson of Noah, to the present moment, in which I have the honour of thanking you for the attention, you have been pleased to bestow upon a detail, which I fear has been extremely tedious and unentertaining to you throughout.

Assure yourself, my good sir, replied Wilson, that the attention I have bestowed on your narrative has been amply repaid by the entertain-

ment I have received from it. You have given me a history of my native country, which in many parts was perfectly new to me, and if it had had no concern whatever with your genealogy, still it would have been interesting to me, who have never thought, nor had the curiosity to inquire, about the annals of a time so very distant. That you have authorities for what you have narrated I cannot doubt, for I am sure you are incapable of a voluntary fiction, which, if any such there is, must rest with others, not with you. As for the gratification you may derive from the persuasion, that you can trace your descent from the son of Noah, and by consequence, through Noah, even from Adam himself, grace forbid I should attempt to lessen it, persuaded as I am, that you have too much consideration for Moses to enlist with the Pre-Adamites. At the same time I am free to own, that my respect for you, being founded on the virtues of your character, receives little addition from the circumstances of your pedigree; let me not however be considered as an abettor of plebeian sentiments; I acknowledge a degree of prejudice for a well-born gentleman, and so long as you display the wings of K. Bladud only on the shoulders of King Bardus's harp, I look with respect on your ancient banners; and henceforward when blind David Williams shall make your castle hall resound

with his melodious harp, I shall recollect with pleasure that you have not only a natural delight, but also an hereditary interest, in that noble instrument. I am myself a lover of music; but it is a love without knowledge, for I neither know the practice, nor ever studied the theory of it. I like this tune, and I can't tell why; I don't like that, and can assign no reason for it. If music only creates surprise in me by the wonderful execution of a performer, I scarcely wish to hear it above once; if it moves my passions, and elicits (as it sometimes will) my tears, I could listen to it, as I may say, for ever: no repetition can exhaust the charm. What this is I cannot define, and for that very reason I suppose it to be nature; for art admits of explanation, but there is no logic that applies to instinct.

This was an unlucky remark, and the colonel stepped a little out of his natural character when he risqued it: had he kept clear of definitions, and said nothing about instinct, he might have escaped a lecture on the Harmonics, which now became unavoidable, and he heard himself addressed as follows—

You discern correctly, my good colonel, as to effect, not so as to cause. You say there is no logic that applies to instinct; I say there is no

instinct that applies to rationality: the brute creation is submitted to it, and directed by it; man must not offer to degrade his virtues, or defend his vices, by a reference to instinct: the plea of impulse will not save the criminal; for there are no propensities, which reason may not conquer. From what you tell me I perceive that you understand as much of music as ninety-nine in a hundred, who affect to profess it, and more than many, who profess to teach it, forasmuch as you feel it: now as there can be no effect without a cause, depend upon it there is a reason why you feel exactly in the manner you describe, and in no other, though to investigate that reason, and intelligibly describe it to you, cannot be done without a more intimate knowledge of the constituent properties and powers of music, than falls to many people's lot to attain. To descant upon these at present would take up more time than either of us would perhaps find convenient to devote to it. I will postpone it to a better opportunity, when I flatter myself I shall be able to relate to you so many striking instances of the astonishing powers of harmony, as will set that sacred science in a stronger and a clearer light, than you may be as yet aware of. Believe me, it is one of the sublimest studies, that the human faculties can embrace. The systems, that have come down to us from the Greek and Roman

harmonists, as well as all that has been written by the moderns on that subject, are above measure difficult, elaborate and recondite—

Then I shall never understand them, said the colonel, nor desire to have any thing to do with them.

Pardon me! resumed De Lancaster: If leisure now served, I could give you specimens of the pains I have taken in the way of illustration, not only with the learned treatise of *Vincentio Galilei*, a noble Spaniard, published in the year 1581, but also with the Satyricon of *Martianus Capella*, as edited and illustrated by the celebrated Grotius in his early years. Permit me to say that I could give you the scale, and mark out to you the distinct semitones of *Quarlino*, *Giovanni Bardi*, and *Pierro Strozzi*. This would be demonstration, that could not fail to edify, and at the same time I would adduce such evidence, as should prove to you that my ancestorial harp was the very prototype of that, which *Epigonus* of *Ambracia* was said to have played upon with forty strings, when he first taught the Sicyonian minstrels to lay aside the plectrum, and employ their fingers in the place of it: when *Julius Pollux* therefore gives this new-constructed harp the name of Epigonium in honour of Epigonus, it

is a mere trick, after the custom of the Greeks, to arrogate all originality to their countrymen, and defraud my ancestor of his prior title to give name to his own invention. In like manner I can detect their plagiarism, when they ascribe the invention of the double-headed plectrum to Sappho, whilst I have models still in my possession, that prove it to have been the very identical plectrum in general use, when my ingenious ancestor struck out a better practice. I am therefore very naturally interested to prevent my ancestorial harp from being confounded with the seven-stringed lyre, ascribed by Homer to Mercury, of which the testudo formed the sounding-board; much less would I have it mistaken for that delineated by *Hyginus* with crooked arms, and least of all with the suspicious model in the museum of the Medici.

All this, my dear sir, said the colonel, I should be extremely delighted with, were I capable of understanding it; but alas! how should I, who was never accustomed to admire any thing above the crash of a regimental band, comprehend a single word of what you have been saying to me? That I am capable of preferring one tune before another is all I pretend to, but to assign any reason for that preference is what I do not pretend to.

Yet there is a reason, resumed De Lancaster, and that reason is not inscrutable to all, because not inquired into by you. That *tones* have power over the human feelings will not be disputed; but tones have different properties, and of course different operations: the one, entire, full and legitimate *tone* contains within itself a variety of divisional parts, by the expression and application of which various passions may be excited, and various effects produced. The full tone may be resolved into the half-tone or *hemitonium*; the half-tone into the quarter-tone, or *diesis*; neither does its divisibility stop here, for the diesis may be again resolved, first, into its proper quarter-tone, or *tetartemoria*, which be pleased to observe, is also called *enarmonios*; secondly, into its third of a tone, or *tritemoria*, (which by the way is the true chromatique) and thirdly and lastly, into a tone, which involves a third part of a full tone and half a third, and this is called *hemiolia*—And now, my good friend, having given you some insight into the various combinations and resolutions of musical tones, according to the system of the Greek writers on the harmonics, (which, though briefly stated, cannot fail to be perfectly clear to your comprehension) I think I may trust you to discover the reason, why certain modulations and assortments of tones are pleasing to you, and others not. These are the elements

of all harmony, and as you are now fully possessed of the definition of them, you cannot possibly find any difficulty in the application.

I am under no difficulty at all, cried the colonel, in finding out when I am pleased, and that being the only discovery I have any concern in, I will trouble you no further to explain to me why I am pleased, but take your word for having given me the true reason, and be content.

Here the lecture ended as many lectures do: the expounder was perfectly satisfied with the instruction he had imparted, and the disciple was entirely reconciled to remain in ignorance of what he did not wish to understand.

At this moment Cecilia opportunely entered the room, and the recollection of Sir Owen's proposal instantly occuring to her father, he desired to have a little private talk with her, and Wilson on the hint withdrew.

CHAPTER IX.

The last in the book. The author presents Cecilia De Lancaster to his readers, and trusts that he exhibits no unnatural, or ideal, character.

CECILIA DE LANCASTER, of whom I am about to speak, was now in her twenty-ninth year, and three years younger than her brother Philip, father of our hero John. I have already said, that, since her father had been a widower, she had persisted in devoting her attention to him, and to the superintendance of his household.

Convinced that she possessed his entire affection, and sensible that his happiness in a great degree depended upon her, she had hitherto withstood every overture for changing her condition. The harmony, typified in her name, was realized in her nature: it was manifested and expressed in every movement, every feature of her mind, her temper and her person. Time, that had robbed her of the freshness of her bloom, had repaid her by maturing and improving charms more permanent, endowments more attractive. There was a smile, so characteristically her own, that it was hard to conceive it could ever be bestowed without being felt, and, such was her discernment,

that perhaps it was very rarely bestowed where it was not deserved. Her eyes were the genuine interpreters of her heart: when turned upon the poor or afflicted, they melted into compassion; when directed towards her friends, they glistened with affection; when uplifted towards her God, their expression might be called divine. Her voice came upon the ear like music—There is a passage in a letter written by our hero to one of his friends, that describes it in the following terms. "It is, says he, of so sweet a pitch, that, whensoever it is heard, I am struck with wonder how it comes to pass, that others do not tune their voices to it: for my own part I may say, that my first efforts of articulation where instinctively in unison with her tones; and therefore it is, that I have never entered into argument with loud and boisterous speakers, or elevated my voice to the annoyance of any man's ears, since I have been admitted into society."

Such was Cecilia De Lancaster, who now in that sweet voice, which we have been describing—(Oh that ye would imitate it, ye tuneless talkers!) requested her father to impart to her his commands, not unaware that they most probably referred to his interview with her importunate admirer Sir Owen ap Owen, baronet, of Penruth Abbey.

This conjecture was soon confirmed by the recital, which her father now gave of the baronet's proposals; he stated them as advantageously for the proponent, as the case would admit of: his family and fortune were unexceptionable; he saw no objection to him on the score of temper; he had the character of being a kind master, an easy land-lord and a hospitable neighbour: it must be owned that the good man was not overstocked with wit or learning, but he had no conceit or self-sufficiency to betray him into attempts, that might subject him to ridicule: his pursuits were not above the level of his understanding, so that upon the whole he thought his friend Sir Owen might pass muster with the generality of country gentleman.

I think of him, said Cecilia, exactly as you do; his pursuits are suited to his understanding, and his manners are suited to his pursuits: these are easily counted up, for they consist in little else but his hounds and his bottle: I can partake of neither; my happiness centres in the consciousness of possessing the good opinion and affection of my beloved father: That blessing I enjoy at home; I need not run to Penruth Abbey in pursuit of it; 'tis here, and ever present whilst I am with you. As for Sir Owen's addresses, he has repeated them so often for the last five years, and

has so constantly received the same answer, that I must suppose he now compliments me with his proposal rather from habit, than with any serious idea, that it can avail. As a neighbour I shall be glad to see Sir Owen, even at the tea-table, provided he is sober, but as a lover I hope to see no more of him, and I flatter myself I shall not; especially should a certain lady arrive, whom I understand he is expecting at the Abbey.

Upon De Lancaster's asking who that lady was, Cecilia informed him that she was the widow of his brother David, the Spanish merchant, lately deceased. This lady she understood to be a native of Spain, and that she was bringing with her from Cadiz a boy, the nephew of Sir Owen, and of course presumptive heir to his estate and title. Judge then, added she, if some address will not be employed by Mrs. Owen to keep her son in the succession, and if my poor lover has nothing but his Welch wits to oppose to her Spanish finesse, it is easy to conjecture what turn the politics of Penruth Abbey are likely to take.

Well, cried the father, it was my part to make good my promise to Sir Owen; it is your's to decide upon his fate. This you have done, and I may now say without scruple, you have wisely done; yet recollect, my dear Cecilia, we have as

yet but this one infant in our stock, and I do not expect that Mrs. De Lancaster will prove a very prolific mother.

I trust, replied Cecilia, that this fine boy will live, and then I shall think Mrs. De Lancaster a very fortunate mother, though she may never greet us with a second hope.

Heaven grant the child may live! exclaimed De Lancaster; devoutly I implore it. But oh! my dear Cecilia, where is our stream of ancestry alive but in yourself? In whose veins but in your's does the ancient current of our blood run pure? Look at your brother! *Look at the rock from which this child is hewn!* Is there in that dead mass one spark of native fire, one quickening ray of genius?—No; not one. Stampt with an inauspicious name, he is of all the foregone Philips, *Philippissimus*. Look at the hapless mother of the babe! Has she a heart? I know she has not that, which answers to the name: she had but it is gone. Alas for thee, poor babe! being so fathered and so mothered, child, from whom canst thou derive or heart or head—?

From you, his grandfather, replied Cecilia: Come, come, my dearest sir, I'll not allow of this despondency. Rise from your chair, and come

with me and visit this new scyon of your stock! Look in his lovely face; contemplate the bright promise of a true De Lancaster, a virtuous hero, born to crown your name with honour: See him! you'll own how Providence has blessed you, and blush for having doubted.

The father rose, took the hand of his daughter, and, whilst the tears were brimming in his eyes, followed where she led.

Now, my friendly reader, if you have gone patiently along with me through the pages of this my first book, let me hope that you will proceed not unpleasantly to the conclusion of the next.

You know that every story must have time to expand itself: characters must not be hurried into action before they are understood; and a novel, though it ought to be dramatic, is not absolutely a drama.

My hero is yet in the cradle, and I must keep his grandfather and others in the foreground, till he is fit to be presented to you: when that time comes, old age may cease to prattle, philology may fall back and NATURE step forward to conduct and close the scene.

In the mean time if I take the freedom of saying a few words, whilst the fable pauses, recollect that I cannot in the course of nature have many more opportunities of conversing with you, and few have been the writers, with whom you have had more frequent intercourse, or who have been more pertinaciously industrious to deserve your favour and esteem, for I am now striving to amuse and edify even the youngest of my readers, when I myself am short of fourscore years by less than four; and I am inclined to believe that the mere manual operation of writing these pages, (as I am now doing for the third time with my own hand) would be found task enough for any person of my age, without engaging in the labour of inventing, or the risque of fathering them.

Be that as it may, the work is done, and done, not in the evil spirit of the time, but without a single glance at any living character; conscious therefore that I have not endangered what is sacred to me as a gentleman, the critics are most cordially welcome to every thing they can find about me as an author. However, as I know some of them to be fair and honourable gentlemen, I hope they will recollect how often I have been useful to them in the sale of their publications, and assist me now with their good word in the circulation of De Lancaster.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

A country visit according to the old costuma.

By peep of day every thing, that had life, in and about Kray-Castle, horses, dogs and cats included, were up and in motion, save only the lady in the straw, who could not rise, and the gentleman in bed, who did not choose to leave it, namely Philip the fisher, who had not got one perch, and probably not so many *bites* from beside the banks, as he had been favoured with from between the blankets.

The two companions, who had pledged themselves to this adventure, rendezvoused at the same moment, though not exactly under the same colours; for whilst the scarlet of De Lancaster's apparel was fiery bright, the uniform of Wilson

had a cast of the campagne in it, having seen some service, and endured some smoke.

Amongst the numerous personages, who attended these adventurers to the door of the vehicle, in which they embarked their bodies, our new-born hero took a conspicuous post, probably more in compliment to the curiosity of his nurse, than selfishly to gratify his own. Nevertheless it is recorded, that when the machine, (called in those days a coach) was put in motion by the joint energy of six fat coach-horses and one fat driver, little John clapped his hands, and crowed amain for joy: if he made any speech upon the occasion, there was one more instance of miraculous prematurity lost to the world, for nobody remembered it.

Though the country they had to travel over was not quite so flat as Norfolk, nor the road altogether like a gravel walk, yet the journey was prosperous, for the team was strong, and a persevering amble, now and then exasperated into an actual trot, brought the travellers within sight of the mansion, embowered in yew-trees, where dwelt the descendant of King Lear, father of a daughter less ambitious than Regan, but far more dutiful.

A forerunner, who without trial of his speed, had outstripped the coach by some miles, had announced the coming of the lord of Kray-Castle, and the fires in the old conventual kitchen sparkled at the news: the drunken old warder had got on his fur gown, and the bard of the family was ready in the gallery of the great hall to give the customary salutation to so honourable a guest. When Mr. De Lancaster had passed the abbey-like porch, and found himself in the aforesaid hall, he turned round, and made a courteous inclination of his head to the harper, who, like Timotheus, was *placed on high:* noticing the domestics and retainers, who lined his passage to the receiving room, he said in a whisper to his friend the colonel—These honest folks don't look as if they had suffered by a reduction either of the quantity or quality of their Welch ale.—When ushered into the room, where the master of the mansion was, they found him sitting in his gouty chair, with his foot wrapped in flannel on a stool, in company with a great collection of Morgans, who hung quietly by the wall: upon sight of De Lancaster his countenance was lighted up with joy. This is kind indeed, he exclaimed; this is an honour I could not expect, and a favour I shall never forget, taking the hand of De Lancaster, and making an effort as if to press it to his lips. Turning to Colonel Wilson, he cried—Ah my old

friend, I am happy to see you. Welcome to Glen-Morgan! Why you look bravely, and are nimbler upon one leg than I am upon two: you see how I am suffering for the sins of my youth.—He then called out amain for Mrs. Richards his housekeeper; he might have spared himself the trouble, for Mrs. Richards was in the room, and made herself responsible for well-aired beds, reminding her master, who questioned her very closely, that Captain Jones had lodged ten nights in the room, which she had prepared for Mr. De Lancaster, and he had left Glen-Morgan that very morning: the same good care had been taken of Colonel Wilson's apartment. Satisfaction being given upon these points, Mrs. Richards was strictly enjoined to see that not an individual belonging to his worthy guest wanted for any thing in his house, nay if a dog had followed his coach, let it be her duty to take care that he was welcomed and well-fed.—These were the manners, and such the primitive hospitplity of those days.

When dinner was announced, and old Morgan, wheeled in his chair into the eating room, the parson in his canonicals at the foot of the table gave his benediction to an abundant mass of steaming viands, which bespoke a liberal rather than an elegant provider. A grave and elderly gentle-

man, who had the health of the family under his care, pronounced a loud Amen at the conclusion of the parson's prayer, and the butler at the side-board bowed his head. The family lawyer was also present, having a dinner retainer ad libitum, and a painter of no small eminence, who was upon his tour for the purpose of taking sketches of back-grounds for his portraits, completed the party.

Every guest at table had an attendant at his back in full livery of green and red with boot-cuffs, on which the tailor of the household had wantonly bestowed such a bountiful profusion of scarlet plush, that the hand, which gave a plate, seldom failed to sweep away the bread beside it, or the knife and fork, as it might happen: some discomposure also occurred to the wearers of wigs, when a dish was put on or taken off from the table. The harp would not have been silent, but that Mr. De Lancaster observed, that the din of the table would probably be louder than the melody of the serenade, and with much good reason suggested, that it might be more respectful to the musician, not to call upon him for his attendance till there was a better chance for hearing his performance.

When the table at length was cleared, and the health of the new-born heir had gone round, De Lancaster did not fail to call for the minstrel, and Mr. Gryffin Gryffin made his entrance with his harp, habited in his garb of office with his badge of merit pendent on his breast. After a prelude, calculated to display his powers of execution, he paused to know if it was the pleasure of the company to honour him with their choice of any favourite melody; to this De Lancaster with his usual courtesy made answer, that for himself he should much prefer to hear some strain of Mr. Gryffin's own composition, accompanied by the voice. Gryffin bowed, and confessed that he had been employed upon a simple melody of a pensive and pathetic cast, adapted to a few valedictory stanzas, which captain Jones, who had that morning departed from Glen-Morgan to embark for the West Indies, had left upon his table, purposely, as it should seem, to fall into his hands.—

By all means give us those! was the exclamation of more than one person in the company.

The obedient minstrel again made a graceful reverence, and throwing his hands upon his harp, sung as follows—

" Hark, hark, tis the bugle! It wafts to my ear
" The signal for parting—Adieu to my dear.
" I go to the isles, where the climate is death,
" And Fate's pallid hand weaves my funeral wreath.

" When I leave my soul's treasure forlorn on the shore,
" And I strain my sad eyes, till they see her no more,
" My sorrows unheeded no pity shall move,
" While my cold-hearted comrades cry—Why did you love?

" A soldier, whose sword is his all, should obey
" No mistress but Honour—and truly they say—
" Behold! at her call to my duty I fly;
" Can a soldier do more for his honour than die?"

When Mr. Gryffin Gryffin had concluded his madrigal, of which the melody at least was extremely well composed, the painter, who ought to have been a better critic, than to have overlooked the effect, which it had had upon the countenance of old Morgan, unadvisedly inquired who the mistress of the poet was—A poet's mistress, you may be sure, De Lancaster instantly replied; every thing is imaginary; the mistress and the muse are alike ideal beings, and death and dying are only put in to make out the rhymes; then turning to the master of the table, he said—Brother Morgan, I perceive you drink no wine; I have had my glass, and if the company will excuse us, you and I old fellows will leave them to their claret, and take a cup of coffee tete à tete in the next room.

The motion was seasonable, and so immediately seconded by the man of medicine, that the mover and the man to be moved soon found themselves in a situation equally well adapted to the compassionate object of the one, and the seasonable relief of the other.

Here as soon as they had taken their seats, and were left to themselves, De Lancaster commenced his lecture *De consolatione*. On this occasion it so happened, that a fair opportunity was not made use of, for, except a slight hint at Cicero and his daughter, very little plilology or common-place argument were resorted to: common sense was found upon trial to answer all purposes quite as well: when the one lamented that he had not discovered his daughter's attachment, the other very naturally demanded, who but the lady was to be blamed for that? Where there was such a flagrant want of confidence on the part of the daughter, and no compulsion on that of the father, by what kind of sophistry could he suggest occasion for any self-reproach?—To this when Morgan answered, that he feared his daughter had been awed into concealment, De Lancaster sharply replied, that he defied him to assign any honourable motive for a disingenuous action: a father could only recommend the situation, which he thought most eligible and advantageous

for his child, presuming that she had not previously engaged her heart; in which if he was deceived by her, it only proved that either he was very unsuspecting, or she extremely cunning. In conclusion Morgan was driven to confess that his only remaining compunction arose from the reflection upon what Mr. Philip De Lancaster might suffer by a connection, so little likely to promote his happiness.

If that be your regret, resumed De Lancaster, dismiss it from your mind at once. Philip is made at all points for your daughter: no couple can be better paired. Fondness on either side would destroy their mutual tranquillity. They have given us, under Providence, a grandson, and if that blessing be continued to us, you and I must agree to regard the intermediate generation as a blank, and rest our only hope on what that child may be.

Heaven grant him life, cried Morgan! You have cured me of the mournfuls. Let us join our friends.

CHAPTER II.

Robert De Lancaster returns to Kray-Castle. Another visit is in meditation.

As the porter, who lays down his burden and his knot, has probably a quicker sense, and greater relish for the pleasure, which that relaxation gives, than the gentleman, who never carried any thing heavier than the coat upon his back, so did it fare with the good old lord paramount of the manor of Glen-Morgan. He was just now the lightest man in the company, forasmuch as he had got rid of a heavy wallet of vexations, and in the gaiety of his heart, he declared, that as for any pain the gout could give (which in fact at that very moment gave no pain at all) he regarded it as nothing: a man was not to flinch and make wry faces at a little twinge of the toe, when he had a gallant officer in his eye, who had undergone the amputation of a leg.

Yes, said the colonel, I have lost one leg; I should not like to lose another; but in our way of life we must take things as they turn out; considering how often I have heard the bullets whistle, I think myself well off.

I perceive cried the painter, it is your right leg, colonel, which you have lost: the misfortune I should think would have been greater, had you been deprived of your right arm.

So the world would think, sir, replied the colonel, had it been your case; but we poor soldiers sometimes want our legs to save our lives.

Your wounds sometimes, said De Lancaster, will save your lives; the scars, that Caius Marius bore about him, rendered his visage so terrible, that the assassinating soldier did not dare to strike him. I have painted him in that very crisis, replied the artist; but I confess I have trusted to his natural expression, and left out the scars. You have done right as a painter, rejoined De Lancaster; an historian is tied down to facts.

After an evening, passed in conversation, cheerful at least, though little worth recording, and a night consumed in sleep, of which no record can be taken, Robert De Lancaster rose with the sun, and, after about five hours travel, was set down in safety with his friend the colonel at his castle door, where Cecilia met him with a smiling welcome, and a happy report, that all was well. This report was in a few minutes after confirmed by Mr. Llewellyn, who had the health of the

lady above stairs under his care. Mr. Philip also presented himself, and our hero John, (though last and least) exhibited his person, and seemed perfectly well satisfied with the reception that was given him.

Llewellyn was a man of information, and had a spirit of inquiry, by which he became to the full as deep in the secrets of the families he visited, as in those of the medicines he administered. To Sir Owen at all times, sick or well, he had free access, and he paid him more than professional attendance: he now brought the news of Mrs. David Owen's arrival at Penruth Abbey. He had seen her, and being as usual in a communicative vein, he proceeded to launch out into many of those trivial particulars, which are of easy carriage, and with which gentlemen of his vocation are apt to enrich their conversation to the great edification and amusement of their employers.

Mr. Llewellyn would not positively pronounce Mrs. David Owen to be a beauty, yet he was aware that many people would call her pretty; she was not however to his taste: there was a want of sensibility and a certain delicacy of expression, which in his conception of the female character (and here he addressed himself to Cecilia) was the very *crisis* of all that is charming in woman.

You mean *criterion*, my friend, said De Lancaster, but you are *in the shop*, and there errors are excepted; so go on; proceed with your description.

Mr. Llewellyn was too well accustomed to these little rubs to be daunted by them, and finding that he had gained attention, proceeded to describe Mrs. Owen as a sprightly little woman of a very dark complexion, with an acquiline nose, quick sparkling eyes and thick arched eye-brows, black as the raven's plume: Mr. Llewellyn professed himself no admirer of black hair; (Cecilia's was light brown) her dress, he said, was after the fashion of the Spanish ladies, as he had seen them represented on the London stage, when *he walked the hospitals*.—Here Mr. Llewellyn made another slip, but it was out of De Lancaster's reach, who had no data for a comment.—He acknowledged that her style of dress was well calulated to set off her shape, and display the elegance of her taper limbs to the best advantage: he would have the company be prepared to encounter the sight of bare elbows and short petticoats; for his own part he was no friend to either. She had taken up her guitar at Sir Owen's desire, and sung two or three of her Spanish airs, accompanied by certain twanging strokes on that instrument, which, though it resembled nothing that could be called

playing, had however no unpleasing effect. She sung in a high shrill tone, and accompanied the words, which he did not understand, with certain looks and gestures, which he did not wish to describe.

Their melodies are Moorish, said De Lancaster; they use a great deal of action when they sing: the Greeks themselves did the same. Does Mrs. David Owen speak English?

With great fluency, but with a foreign accent. She had her son with her, about four or five years old, the very picture of herself; extremely forward, cunning, and intelligent beyond what could be expected from a child of his age. Sir Owen had been rather disconcerted and thrown out of his bias by his visitors on their first arrival; but he had now acquiesced, and the lady seemed to have the game in hand. Mr. Llewellyn concluded by declaring, that if he had not been told she was a Spaniard, he should verily have suspected her to be a Jewess.

Whether she be Jewess or Christian, said the master of the family, we must pay her the compliment of a first visit, and without delay.

The next morning, as soon as the sun appeared

upon the eastern hills, and gave the promise of a fair day, order of march was given out for the afternoon; dinner was announced for an early hour, and again the body-coach set out with De Lancaster and Cecilia occupying the seat of honour, and Philip with his back to the great front glass, followed by two reverend personages grey-headed, and in no respect resembling light-horsemen, save only that they carried arms before them, though not in holsters of the newest military fashion. The elegant simplicity of Cecilia's dress very happily contrasted the splendid drapery of the old gentleman, who had relieved the scarlet coat, not in the happiest manner, with a waiscoat of purple satin, richly embroidered with gold, and not much exceeded by the coat in the length of its flaps, or the capaciousness of its pockets. Philip was by no means over-studious of the toilette. Colonel Wilson had gone home to receive his son Edward, who was now elected off from Westminster school to Trinity College in Cambridge.

CHAPTER III.

The visit to Penruth Abbey. Certain personages, who will fill conspicuous parts in this eventful history, are introduced to our readers.

As the cumbrous machine, to which the family of the De Lancasters had now committed their persons, disdained the novelty of springs, it was well for the company within that it was provided with a soft lining of blue velvet and enormous cushions, stuft with swan's down. It had been the admiration of the county, when its owner served the office of Sheriff about twenty years past, and though its original splendor was somewhat faded, it still exhibited on its pannels a vast shield emblazoned with the device of the harp between a copious expanse of wings. When it turned the point of the avenue leading to Penruth Abbey, looming large as an Indiaman in a fog off Beachy Head, it was readily descried by the porter from his lodge, who huddling on his tufted gown of ceremony, rung out the signal on the turret-bell; whereupon all the waiting-men, drunk or sober, ranged themselves in the hall, and old Robin ap Rees prepared himself to salute the respected visitor with a flourish on the harp, as he entered the house.

Robert De Lancaster, followed by his son and daughter, passed through the domestic files to the tune of Shenkin, and was received at the door of the saloon by Sir Owen, who presented his sister-in-law in due form, making her reverences in the style and fashion of Spain, where the ladies bow, and the men curtsey.

The good old man acquitted himself with all the gallantry of the good old court, and took his seat with due respect and ceremony beside the lady. When he had adjusted the ties of his perriwig and the flaps of his coat, having drawn off his high-topped gloves to give a due display to his ruffles, Mrs. Rachel Owen began the conversation by telling him how much she admired his equipage, which she complimented by saying it was exactly upon the model of the coaches of the Spanish nobles: the English carriages, she observed, were generally very ill constructed and in a bad taste, particularly those she travelled in, drawn by only two beggarly horses, unmercifully whipped by a brat of a postillion; whereas in her country no man of distinction could pass from place to place without his six mules, guided by the voice, unincumbered by either reins or harness, and ornamented with bells, which in her opinion gave a cheerful sound, and had a very dignified effect.

Why yes, madam, said De Lancater, every country is attached to its own customs. The Spaniard prefers his mule, the Laplander his rein-deer, the inhabitant of the desert his camel, and some tribes bordering upon Abyssinia ride their cows. The animals no doubt are adapted to their several climates: in England we are contented with horses, and as our vehicles are apt to have a great deal of iron-work about them, we are satisfied with the jingling they make, and readily dispense with the amusement of bells.

He then proceeded to pass some high encomiums on the beauty and majesty of the Castilian language, which he said he could read and understand, when spoken, though he was not able to keep up a conversation in it. He remarked upon the excellence of their proverbs, which he said was a proof both of the fecundity and antiquity of a language. She acknowledged the justness of his remark, and instanced the romance of Cervantes as abounding in proverbs. She believed they were frequent in the Hebrew language, and asked him if they were also common in the Greek.

Very much so, madam, replied De Lancaster, in the writings of the Greeks. As to the Hebrews, the wise sayings of Solomon alone furnish

a very copious collection, and are by us specifically called his *Proverbs*, or as the Greeks would term them his *Paræmiæ*, which some express by the word proverb, following Cicero's interpretation; others by the word adage, preferring the authority of Varro, the most learned of all the Roman philologists.

The lady, who had drawn this conversation upon herself by an affectation of talking about what she did not understand, now perceiving the eyes of the company directed towards her, and a general silence kept whilst De Lancaster was speaking, felt her vanity so much flattered by having this learned harangue addressed to her, that, in order to hold it on, she ventured to ask which of the Greek authors were most famous for their proverbs.

Madam, replied De Lancaster, your question, though extremely pertinent for you to ask, is not easy for me to answer with the precision I could wish. I can only tell you that the Greek oracles were in general adages, and many of the latter are to be traced even in Homer: the bulk of them however is to be collected from Aristotle the Peripatetic, and his disciples Theophrastus and Clearchus of Irlöe, from Chrysippus, Cleanthes, Theætetus, Aristides, Aristophanes, Æschylus,

Mylo, Aristarchus, and many others, that do not just now occur to me to name to you.

These are great authorities indeed, cried Mrs. Owen, more and more delighted with the conversation as it grew more and more unintelligible to her: and pray, learned sir, added she, condescend to inform me where the wise sayings of these great men are to be met with.

De Lancaster was not a man to withhold his answer from any question upon a point of philology, could any such have been put to him by his cook-maid; whereas Mrs. Owen had fairly hooked him in to believe that she was interested in his discourse, and solicitous to be informed. Possessed with this opinion, he replied—Madam every question that you put to me is a convincing proof, that the ladies in your country turn their minds to studies, in which our English women have no ambition to be instructed (a conclusion falser than which he never made in his life) and it is with particular satisfaction I have the honour to inform you, that in Zenobius the sophist, or (as some will have it) Zenodotus, in Diogenianus of Heraclea, and in the Collectanea of Suidas, you will find ample store to gratify your very laudable curiosity. I would recommend to you also to consult Athenæus, Stobæus, Laertius, Mi-

chael Apostolius the sophist, Theophrastus called Logotheta, and others, that might be pointed out; but for the present perhaps these may suffice.

I dare say they will, cried Sir Owen, and if you find them in this house, sister Rachel, I'll give you leave to keep them. Lord bless you, my good neighbour, she never heard the name of one of them, nor is there a monk in all Spain, that ever did put a word of theirs under his cowl, or ever will. I tell you they are as dull as asses, and as obstinate as mules. Rachel knows no more of what you have been saying to her than I do.

This side speech of the baronet's, so unseasonably true, had scarce passed his lips, when little David bolted into the room, and having fixed his piercing eyes upon the person of De Lancaster, ran up to his mother, and in a screaming voice cried out—Look, look, mamma, there's a man in a black wig, for all the world like our old governor of Cadiz!—Hush, hush, saucy child, cried the mother, stopping his mouth with her hand. —Don't stop him, I pray you, said the good man; when children find out likenesses, 'tis a proof that they make observations. Your son compares me to the governor of Cadiz, and I dare say I am honoured by the comparison.

That is true politeness, said Mrs. Owen addressing herself respectfully to De Lancaster. It is not often that great learning and great urbanity are found in the same person: when they are, how infinitely they adorn each other!—a reflection this, so much to the honour of Mrs. David Owen, that lest I may not have many to record equally to her credit, I am the more inclined to notice it upon this opportunity.

Addressing herself to Mr. Philip De Lancaster, she said—I take for granted, sir, you are extremely fond of the beautiful infant, of which I am to give you joy—Philip bowed and made no answer.—I hear, repeated she, he is an uncommon fine boy—Philip was of opinion that all infants were alike: for his part he could mark no difference between them—Perhaps you have not studied them with quite so much attention as you have given to your books—Philip was not very fond of reading—Of country sports perhaps—Still less—Of planting, farming, building?—Not in the least of either—Mrs. Owen seemed resolved to find his ruling passion—Did he take pleasure in the wholesome exercise of walking?—He doubted if it was wholesome, and he never walked, if he could avoid it: he angled now and then, and had no dislike to a game of chess—I comprehend you now, said the inquisitite lady;

fishing is an amusement, that accords with meditation, and chess demands reflection and a fixt attention—I give little or no attention to it, replied Philip; and that may be the reason why I never win a game—That certainly may be the reason, resumed the lady, and I'm persuaded you have struck upon it.

The conversation now took a general turn. Tea was served, and the black prying eyes of Rachel Owen were at leisure to scrutinize the dress and person of Cecilia, whom the baronet seemed now disposed to release from all further solicitation. Master David Owen in the mean time amused himself with teazing a poor little Spanish lap-dog, which, but for him, would have quietly reposed its diminutive body in his mother's muff. When reprimanded by Sir Owen for tormenting a dumb creature, he set his nails with a most inveterate resolution into the little creature's tail, and to his infinite delight convinced the hearers, that he had no dumb creature between his fingers. This produced a slight box on the ear from his uncle, and the yell of the suffering dog was instantly overpowered by the louder yell of the enraged tormenter—Poor fellow, said Mrs. Owen, you shall play with little Don when your uncle is not present: boys must be amused; must they not Mr. De Lancaster?—Not with cruelty I

should hope, he replied; they ought not to be indulged in that amusement; and it is a very bad prognostic, when they can be amused by it.—The dog is of little value to me, said Mrs. Owen and I would sooner wring his nasty neck off with my own hands, than he should annoy my brother Owen, and expose my darling boy to be punished by him.

The dog, madam, said the old gentleman with a gravity that was highly tinctured with displeasure, the dog may be of little value, but humanity is of the highest; and a more sacred lesson cannot be impressed upon the mind of your son, whilst it is yet capable of receiving the impression. Permit me also to observe to you that no lady wrings off the neck of a dog with her own hands: we should view it as an act of violence so totally out of character, that I must doubt if she ever could recover it—I will not suppose that a poor little animal could provoke your anger, because it cried out when it suffered pain, and your son excite your pity, when he cried out louder, and suffered nothing.

I am obliged to you, my good friend, cried Sir Owen, that is just what I would have said, if I could—Rachel Owen said nothing, but answered with a look, that I am neither able nor ambi-

tious to describe. In that moment vanished her respect for De Lancaster, and something was adopted in its stead of a less innocent and gentle quality. She took her sulky sobbing brat by the hand, and left the room without apology. The coach was announced, and De Lancaster rose to take his leave—You see how it is with me, said Sir Owen; I have admired an angel, and henceforth renounce all hope of her: such a whelp and such a shrew, as I am now coupled to, will shortly make an end of me.

De Lancaster shook his friend by the hand, walked silently through the hall to his coach, which conveyed him home in safety, time not having sufficed for the fat coachman to get more than three parts tipsy, and the fat horses being, as was usual with them, perfectly sober and acquainted with the road.

CHAPTER IV.

The family of De Lancaster return to Kray-Castle. Our history mends its pace.

De Lancaster and his daughter, meditating on the occurrences that had passed at their visit, particularly on the expressions that had fallen from Sir Owen upon their taking leave, observed a profound silence for some time after they had left the Abbey. Philip's thoughts did not in any degree harmonize with their's, for he was ruminating on the charms of Mrs. Owen, and, as the coach was slowly moving up a steep ascent, promulgated his opinion, that nothing could be more agreeable and engaging than the very lady, who to them had appeared in so opposite a character.

No notice was taken of this *dictum*, for Philip had such a muttering way of delivering his wise sayings, as made them seem like speeches addressed to nobody in company, and of course entitled to no answer from any body. Philip however, who had laid down his proposition in general terms, proceeded now to branch into particulars, and these produced the following brief dialogue between son and father; the former carry-

ing it on in the character of proponent, the latter as respondent.

Mrs. Owen is very delicately made. I like slender limbs.

They suit well with slender likings.

She has a great deal of wit, and I am sure you thought so, for you talked a great deal to her.

And to very little purpose it should seem.

She did not like Sir Owen to correct her child.

Then she should have taken the trouble out of his hands, for the boy deserved correction, and I am afraid will shortly become incorrigible.

Here the alternation paused, and Cecilia turning to her father, said—What is it in the countenance of that boy, which, when I look upon him, causes me to shudder?

It is, said the father, because you read his character in his features, and are persuaded, that the child, who sets out by tormenting a poor helpless dog, will in time grow up to be the tor-

mentor of a poor helpless man. I own there is something in the boy repulsive to my nature.

He has fine eyes, said Philip.

They are indications of his mind, and give fair warning, replied De Lancaster; so far they may merit what you say of them.

I hope, rejoined Cecilia, my dear little nephew in no future time will form acquaintance or connection with him. He never will be cruel I am sure; his little hands already are held out to every living thing he sees, and his sweet smile bespeaks humanity.

Yes, and as surely as he lives, my dear, replied De Lancaster, his hands will be held out to all his fellow creatures in distress, or I am a false prophet. As for my friend, Sir Owen, I pity him from my heart, poor man. His last words made a strong impression on me. If he submits to keep these plagues about him, I fear he will never know another happy day.

Philip's opinion of Mrs. Owen was not altered, but his fund of conversation was exhausted, so he said no more, and the coach discharged its freight in the port, from which it had set out.

As we hold it matter of conscience not to keep our readers any longer in the nursery, we must here avail ourselves of our privilege, and pass very slightly over a period of our hero's life, which does not furnish us with matter sufficiently interesting to be recorded in these memoirs. As we profess to give the history of the human mind, we trust it will be allowed us to present our John De Lancaster to the reader as a boy, whose thoughts and actions were no longer merely neutral, but such as might naturally lead to the development of that character, which he was destined to exhibit in his more advanced maturity. For the present we shall content ourselves with observing that, although the age, when education ought to have begun, was now gone by, still the question of what species that education should be, whether public or private, was not decided.

Within this period the following letters, under different dates from the West Indies, had reached the hands of Mrs. Philip De Lancaster.

" *From Captain Jones—Letter the first.*

" Madam,

" In a few days after I had arrived at my destination I fell ill, and my disorder soon as-

sumed those appearances, which in this country are considered to afford but little chance of a recovery. The wife and daughter of my friend Major Parsons, who came passengers with me in the same transport, with a benignity that exposed their lives to danger, under Providence saved me from death.

"Unfortunately for the younger of my preservers, she conceived so strong an attachment, that I must have been the most unfeeling and the most ungrateful of all men could I have remained insensible to her partiality. Her health became in danger, and both her father and mother, well apprised of the cause of it, offered and even solicited me to accept her hand in marriage, and I did not withstand their joint appeal.

"Thus, after your example I have married, and I am persuaded, that my wife, had she the honour of being known to you, would please you by the gentleness of her character and the unaffected modesty of her manners. I have stationed her in a little cottage near adjoining to the barracks, and in a healthy situation; but her father Major Parsons is like myself a soldier of fortune, and our establishment is proportioned to our means.

"I write by this conveyance to lay her jointly with myself at the feet of my benevolent patron your ever-honoured father. She presumes to send you a few tropical fruits of her own preserving, and hopes you will condescend to accept of them together with her most humble respects and unfeigned good wishes.

I have the honour to be,
Madam, &c. &c.

JOHN JONES."

The second letter from Captain Jones, of a date posterior, by about a year, to the foregoing, is as follows—

"Madam,

"Alas, that I must trouble you with my sorrows! I have lost my wife; my poor Amelia is no more. She was a being of so mild a nature, that where I conscious of a single word, which ever passed my lips to give her pain, I never should have peace of mind again. The ravages of this exterminating fever are tremendous: she fell before it almost without a struggle. The affliction of her parents is extreme, and I am told the sternest soldier in my company, that followed

her body to the grave, could not refrain from tears, for every soul that knew her, loved and lamented her. She has left an infant daughter, in whose tender features I trace a perfect miniature of her whom I have lost. As soon as ever her afflicted grandmother can be induced to part from her, I mean to rescue her from this infernal climate, and consign her to the motherly care and protection of my kind friend and relation Mrs. Jennings, who resides at Denbigh—

"Oh Madam, you, who know the inmost feelings of my breaking heart, will you in pity look upon my child, the legacy of my Amelia, my all in this world and perhaps before this letter reaches you, the only relict of your wretched friend?

I have the honour, &c. &c.

JOHN JONES."

This letter was soon followed by the melancholy tidings of poor Jones's death; his infant child Amelia had in the mean time arrived, and was placed under the care of Mrs. Jennings above-mentioned, who by the bounty of old Morgan, was liberally rewarded with a pension for her education of the orphan.

CHAPTER V.

Puerile anecdotes of our hero John De Lancaster.

ALTHOUGH Mr. De Lancaster in one of his prophetic moments had pronounced, that the mother of our hero would conceive a more than ordinary love and affection for her infant, the event did not exactly verify the prediction: sorrow had benumbed her heart: she had so long fed upon it in secrecy and silence, that all the little energy, which nature had originally endowed her with, was lost. From her husband she derived no comfort, and for the maternal duties she was totally unfit. The accommodating contract she had entered into with Philip for all nuptial emancipation in future, was so religiously observed on both sides, that it did not seem in the order of things natural, that the heir of the family would ever be saddled with a provision for younger children.

Young John, who had occasioned much trouble and annoyance to his mother by inadvertently coming into the world, before he was expected, seemed likely to go out of it without experiencing the care of any other parent than the benevolent Cecilia; for Mr. Philip De Lancaster, as I

have before hinted, had married without ony other moving cause than what operated upon him through the strainers of his father's recommendation and advice, and was not remarkably uxorious. On the contrary, as the embers of affection where not vivid in his bosom, and as there is reason to believe he did not take much pains to kindle them in the bosom of his lady, it may be presumed, that he was as little studious to find consolation for her sorrows, as she was to interrupt his indolence, or to resent his indifference.—Amusements she had none, and occupations extremely few: she discharged herself from all attention to family hours and family meals; eat and slept by herself, received no company and paid no visits, alive to little else but the reports, which at stated times she expected and received from Mrs. Jennings at Denbigh of little Amelia's health and improvement, whom at the same time she had not energy enough to visit, whilst her father was a prisoner at Glen-Morgan under the coercion of two inexorable keepers, old age and gout. She had a servant, Betty Wood, an ancient maiden and as melancholy as herself, who now and then read homilies to her, and now and then worked carpeting and quilted counterpanes, over which she regaled herself with hymns, sung in a most sleep-inviting key to adagio movements, that scarce moved at all. This

work of hers, like that of the chaste Penelope, was without end or object; for it rarely failed to happen that, before the task was finished, Mrs. De Lancaster had changed her fancy as to the pattern, and destroyed perhaps in a few minutes what patient Betty had been employed upon for months: her carpets never covered the floor, nor did her counterpanes ever ornament the beds.

As Mr. Philip De Lancaster had no further punctilios to observe towards his lady, he seemed to think that nothing more could be required of him towards his son except to measure his growth from year to year by notches in the wainscot of the steward's parlour, which are there remaining to this hour as records of the extraordinary vegetative powers, with which dame Nature had endowed the object of these memoirs. Cecilia would fain have had her little nephew brought into the room after dinner, but it was not often she was indulged in that wish, as the old gentleman did not approve of the custom; and once, when the good aunt was rather more importunate than was usual with her, he told her that the practice of introducing noisy children and prattling nurses into the guest-room was so justly reprobated by all civilized societies, that the citizens of Abydos became notorious to a proverb for their ill manners in that particular, and were the

laughing-stock of the more refined Athenians.—And should not you and I, said he, like the aforesaid citizens, deserve to be the ridicule of our neighbours, if, instead of entertaining them with the conversation of the table, we should treat them with the din and gable of a nursery?—From these, or any other authorities, when abetted by her father, it was not Cecilia's practice to appeal, though perhaps she longed to observe to him, that his neighbours were not in all respects exactly like the *refined Athenians*.

De Lancaster nevertheless was extremely fond of his grandson, and once in every forenoon had him brought into his library, where he would hear him say the little lessons, that his aunt had taught him, and sometimes with great good humour tell him stories, and repeat fables, which had always some point of instruction couched under the moral of them, upon which however the narrator was in the habit of descanting rather longer than would have answered his purpose, had that been only to amuse the hearer; but as this history does not undertake to record every incident, that occurred during the boyish years of our hero, we shall content ourselves with observing, that, as he advanced in strength and stature, he gave proofs of a very early aptitude towards all athletic exercises within the compass of his powers. He scram-

bled up the crags, forded the gullies, and braved the inclemencies of climate, with any boy of his age, however bold or hardy.

That the only son and heir of a family so ancient, rich and respectable, should be indulged in these adventures, would not seem very natural, but that his aunt could not, and his father would not, follow him in these excursions, whilst every body else about the castle conspired to encourage him in them, and applauded him for his resolution.

His great ambition was to rival young David Williams, son of the blind minstrel, in the manly art of horsemanship. This hardy lad performed his errands to the post office and market of the neighbouring town on a poney, who yielded to none of Welch extraction in obstinacy and determined disobedience to control. He had more ingenious devices to dislodge young David from his back, than young David had resources at all times ready to disappoint and thwart him in his contrivances; and hence it rarely came to pass, that the horse and his rider did not part company before the expedition was complete and at an end. If David was by chance encharged with frangible commodities, nobody could ensure upon a worse bottom. Poney had not a single friend in house or stable; every soul gave him an ill name;

but some enjoyed to witness his malicious tricks, whilst to others David always set out with an assurance, that he would master him, and generally came home with tokens, that gave ocular demonstration to the contrary.

One evening as David was returning home through the park with a cargo of sundries in a basket, and just then in high good humour with his poney, he was met by his friend John exactly at the pass, where the two roads branched off, the one towards the castle, and the other to the stables. David's business carried him to the house, but the poney was disposed to carry him and his business to the stable. This begat a difference of opinions on the spot, and the dispute soon begat blows, which were manfully laid on by the rider, and passionately resented by the receiver. After a sufficient number of indecisive plunges, which brought the basket of miscellaneous articles to the ground, but left the rider only a little forwarder on his saddle than was quite convenient, poney seemed in the humour to compromise the question between the two roads by taking neither; but bolted forwards at full speed towards the hah-hah, that bounded the pleasure ground, upon the very brink of which he made a sudden stop, and throwing up his heels at the same instant with his head between his knees, he

completely effected his purpose by pitching his jockey into the aforesaid hah-hah, which, luckily for its visitor, was just then full of water.

When John, who had been spectator of the contest, had assisted his friend in getting out of the water, and found all bones whole, he repaired to the stable, where the contumacious poney was still standing at the door, and, arming himself, with David's whip, proceeded to mount. This was a new demand, which the poney could by no means reconcile to his feelings; the battle instantly commenced; and victory hung between them for a while without any seeming partiality to either side: many a time they came to the ground together, but never parted; till at length, after plenty of restive manœuvres, and a pretty many Welch remonstrances, poney gave in, and, to the immortal honour of our young Antæus, ever after became as tractable as a turn-spit.

CHAPTER VI.

Education stands still. The seeds of enmity are sown. The incident of the dying soldier.

WHILST our hero was thus gaining laurels in the field by his bodily achievements, in mental attainments he made no great progress. His good aunt Cecilia laboured hard at her English lessons, but his play-fellows and companions without any labour kept him in such practice with their Welch, that between both languages he was in danger of speaking neither. Still his kind instructress persevered in teaching him such things as she could teach and he could learn, but although he was now advanced beyond the age, when boys in general turn out to public schools, the parties, which sate in council on the specific mode of education to be pursued, were so wide of an adjustment, that it might well be made a doubt if he was in any way of being educated at all.

Mr. Philip De Lancaster had naturally so little interest in his own opinions upon this, or any other question, that he parted from them upon the easiest terms, and took them back again upon the slightest reasons. He had been heard to say that

something should be thought of for him, but the task of thinking was a task he did not concern himself about. If the decision between public and private education had rested upon Philip, his casting vote would have been as mere a matter of chance, as the cast of the dice.

Mrs. De Lancaster, the mother, who never opened upon this subject, except once to Cecilia, expressed her opinion that the question was of no importance: he was his father's son, and educate him how they would, he would still be his son, and education could not mend him.

Cecilia was humbly of opinion, that the subject was above her, and properly belonged to the other sex to consider and decide. She observed however that Colonel Wilson had given his sons a public education, and she believed he had no cause to repent of it: this was evidently a lure to hook him into the debate, and a pretty clear insinuation which way her judgment and her wishes pointed. But the master-opinion, which alone could resolve, and carry resolution into effect, was still to be sought for in the bosom of the grandfather, and he did not seem in haste to bring it forth.

If it were put to me in the way of question, he said to Cecilia, whether I am prepared to recommend a public school, I answer, no: if you should persist to ask what other system I would recommend, I should observe to you, that system is subordinate to nature, and that none such ought to be laid down, till it is apparent and made clear to what the genius of my grandson points. When I make use of the term genius, let me not be understood as if admitting any inborn influence, which might seem to favour the absurd chimeras about innate ideas. I am aware that Sophocles in his Ajax asserts, that the happiness of man consists only in his ignorance: in his ignorance of such things, as would make man miserable did he know them, his happiness may indeed be said to consist; and so far only I can agree with Sophocles; for ignorance, in its proper sense, can make no man happy; on the contrary I hold it as a truth incontrovertible, that, if any human being could be perfect in virtue, he would be perfect in wisdom also; and if such be the test of wisdom, how can ignorance be said to make him happy? Now if the wisdom of virtue is to be instilled into the young pupil by the wisdom of books, it must surely be by other books, than his masters in the dead languages may always happen to select for his instruction in those languages. Cicero wrote about the

cardinal virtues, as he was pleased to call them, and it is not quite clear to me, that suicide was not one of the family: in fact, his book is good for nothing; the man was a follower of the new academy, and of course could have no opinion: his ambition was to talk about every thing, and his maxim to decide upon nothing. You, my excellent Cecilia, can for the present teach your nephew what he ought to know, and perhaps if he never learns what you cannot teach, he will have no loss. You will instil into his heart religion in its purest principles—in teaching that, you teach him every thing.

When this honest, but eccentric, man had thus unluckily entrenched himself on the wrong side of a clear question, he could find so many specious arguments of this sort for doing nothing, that of course nothing was done; and the mind of the neglected boy, now thirsting for instruction, found every avenue shut against him, except that only, which had little new to afford.

It so happened that Colonel Wilson had been called away upon an exchange of his government for one of rather more emolument in a distant situation, where he had been obliged to reside for a certain term upon his first taking possession. This was a heavy loss to young John, who had

the mortification to hear the wit and understanding of David Owen cried up and applauded, whilst he himself was let to remain in a state little short of dereliction. Once or twice he was admitted to the honour of standing by his father, whilst he angled in the canal; but John saw no amusement in watching a float, that never once gave the signal of a bite. In Cecilia's flower garden he took some small delight, but it was pleasure of too tame a sort to satisfy his ardent mind.

One morning, when Sir Owen's fox hounds were to throw off in Kray wood, he was permitted to put himself under the convoy of the groom, and go out to see them find; but alas, he was destined to exhibit himself on the back of the reformed poney, late the letter-carrier and drudge of the castle; when the first object, that struck his sight, was the fine young heir of Penruth Abbey, mounted on a full-sized hunter, and dressed in a uniform of green and scarlet. He was accompanied by several gentlemen in the same uniform; and, Sir Owen not being in the field, seemed to act as master of the hunt. When the hounds began to challenge in the cover, the sportsmen were in motion, and poor John conscious of his unworthiness to enrol himself amongst them, struck down a narrow lane, that skirted the wood and led towards the castle by the shortest cut.

The country had been drenched with rain, and whilst John and poney were bustling through this muddy pass, young Owen gallopped swiftly by, and having sprightly contrived to sluice him, (man and horse) all over with the dirty soil, looked back and laughed.—Never mind, master Johnny, cried the groom: sportsman's fare—Not aware that the injury, which the poor little fellow had received, was not confined to his clothes, for upon drawing up and dismounting, which agony compelled John to do without delay, not only his face was cut with the flinty rubbish, that had been thrown up by the heels of Owen's horse, but his eyes had suffered much more seriously, so that he was obliged to be led home with his handkerchief bound over his eyes, suffering the whilst intolerable pain. What passed on his arrival at the castle need not be described: it was some weeks before the skill of Mr. Llewellyn, and the tender care of Cecilia, could be fairly said to have perfected the cure. No intercourse in the mean time passed between the abbey and the castle, and, if it was known at the former place (which there is good reason to think it was) neither inquiry nor apology ever reached the latter.

Whilst the groom enraged the lower regions of Kray-Castle with his account of the malicious

feat, John was quite as capable of distinguishing between design and accident, and with fewer words, but deeper meditation, laid up the insult in his mind, never to be forgotten.

During the time that the boy, in consequence of this injury, was interdicted from resorting to his book, impatient to be learning something, he turned his thoughts towards blind Williams, who repeated verses and played to him on the harp; which to enjoy, he would sit for hours, with the shade over his bloodshot eyes, sympathizing with old David on the lamentable loss of sight, and inquiring if it was attended by that misery, which his imagination attached to it.

It chanced one day, whilst sitting in this attitude by the side of the minstrel, he was solicited for his charity by a worn-out soldier, who had fallen sick upon his way, and had been admitted into the house by the servants for the purpose of relieving him in his distress. John lifted up the shade from off his eyes, to look at him, and the melancholy spectacle, which, through the misty medium of his feeble optics, he imperfectly discerned, struck so hard upon his feeling heart, that he suffered the very keenest pang, that pity could inflict. Food, clothes, medicine, bed, every thing, that could relieve a suffering fellow crea-

ture at the point to die, was immediately to be prepared. The soldier's tale was short; for in the history of his sufferings there was a mournful uniformity: wounds and hard service in unhealthy climates had made him old in the midstage of life; poverty and privation had depressed his hardy vigour, and sickness, consequential of those evils, had at length broken down a gallant spirit, which, under these accumulated visitations, could no longer struggle with its destiny.

John heard this sad recital of his woe with sympathizing tears; but when he came to relate how cruelly he had been threatened and dismissed by the young lord of a fine great house in the neighbourhood, (describing Penruth Abbey) whilst begging charity at the door, where he saw the very dogs fed with bread, for want of which he was starving, our heart-struck hero started from his seat, and, stamping vehemently on the floor, exclaimed—Let me but live to bring that Jew-born wretch to shame, and let me die the death, I care not; tis enough!—Then turning to the servants, he said—Take notice; my grand-father, your master, has charity in his heart, and will not suffer this poor man to perish through the want of any thing, that he can give. Let him therefore want for nothing; when you have given him what he ought to have, take him to a well-aired bed in a

comfortable room, and send for Mr. Llewellyn to attend upon him. I'll answer for my orders. The soldier overpowered with gratitude, only murmured out his thanks: blind David sung out loudly—Heaven reward thee, my sweet child! Thou art a true De Lancaster!

CHAPTER VII.

The Soldier takes leave of our young Hero. Delivers to him a Paquet he was entrusted with, and dies.

NEXT morning, when the sun had risen, and old Robert De Lancaster was attended upon, as usual, by David Williams, he inquired after the sick soldier, which he understood had been taken into the house by the order of his grand son John. This drew from Williams a recital, much more circumstantial, than had yet been made to him of that event. He gave the very words that John had uttered in resentment of young Owen's inhumanity, and they were deeply felt. De Lancaster remained silent for a time, and gave no signal to the blind musician; at length he said—Wil-

liams my mind is agitated : give me something soothing, and let it be a simple melody—I have hastily put together a kind of ballad-melody of that very sort, replied the minstrel, which occurred to me whilst reflecting upon young Mr. Owen's want of charity to the poor soldier, and, if it is your pleasure, I will recite it to the harp—Let me hear it said the master, and the minstrel sung as follows—

" I'm sick, said the soldier, and cover'd with scars,
" Behold the sad fruit I have reap'd in your wars !
" Have pity, good master, I'm feeble and old,
" I'm weary, and starving with hunger and cold.

" Begone from my door, and appeal to the laws,
" I am not of your country, nor friend to your cause :—
" Thus answer'd the merciless squire in his pride,
" And thus with disdain a young angel replied—

" What ails thee, what ails thee, thou miserly elf,
" To be hoarding and hugging thy rascally pelf ?
" See where old father Care strews his thorns in thy bed,
" And terrible Death waves his dart o'er thy head.

" Let thy cash buy the blessing and pray'r of the poor,
" And let them intercede when death comes to thy door ;
" They perhaps may appease that importunate pow'r,
" When thy coffers can't buy the reprieve of an hour.

" Foolish man, don't you know ev'ry grain of your gold
" May give food to the hungry and warmth to the cold?
" A purchase in this world shall soon pass away,
" But a treasure in heaven will never decay.

"Now tell me what pleasure you reap from your hoard,
"And I'll tell you what rapture your dross might afford;
"Amid numberless joys I will name only these—
"Gay days, happy nights, and a conscience at ease.

"Do you think, sordid wretch, when you turn a deaf ear
"To the suit of the orphan that God does not hear?
"Do you hope to escape from the Searcher of hearts,
"When the tear of the widow no pity imparts?

"When the ag'd and infirm vainly put up their pray'r
"For that mite which your mass without missing could spare,
"The angel of vengeance your crime will enroll
"Amongst those of the demons, who murder the soul.

"Give a shilling to-day, and the joy you'll derive,
"To-morrow shall swell your small tribute to five;
"Progressive delight every hour shall increase,
"And at length a few guineas shall purchase your peace.

"If you spurn my advice, your a blockhead and dunce;
"You cannot serve God and your idol at once;
"Who traffics with Mammon will find in the end,
"He has made a bad bargain, and lost a good friend."

De Lancaster had always a kind word upon his lips for his old blind minstrel, and having told him that he had added another leaf to his laurel, went down to his family assembled in the breakfast room with all that charity in his heart, which the ditty had recommended.

When the story of the soldier had been heard by Mr. Philip De Lancaster, he coolly observed,

that it was a trick to extort money; he would not take the soldier's word for a farthing, and did not believe young Owen capable of any thing cruel or uncharitable.

When it was related to Cecilia, she threw her arms about the neck of the benevolent boy, pressed him to her bosom, and prayed heaven to preserve him from the malice of that spiteful imp, whose evil-boding visage haunted her both day and night.

When the mother of John was informed of the circumstance, and understood that the man who laid sick in the house was a soldier, she sent Betty Wood to inquire of him what regiment he belonged to, and when answer was brought that he was invalided from the 15th foot in the West-Indies, and private in the company of the late Captain John Jones, whom he should ever bewail as the kindest master and the best of friends, it seemed as if the fountain of her tears was never to be exhausted. An irresistible desire possessed her to see the man, and, after certain preparatory manœuvres, conducted by faithful Betty, she actually carried her resolution into effect, and entered the chamber of the soldier, planting Betty at the door to prevent interruption. As he had been selected from the ranks by Captain Jones, as

his domestic servant, he had many anecdotes to relate, highly interesting to the hearer, and very honourable to his late master: he spoke also warmly in the praise of his deceased lady, and in raptures of his dear little Amelia, with whom it seems he had come over to England in the pacquet, and, after many adventures and misfortunes, was on his way to visit her at Denbigh, when sickness overtook and reduced him to the condition, in which the charity of her angel son had found him.

He was now exhausted, and Mrs. De Lancaster forbore to press upon him any more inquiries: she bade him be assured that he should never want; she would pension him for life; she would settle him at Glen-Morgan in the neighbourhood of Denbigh, and, if ever she became possessed of that estate, he should be taken into her house, and pass the remainder of his days in ease and competency.

Alas, good lady, feebly he replied, I have but few more days on this side the grave, and them I must employ in asking mercy of my God, and imploring blessings on your son, who has been to me as an angel before death.

This said, she left him, and retired unseen to

her chamber. John was soon after heard, as usual, at her door, and admitted.

Come to my arms, she cried, my dear, my noble boy! Did you but know how I feel and why I feel your charity to that poor soldier, you would not wonder at the tears I shed, whilst thus I press you to a breaking heart. But you will know me after I am dead, and that time is not far off. Leave me, my child; I shall not often send for you; my sorrows must be only to myself. Go, go, be happy! I am very ill. Send Wood; and leave the room.

In the forenoon of the day next ensuing, young John De Lancaster visited the poor soldier; he was dying, but found strength to say—God bless you and farewell! Had I been relieved when I begged charity of that neighbouring gentleman, who turned me from his door, I think I might have lived, but I fainted soon after, and all your goodness could not save me. He then reached out his hand, and delivered to John a small leathern purse, which he prayed him to open. It contained a plain gold ring, which Captain Jones had given him in charge for his daughter Amelia, being the wedding ring of her mother: could he have reached Denbigh, he had delivered it to her: he had been strongly beset by hunger more

than once, but he had resisted every impulse to part from it, and had fulfilled his trust at the expense of his life: he now committed the deposit to the care of one, who he was sure would faithfully convey the legacy to its proper owner, and he devoutly prayed to heaven, that it might prove a blessing to the wearer—John took the ring, and assured him it should never pass from any other hands but his into those of Amelia Jones.

In the evening of that day the soldier died.

Have patience with me, kind and courteous reader! I am not leading you into the regions of romance: I aim not to surprise you; but I am aiming to find out, (if haply nature shall direct my hand) that clue, which, rightly followed, may empower me to unravel the recesses of your heart. This is my object; in attempting this, success, however short of triumph, will repay me; but, if I wholly fail, my labour's lost; I have no second hope.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Early efforts of our hero's genius.

JOHN's attachment to the harp of David Williams inspired him with a desire for being taught a few easy tunes by so great a master. In this ambition he was warmly encouraged by his grandfather, who considered it as the unequivocal characteristic of a true De Lancaster, and boldly predicted that he would rapidly advance to hereditary celebrity on that ancient and noble instrument.

Upon this occasion we should have been sorry if De Lancaster had failed to recollect, that both Hercules and Alexander condescended to take lessons on the harp, though the former broke his master's head with his own instrument, and

the latter insisted upon his privilege of striking the wrong string, whenever it suited him better than the right. Robert therefore found it necessary to caution his grandson against copying those boisterous scholars, and strictly enjoined him to give close attention to the instructions of his master, after the example of the Cretan youths, who were universally educated in music, and remarkably obedient to their teachers.

John accordingly sate down with eagerness for the undertaking, and in point of diligence few Cretans could have exceeded him; but when unexpected difficulties began to stare him in the face, and every lesson seemed to increase those difficulties, his ardour cooled and despair possessed him wholly. David Williams at length pronounced *ex cathedrâ*, that his pupil had positively no genius for the instrument; the case was hopeless, and the harp was laid aside.

I am sorry for it, said the grandfather, but I am myself no performer on the harp, though a lover of its melody, and sure I am that no man can possess a spirit prepared to meet the vicissitudes of fortune with equanimity and calmness, unless his passions have been disciplined by music. Let the boy's genius therefore be watched;

and, if it points to any other instrument, indulge him.

Shortly after the promulgation of this edict the musical propensities of the discarded harper began to show themselves in a very different character, and he now conceived a passion for performing on the trumpet.

Be it so! said the grandfather; it proves at least his spirit has a martial cast.

Colonel Wilson was now returned, and heard with infinite delight the story of the dead soldier, told by Cecilia so greatly to the credit of his darling boy John; but when his friend De Lancaster told him with an air of triumph of his reigning passion for the trumpet, he treated it as a jest, and ridiculed the idea. Disappointed by this reception, and somewhat piqued, De Lancaster was determined to stand to his defences, and that Wilson, who had arraigned the trumpet, should be doomed to hear the trumpet's advocate.

Sir, said he, you will permit me to remind you, that the trumpet is an ancient and a venerable instrument. If it be said that the walls of the city of Thebes were raised by the lute of Amphion, we have better authority for believing

that the walls of Jericho where thrown down by the trumpets of the Israelitish Priests.

I hope, replied Wilson, the trumpet of my friend John will not be quite so efficacious. If the castle tumbles down with the blast, we may chance to be buried in its ruins.

Wilson had better have left this skit alone, for his friend was at no time guilty of giving his hearers too little information, and he was just now put upon his mettle to discuss the merits of the insulted trumpet under its three denominations according to the respective characters, in which the ancients employed, and have described it. The first of these, he told him, was the *tuba*, or straight trumpet, properly so called: the second was the *lituus*, or shrill-toned trumpet, curved at the extremity; the third and last the *cornuus*, or deep-toned horn, of natural conformation, curved throughout: of these the chief was the *tuba* first named, which he informed him was unknown to the Greeks, though not to Homer, who did not employ it in his battles, knowing it was not then in use.

He was right in not doing so, said Wilson: but if he had done otherwise, I, for one, should never have found him out.

Whether Wilson imagined that his friend had done with his trumpets it is impossible to say, but it is very easy to believe that he was not aware how many he had in petto, for he seemed astonished when given to understand, that there were not less than six different sorts of the tuba, as classed by Eustathius into that of the Athenians, invented by Minerva; the Egyptian trumpet, contrived by Osiris, and employed in their sacrifices; the trumpet of the Gauls, with a peculiar mouthpiece, of a shrill tone, and by them called Carynx; the Paphlagonian trumpet, mouthed like a bull and very deep-toned; that of the Medes, blown with a reed, also of a deep tone, and lastly, the Tyrrhenian trumpet, extremely acute and high-pitched in conformity to which it is supposed the Romans modelled their's.

Scarcely was this edifying dissertation finished, when the hall resounded with a blast, loud enough, it should seem, to shake its aged banners into tatters: Wilson hastened to the scene of action, and found his friend John under the tuition not of any of the great masters above-mentioned, but of a puppet-show man, who travelled the country, and recommended himself by the strength, rather than by the sweetness, of his tones. This gentleman, who had just recruited his lungs with an emollient dose of sweet Welch ale, blew with

might and main in return for the hospitality he had received, and doubtless for the honour of the corps he belonged to. The Goddess Fame never gave a louder crack for the best favourite she had, though he were standing at her back, and, like the bellows-blower of an organ, had pumped breath into her lungs to let the people hear his own good deeds. The performer, who was an adept in more arts than one, had just then played a somerset, to the great delight of his pupil John, and was standing on his hands with his heels erect in the air, when Mrs. Elizabeth Wood entering the hall, and seeing a pair of human legs in an attitude so totally irreconcilable to her idea of the proper place, which human legs ought to hold in society, uttered, as in duty bound, a most violent scream, and in the same breath announced an order for silencing that horrid trumpet; it had nearly thrown her lady into fits. That ancient and venerable instrument, (so called by Mr. De Lancaster) was accordingly for ever laid aside, and Scaramouch was fain to make his retreat without sound of trumpet; but as he could tumble, conjure and show tricks, that would give no offence to the nervous system of the lady above stairs, it is probable that both the ladies and gentlemen below stairs suffered him to entertain them before he left the castle; and as he very politely invited them to be present

at the opening of his theatre in the village, when Punch and his company would present them with the entertaining interlude of the Rape of the Sabines, with appropriate screamings by the ladies concerned in the representation, it is presumed, that not a few of them were prevailed upon to be present at that interesting exhibition.

The shock, that Mrs. De Lancaster had received, was by no means feigned. She had now become a confirmed hypochondriac, and great alarm was sounded forth by Mr. Llewellyn of an approaching decay, that he endeavoured to stem by an unceasing course of medicines, which if they had suited her case, were certainly not sparingly administered; but, as she regularly grew worse and worse, it occasioned some to doubt whether they had even the merit of being innocently neutral.

Thus ended the second abortive effort of our hero's genius in the musical department. Not totally discouraged, but cautious of annoying his unhappy mother, he now betook himself to the humble Jew's-harp, whose sibilous strains by long practice and unwearied assiduity he so contrived to modulate and diversify, as obtained for him the reputation, amongst the servants at least, of executing some of the familiar Welch airs in a

style, that seemed the very echo of David Williams's harp.

For this small accomplishment he was indebted to his genius only: There were however other arts, in which he exercised himself under tuition. By the favour of the gamekeeper he became an expert shooter at a mark, and, since Colonel Wilson had returned, he put himself under the command of his servant, a disabled veteran, who taught him to perform all the motions of the manual and platoon so correctly, that the effects of this discipline soon became conspicuous in the firmness of his step, and the uprightness of his carriage.

When report was made to De Lancaster of his grandson's wonderful performances on the Jew's-harp, he expressed more joy on the occasion than the meanness of the instrument seemed to merit, and immediately signified his pleasure, that the young minstrel should be summoned to the dinner-room, where he was then sitting with Colonel Wilson, and at the same time ordered the servant to bring the harp after him, for that he would himself witness his performance.

When the servant had gone out to find the performer, the old gentleman intimated to Wilson,

that he hoped he would have his harp put in order before he brought it with him, as he did not greatly relish the ceremony of tuning—I confess, added he, I am curious to see the construction of this Jewish harp; though I dare say it is the harp with crooked arms, described by Hyginus, and played upon with the plectrum, which I am bold to affirm was the practice of king David.

To all this Wilson maliciously made no other reply, but that he believed the harp had crooked arms.—I was sure of it, said De Lancaster. Upon the word, young John came in, and being asked where his harp was, immediately applied it to his lips, and began to twang it in his very best manner. In the name of wonder, exclaimed De Lancaster, what is the boy about? Is he playing on the plectrum? No, cried he, I am going to give you Shenkin.

He went on, and the grandfather heard him out, charmed into silence by the novelty and ingenuity of the performance. When he had played the air, which he did with great correctness of imitation, in the style of David Williams, the old gentleman, turning to him with a smile, said—Well, my good boy, you have done your part, and though your harp, I confess, has disappointed me, your art has made up for it. This is

John took the hand of his grandfather, kissed it, nodded with a smile to the colonel, and hastened out of the room.

You have a treasure in that noble boy, said Wilson; but I hope, my good friend, he will not be suffered to go on any longer without education, because he can play upon the Jew's-harp without a master. Don't be offended with me, if I seem to step out of my office, when I speak to one of your great knowledge in the learned languages, but I presume you hardly can expect your grandson to understand Greek and Latin, unless he has a teacher.

Perhaps not, replied De Lancaster; yet, if it were so to happen, it would not be the first wonder of the sort, that hath come to pass. It is well known what prodigies of learning have started up into notice, even in their infant years, and possessed themselves of arts, sciences and languages, without being ever put into the trammels of a teacher.

Indeed! cried the colonel.

Assuredly, replied the asserter, though it may not have fallen in your way to be certified of the fact. I could, if necessary, adduce a host of

witnesses to attest the wonders, that have been effected by the human genius, unassisted with instruction; but as your profession, Colonel Wilson, has probably occupied too much of your attention to allow of your turning your thoughts to inquiries of this cast, the things I might relate of Lipsius, of Quirino, Alphonsus, Tostatus, and many others of equal celebrity might appear to you incredible.

Very likely, interjected the colonel.

Yet are they, every one, supported by irrefragable authorities. The mind of man, my friend, is in itself a miracle, and persons, who have been predestined to extraordinary occasions, have been born under extraordinary circumstances, as was the case with Luther, who, whilst he was yet an infant at the breast, maintained a Latin thesis against the Pope's infallibility, which gave rise to the saying, that he sucked in controversy with his mother's milk.

My very good and learned friend, said Wilson, that you have somewhere crossed upon this idle legend, amongst the boundless mass of books that you have consulted I am well persuaded; but that you will commit your excellent understanding by stating it in serious proof of the ques-

tion we are upon I am loath to suppose. When I believe your account of Luther's coming into the world with a square cap and gown, I will believe his thesis at the breast, and, when I believe that, I will not dispute the story of the prolific lady, who was delivered of three hundred and sixty-five children at a birth.

I dare say you will not dispute it, rejoined De Lancaster, when you hear the evidences for the truth of it. The prolific lady, you allude to, was the Countess Herman of Henneberg, daughter of Count Floris, Earl of Holland, Zealand and Friesland, and son of William of Holland, first of that name; Floris was treacherously slain by the old Earl of Clermont at a public triumph, and left behind him this daughter Margaret, who married the aforesaid Count Herman of Henneberg. She, despising the petition of a poor widow, who with twins at her breast asked charity, gave her very reproachful words withal; whereupon the widow, falling on her knees, appealed to heaven in vindication of her innocency, and earnestly prayed, that as she had conceived and brought forth those two infants lawfully by her husband, even so, if ever that lady should be pregnant, she might be visited with as many children at a birth as there were days in the year. Not long after, the lady conceived, and went in-

to Holland to visit the earl her brother, taking up her abode in the abbey of religious women at Leyden, where on the Friday before Palm Sunday, in the year 1276, she was delivered of three hundred and sixty-five children, the one half being sons and the other daughters, but the odd babe was double-sexed. They were all baptized by Guydon, suffragan to the bishop of Utrecht, who named all the sons John, and the daughters Elizabeth, but what name he gave to the odd child, said De Lancaster with much gravity, I must own to you I do not find recorded.

John-Elizabeth for a certainty, said the Colonel. It may be so, resumed the narrator; but I hazard no conjectures, I only detail facts. They were however no sooner baptized than they all died, and the mother likewise. Their two baptismal basins are still preserved, and have been by me seen and examined in the said church at Leyden, together with the inscription on the Countess's tomb in Latin and in Dutch, the former beginning thus—*Margareta, Comitis Hennebergiæ uxor, et Florentii Hollandiæ et Zelandiæ filia, &c. &c.* Underneath is the following distich, the first line of which has been some how or other curtailed of its proper metrical proportion, as you will perceive—

—En tibi monstrosum et memorabile factum,
Quale nec a mundi conditione datum.

Here Robert De Lancaster, having closed his narrative, turned a look upon his friend, that seemed to appeal to him for his judgment on the case. The colonel made no reply, and it may be presumed that the appellant set down his silence to the score of his conviction.

CHAPTER II.

Our hero's visit to Amelia Jones.

John and old Ben, carrying his personals in a pair of saddle bags, were on their way to Glen-Morgan the next morning before sun-rise. Ben was an excellent guide across Welch moors and mountains, and did not confine himself to the roads, that were in use, but had the art of steering to his point with great economy of time and distance. It was a gleam of joy to poor old Morgan to behold his grandson, for he was fond and John was affectionate. Every body in the house ran to pay him their respects: the green and red

liveries were taken off their pegs, and dinner was served up in state as to the heir-apparent. The parson, lawyer and apothecary were in their places, the old butler in gala, and Mrs. Richards with her attendant housemaids in high requisition.

After an early breakfast the next morning John set off for Denbigh, and presented himself at the door of Mrs. Jennings, who received him with all possible courtesy: when informed of the matter he was charged with, and of his wish to see Amelia, she was summoned, and ready at the call, ran down stairs, and was instantly in the room: upon seeing a stranger, she stopped short, fixed her eyes upon him and made a curtsey: John rose, bowed, and seized at once with admiration and surprise, (not expecting to be encountered by an object of such striking beauty) seemed to have lost all recollection of his errand, and stood as if he had no other business but to gaze in silence. As the embarrassment was now becoming reciprocal, Mrs. Jennings thought it was high time to remind him of the commission he had imparted to her. Having lost the words, with which he meant to preface the delivery of the little pacquet, he produced it at once, and having delivered it to Amelia, endeavoured to relate what it was, and how he came

by it. His narrative was not very distinctly given, and as soon as he perceived the effect it was likely to produce, he stopped short, and looked to Mrs. Jennings for relief. The lovely girl received it with a trembling hand, and whilst she murmured out her thanks, opened the pacquet, snatched a momentary glance upon the relique it contained, and would have sunk upon the floor, had not John eagerly interposed, and throwing himself on one knee, supported her in his arms, her head reclining on his shoulder.

When she had recovered, Amelia followed by Mrs. Jennings left the room, and John remained in solitary meditation for a few minutes, till the lady of the house returned and made the joint apologies of Amelia and herself for having left him so abruptly. As soon as he was certified that there was no further cause for alarm, he began to describe to Mrs. Jennings how much he was enchanted and surprised by the uncommon beauty of her lovely charge, who, when he had prepared himself to see a little girl running into the room, had presented herself to him with all the graces of a finished woman, elegant in her manners and charming in her person.

Perhaps, said Mrs. Jennings, you were not aware that my poor orphan is but two years youn-

ger than yourself. As to the beauty, which you are pleased to notice, I rather think it is more a promise than an actual possession; but of her more essential good qualities I can confidently speak; for a better disposition, greater modesty of nature and benevolence of heart I never yet contemplated in human creature. To these virtues she was born; these at least, poor child, she inherits from her parents, and I think that portrait fronting you, which you are now looking at, conveys no slight impression of an amiable and noble character; it is a striking likeness of her father, taken by an eminent artist, who was a visitor at Glen-Morgan, when Captain Jones passed a few days with your grandfather, before his embarking for the West Indies, which I well remember he did on the very day that you were born at Kray-Castle.

And to the very day, on which I cease to live, exclaimed our hero, raising his voice, and directing his eyes to the portrait, I swear I will devote myself to the protection of his orphan daughter. Unhappy, gallant man! I have his history from his faithful soldier. Would he could hear me! I almost can believe he does; for mark, how tenderly his eyes are turned upon me. Ah sweet Amelia, what I may be I know not, but yours in every faithful service I shall be. Our first ac-

quaintance has commenced in sorrow; Heaven grant, it may grow up and ripen into joy.

This said, he turned his eyes from the picture, and behold they lighted on Amelia, standing by his side. Surprised, confused, and doubting whether he beheld a vision or reality, he threw his arms about her, clasped her to his heart, and in his transport pressed his glowing lips upon her blushing cheek. Then rushing to the door—Pardon me, he cried—and vanished with love's arrow in his heart.

Ah madam, ah my friend, exclaimed the trembling girl, succour me, save me, or I am undone. If this young heir of two such rich and ancient families does not at once resolve never to waste a thought on me, what will become of me? What will his grandfather, whose bread I eat, what will his mother say? The house of De Lancaster will rise against me, and I must fly to labour for my living, or involve you in my ruin.

It is even so, my child, and you discern your danger rightly. He is a noble, generous youth, but he never can be yours in any time to come, and you must cautiously avoid him. As for what passed just now, you must think no more

of it. Young spirits, taken by surprise, will break out unawares, and you must forgive him.

Forgive him! cried Amelia; yes, it is easy to forgive him, but when shall I be able to forget him? Never.

Whilst this conversation was carrying on, a note was delivered to Mrs. Jennings, in which she read as follows—

" Madam,

" I cannot leave this place till you assure me that Miss Jones has recovered from the alarm, which my inconsiderate conduct was the cause of, and that I have not offended past forgiveness.

I have the honour to be, &c.

"JOHN DE LANCASTER."

To this Mrs. Jennings instantly returned the following answer—

" Sir,

You have given no offence to Amelia Jones, but as you know the delicacy, that is due to a

destitute young orphan, in her dependant situation, I am sure your sensibility will remind you how necsssary it will be for her peace, and how consistent with your honour, to leave her in her obscurity, and suffer me to hope this interview will be the last.

" &c. &c."

CHAPTER III.

Business long postponed, is at length concluded to the satisfaction of all parties.

We have before observed, that opposition of opinions made no breach in friendship between the worthy parties, who were in the habit of carrying on the debates, that occured at Kray-Castle. In the first place it is not certain that Robert De Lancaster was in all cases tenacious of his argument merely from conviction of its strength, but partly perhaps from attachment to it for its singularity, and the occasion it afforded him oftentimes of displaying that fund of philological erudition, which he indisputably possessed: in

the second place, it is not to be denied, that whenever he was absolutely convinced of the opinion he defended, he was not apt to think the worse of it, because his friend Wilson could not be brought to adopt it.

As his researches had chiefly carried him to those authorities, of which the classical scholar takes no account, so by arming himself with them in the lists of controversy, he fought with weapons, and made left-handed thrusts, that even literary men could hardly parry, and Colonel Wilson never. So equipped, he could lay down a proposition, which nobody would dispute, and draw inferences from it which nobody could admit: but let this be considered rather as an exercise of his ingenuity, than as a defect in his understanding.

Colonel Wilson, who loved the man, and understood his character, saw with infinite regret his indecision as to the education of his grandson, whose strong natural understanding demanded cultivation, and whose handsome person was now ripening into early manhood. Edward, the younger son of Colonel Wilson had now left the university, having obtained every honour, that either his classical or academical exercises could procure for him. He had been ordained dea-

con, and was now of age to take priest's orders. He also contemplated our neglected hero with compassionate regret, and had taken up a very favourable impression both of his talents and disposition. He thought with his father on the side of public education in general, but he did not consider himself upon those terms with Mr. De Lancaster, which would warrant him to volunteer any opinion upon the subject.

The opportunity, which he did not venture to seek, one day presented itself, when De Lancaster, sitting after dinner, addressed himself to the colonel, and said—I believe I am aware of most of the arguments, that are usually adduced in favour of a public school, and am so far from questioning the good sense of those parents, who make that system of education their choice, that I could almost admit that out of a hundred cases it is the wisest course, which can be taken in ninety and nine: the only question with me is, whether mine be not exactly that single exception. If I wished to cherish in my grandson's heart that early spirit of emulation, which might urge him to the pursuits of fame and fortune in either of the liberal professions, a public school would be the proper nursury for his ambition; but that is not my wish. If he can creditably support the independent station, which his ancestors have held for

many generations past, I aim at nothing more; and surely, when I admit that public schools are the fittest nurseries for public characters, I may be allowed to say that private education is properest for those, who are destined to fill private stations. If John De Lancaster survives to be the owner of Kray-Castle (which Heaven grant!) I hope he will there establish his abode, and be found the protector of merit, the friend of his tenants and the father of the poor. He might do this without the help of any of the heathen writers, either Greeks or Romans; but I don't wish to exclude them; a gentleman should not be unacquainted with them; though I am painfully and penitently convinced that he may bestow too large a portion of his time upon them. Plutarch in his treatise, that Grotius has prefixed to his edition of Stobæus, debates the question how young students are to read the poets, to what extent and under what exceptions: It is a heavy and Bœotian work, that talks of many things, and teaches nothing. In this country we manufacture our children, male and female, and by the labour of the workman attempt to give them all the same polish, let the materials they are composed of be ever so inert and heavy. Nobody taught the nightingale to sing, yet every foolish father and mother conceive they can teach their jackdaw to carol like that heaven-born songstress. It is lost

labour to manure and dress a soil, in which there is no principle of vegetation. This I trust is not the case with my grandson John: He is a manly sensible, honourable boy, and has given striking proof of a benevolent heart in his conduct towards the poor soldier, who died in my house; this he did without instruction from his Horace or his Juvenal, and this perhaps he would not have had an opportunity of doing at a public school; at all events I should not have had the opportunity of witnessing it. I therefore give my preference to a private and domestic education. Now, Mr. Edward Wilson, you, who are covered with laurels, worthily bestowed upon you by your venerable Alma Mater, if you think I am in error, convince me of my error, and you will not find me backward to retract my opinion and adopt a better.

To give my opinion, replied Edward Wilson, in a question of such magnitude would in all cases be presumptuous, but to obtrude it in contradiction to your superior judgment would be unpardonable. Circumstanced however as your grandson is in point of age and understanding, I hold him so unfitted for a station at the very bottom of a public school, that even without adverting to the very strong motives, which you assign for education under your own eye, I answer with-

out hesitation, that my sentiments perfectly agree and coincide with yours.

I am made very happy by your approbation, said De Lancaster, and now I must tell you, Mr. Wilson, that an event has been announced to me by this letter, which in one sense I must consider as a loss, in another as a gain. My loss is that of an old acquaintance and contemporary, the late Reverend Dr. Mathew Philips; my gain is the opportunity it affords me of tendering to you the benefice, which he held by my gift—I perceive you are about to thank me, but I must request that neither you nor your father will oppress me on this occasion—for in making you this offer I do it from my firm persuasion of your fitness, and not merely through my friendship for your worthy father, which, great and sincere although it be, would never bias me against my conscience to commit the charge of souls into the hands of any man, of whose sufficiency I had cause to doubt. Spare yourselves therefore and me the needless ceremony of bestowing thanks, where in reality they are not due; for what would you say, if it should turn out, that I have an object in my view, which would at once convince you, that in serving you I have not overlooked myself?

Name the object, I beseech you, sir, said Ed-

ward; and if you hold me capable of the undertaking, command me!

I perceive you have anticipated my suit, resumed De Lancaster. John, my grandson, is as yet the only stay and support of an ancient and not ignoble family. Your father has remonstrated with me on the subject of his neglected education. His motives were friendly, and he made them known: mine for my seeming negligence had reference to the event, which I knew to be impending, and has now come to pass, though I could not in delicacy impart it to him. It was the wish of my heart, dear Edward, to commit the education of my boy to you; but I confess, such is my nature and so am I constituted, that, until I had it in my power to confer a small favour upon you, I could not ask you to bestow a very great one upon me.

I am deeply sensible, said Edward, of the honour I derive from your good opinion, but I am also aware of the importance and difficulty of the undertaking. That I can teach your grandson Greek and Latin, if he is disposed to learn, there is little doubt: but when I consider that amongst my many duties this perhaps will be the lightest, I must look to you for advice as to the system of education, which you would recommend me to

pursue as we advance in what may be called the beaten track of school-learning. I confess to you I see no danger in those studies to the man of deep erudition, but much to the superficial and shallow scholar, for the morality of the heathen writers is not in all respects the morality of the gospel, and the philosophy of the Greeks is in no respect the religion of a christian.

Your observation, said De Lancaster, is perfectly just; but as this is a subject that will require some fore-thought, I will turn it in my mind, and give you my opinion upon the first opportunity that shall occur. Mr. Philip de Lancaster is now from home, and I think he should by all means be present at our discussion, that if he does not interest himself in what so materially concerns his son, he may at least be convinced that we do.

The topic being thus adjourned, their conversation turned to other subjects, not important to record.

CHAPTER IV.

Our young hero accidentally meets Sir Arthur Floyd, and Mr. Philip De Lancaster visits a certain Lady at Penruth Abbey.

In the morning of the third day young John De Lancester left Glen-Morgan, and set out on his return to Kray-Castle. As he was passing through part of the grounds belonging to Sir Arthur Floyd, whose house was within sight from his road, he chanced to meet that gentleman, as he was taking his ride about his demesne. Sir Arthur accosted him with much civility, and adverting to the accident, that had befallen him in the field, when he was out with Sir Owen's hounds, expressed his concern for the unpleasant consequences that had ensued, and hoped it would not discourage him from coming out again.

I shall not easily be tempted to come out when Mr. David Owen is in the field.

I hope, returned the baronet, you do not consider it as a purposed injury on the part of that young gentleman.

I don't suppose the gentleman could exactly

instruct the horse he rode to throw dirt in my face, and almost put my eyes out; but I am not obliged to the gentleman for looking back and laughing at me, when he discovered the condition I was in.

I trust, resumed Sir Arthur, he did not know the extent of the mischief he had done, and when he did know it, I hope he made those inquiries, which it behoved him to make in such a case.

I don't suppose, said John, Mr. Owen thought that necessary. He had enjoyed his joke, and was not curious to inquire how I had relished it—but I have simply answered your questions, Sir Arthur; when I have serious cause to resent Mr. Owen's treatment of me, I shall look to him only for redress.

I hope, young gentleman, said Sir Arthur gravely, you will not consider me as a busy body in this affair between you, for though my habits of intimacy are chiefly with the house of Owen, I have all possible respect for your worthy grandfather, and every one, that bears his name. If I seem to intrude upon you therefore with any further questions, believe me it is only in the hope of setting matters straight, which at present appear to be rather out of course, and accordingly

I beg leave to ask you as to the truth of a report, that circulates about the neighbourhood respecting a poor distressed soldier, who received charity from you at your house, and is said to have been very harshly treated at the abbey door, when supplicating for relief, by young Owen in person.

Such I believe to be the fact, was the answer.

It tells much to the dishonour of the party in question, that being the fact; but if the soldier be still within reach, I hope you will allow me to tender you these few guineas for his use on the part of my young friend David Owen, as an atonement for his oversight.

A piece of bread and a draught of beer might have been of use, but the money is of none. The man is dead.

My God!—cried Sir Arthur; turned a look of marked regard upon our hero, bowed and rode off.

Mr. Philip De Lancaster had of late stepped a little out of his non-elastic character, and been rambling from the castle every forenoon between the hours of breakfast and dinner. Nobody was curious to trace him in these excursions, but it

could not fail to be discovered, that his visits were to the Spanish lady at the abbey house of Penruth. To say that Philip was in love with Mrs. Owen might be to mistake a habit for a passion; he was in the habit of turning his poney's head abbey-ward, as soon as he had sallied from the castle-gate, and poney was in the habit of going on without any turn at all till he stopped at the aforesaid abbey door. When Philip dismounted, Mrs. Owen's lacquey was also in the habit of ushering him to his lady's sitting-room, where he silently took his chair and his chance for being spoken to, when the lady was in the humour and at leisure to speak to him.

The first remark, that had ever dropped from Mr. De Lancaster with respect to Philip's absence, occurred in his discourse with the Wilsons about John's education, and it so happened that Mrs. Owen in her tete à tete that very morning had rather been more disposed to extort a conversation than was usual with her, when the following very interesting dialogue ensued.

I conclude, said the lady, that this extraordinary melancholy, which seems to hang eternally upon you, my good friend, can only be accounted for by your concern for Mrs. De Lancaster's dismal state of health and spirits.

Not at all, said Philip: that's not it.

What is it then? What in the name of wonder can it be?

I can't tell. It comes of its own accord.

I don't know how to believe you. There must be some cause: as sure as can be you have caught the hip of your hypochondriac wife.

I have nothing to do with any hip of hers. I never go near her: that's agreed between us.

A happy release, if what I hear be true. Then you have no domestic troubles.

Not at all; quite free.

Why then so gloomy? What annoys you, what possesses you so wholly, that you seem almost to have lost the very use of speech? Are you in love, my friend?

Not with my wife.

With any body else?

With any body rather than with her.

With me, for instance—

Oh, with you sooner than with any body. I visit nobody but you.

True, but I thought you visited me from habit, not from liking.

I like you very much.

What shall I do to increase your liking?

Nothing. It increases quite fast enough without your help.

Bless me! That's lucky; for to say the truth I have not been aware of it. But I am so surprised, and so flattered by it, that I would fain take some pains to cultivate so agreeable an impression.

You need not. There's no occasion to trouble yourself about it.

Should not I contrive to make myself a little younger?

I don't wish it.

A good deal handsomer?

It is not possible.

A great deal fairer?

That would entirely spoil the beauty of your complexion?

Well! that is charming. I protest you make me the politest speeches; but alas! they go for nothing. No woman of discretion should encourage the attachment of a man that's married.

I may not always be a married man.

That's true; but then perhaps you'd change your tone.

Never.

Were I quite sure of that, I would not listen to Sir Arthur Floyd; nor indeed to any body in Sir Owen's life time—but recollect we have each a son. What must we do with them? They'll never set their horses up together. What is the reason they don't agree? I doubt your youngster is a little proud. Isn't it so?

I know nothing of him.

My David does not like him, I assure you. He says he is certain you are not his father.

I know nothing of that also.

He never speaks of him by the name of John De Lancaster; he calls him Jack Jones, after the name of your wife's favourite lover Captain Jones, for whom she is so inconsolable.

Why now that's wonderful—I can't think how that secret could get out.

Secret, my friend! You are much mistaken if you think it is any secret. They say he is as like Jones as ever son was like a father—but I am talking treason, and you must not betray me—People you know will be censorious, and it is rather remarkable, that since Jones's death she has never added to your family stock.

There's nothing remarkable in that, if the talking people knew what they talked about.

Why certainly, were the case as they give out, one son of that sort is quite enough, and were I in your place I should be apt to think him one more than was welcome.

I am at no trouble about him. His grandfather and his aunt are at all the pains of spoiling him.

Not by overmuch education I should think. Begging the young gentleman's pardon, I take him to be a most egregious dunce.

Oh! if you take him to be that, I shall take him to be my own son. But with your leave we'll say no more about him.

Agreed! Besides, I know your time is nearly out. This however I must tell you in secret—Sir Owen's life is despaired of, and his whole estate is settled and entailed upon my son: David will soon be of age, and probably I shall then have some other residence to seek. Your father I understand is in his seventy-fifth year, and your son in his fifteenth. A short time according to the course of nature may set us both free. In the mean time let me see you as frequently as you can contrive, and if I have been fortunate enough to make an impression on your heart, be assured you have interested mine no less; and so long as you continue to persuade me that I am agreeable in your eyes, neither Sir Arthur Floyd, nor any man, shall be other than indifferent to me.

Having said this, she reached out her hand, the gallant Philip pressed it to his lips, made his reverence, and departed.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. De Lancaster descants upon the duties of a preceptor in the learned languages.

It is probably in the reader's recollection, that De Lancaster in his last conversation with the Reverend Edward Wilson, had promised to collect his thoughts, and offer his opinion on the duties of a preceptor in the learned languages. There was little danger of his forgetting that promise, nor any likelihood of his being unprepared to execute it, for his mind was fully stored with all the several systems of the Greek philosophers.

After breakfast the next morning he desired Philip to accompany him and the Wilsons, father and son, into his library. This was not exactly the thing that Philip had meditated to do, but it was what he could not escape from. He was not however hooked without a small struggle to

get free, for as soon as he understood it was to be a cabinet council on the topic of his son's education, he humbly moved for exemption on the plea of his entire acquiescence in his father's will and pleasure, modestly declaring that he did not hold himself entitled to form any opinion in the case—besides, he should be glad to take a little air, for his health's sake.

I hope, son Philip, said the old gentleman gravely, neither your health, nor your happiness, and give me leave to add—nor your honour can suffer, if you bestow one hour upon your duty to your son, even at the expense of your accustomed devoirs to the lady at the abbey.

This was answer quite enough for Philip, who walked doggedly into the lecture room, and took his seat in a corner of it, as far out of the reach of instruction or notice, as he could devise. Edward Wilson took the left hand seat by De Lancaster's arm-chair, and the colonel seated himself on the other side of the fire place, in front of the old gentleman; Philip, as I before observed, falling into the back-ground, and behind his father.

After two or three preparatory hums, like the tap of the first fiddle, as a signal for attention, De

Lancaster commenced his harangue, as follows.—Mr. Edward Wilson, I address myself to you in particular, because what you remarked at the close of our late conversation is perfectly in my recollection, and convinces me, that my opinions can only tend to confirm what your own judgment and observation have pointed out. I am now assured, that when you commit your pupil to the reading of those heathen authors, whose writings yet exist, though their languages be dead, you will not suffer his principles to come into collision with theirs, till they are fundamentally and firmly established upon faith in revelation; for where that does not reach, all must be error, seeing that the human understanding, how acute so ever, cannot upon mere conjecture account for the operations of divine wisdom unless by the aid of a divine communication. All, who without that aid have attempted to discuss the question of *first causes*, have puzzled and perplexed themselves and others. A sound scholar can readily confute their systems; a shallow one, as you well observed, may be entangled by their subtilties. In short, they are at the best but blind guides; most of them are mischievous logicians, and many of them systematic atheists; for collect their several tenets, and I am warranted to say you shall find they are all to be classed, either amongst those, who hold the world to be eternal both as

to matter and form, or those, who hold the matter to be eternal, whilst the form is not. You are no doubt aware, that neither Aristotle nor Plato admit a creation of the world, or acknowledge any time when it was not: Aristotle maintaining that it was an eternal and necessary emanation from the divine nature; Plato, that it was an eternal and voluntary effect. Now if what God must have willed from all time he must from all time have done, where is the distinction betwixt Plato's volition and Aristotle's necessity? In these opinions are to be found all the component parts of modern atheism. The monstrous system of Spinosa is principally to be traced in the doctrines of the Eleatic school, of which Xenophanes was the founder; he was succeeded by Parmenides, Melissus and Zeno of Elea: his doctrines, which were delivered in verse and with great obscurity, were adopted by Hilpo and the Megaric philosophers, and these were supposed to be the eternity and immutability of the world. Strato of Lampsacus, whom Plutarch calls the greatest of the Peripatetics, made nature inanimate, and at the same time owned no God but nature. The Stoics had their dogma of the soul of the world; the Epicureans held that God is matter, or not distinct from matter; that all things are essentially God, that forms are imaginary accidents, which have no real existence, and that all things are sub-

stantially the same. I believe I need go no further with the Greek philosophers, for in these you have nearly the abstract amount of their opinions, and the sources of all modern infidelity. As for the cosmogonies of the Phœnicians, Egyptians and Babylonians, which derive the world from mechanical principles only, they are immediately introductive of atheism, as Eusebius of Cæsarea observes of Sanchoniatho, whose fragment he preserved, and Berosus of the Babylonian cosmogony, of which nation he himself was. To the doctrines of Orpheus the theologer I have no objection; with him your pupil will be safe. Hesiod is only fanciful. Of Thales the hylopathian, whose principal of things was water, I should doubt whether he was theist or atheist; but of his scholar Anaximander no doubt can be entertained; his system is professedly atheistical; the same principle descends and may be traced through Anaximenes, Anaxagoras and Diogenes of Apollonia, in a word, through all the masters of the Ionic school. Turn to Leucippus and Democritus, to Epicurus, and all who held the doctrine of atoms, what do you discover but the blindest ignorance and the grossest atheism? As for their celebrated physician Hippocrates, who, following the example of Hippasus and Heraclitus the obscure, held heat or fire to be immortal and omniscient, in one word God himself, I can only say

it would have been safer to have taken his physic than his philosophy—but I have too long intruded on your patience, and forbear the rest.

When Edward Wilson perceived that De Lancaster had done speaking, being unable to discover how this harangue could be brought into use for any present purpose, and conceiving himself not called upon to say that he would not put a pupil to read the Greek philosophers, who had not yet read the first leaf of his Latin grammar, he bowed and was silent. Philip sate with his hands upon his knees in the attitude of a hearer, and seemed employed upon a very close examination of his boots, as if in search of information from them; but they knew just as much, and no more of the subject than he himself did.—I wonder why I was called in to hear all this, he said to himself, who know no more what he has been talking about than if he had expressed himself in the Hebrew language. The colonel on the contrary was under no reserve, but turning to De Lancaster, said, I cannot doubt, my good sir, but that all, which you have been saying, would be excellent advice to a student far advanced in his knowledge of the learned languages, but in the instance of my friend John, I presume the time when it can apply to him lies yet at a considerable distance.

You are right, replied De Lancaster, and therefore as I cannot expect to say it then, I take the liberty to say it now.

The man, whose ridicule could not have been disarmed by the candour of this temperate reply, must have had a heart very differently made from that of Colonel Wilson; and as for Edward he immediately found his voice, and was liberal of his thanks for the instruction he had received. I shall hardly expect he said, to do more for my pupil, than to make him acquainted with some of the best and purest classics, so as to form his taste, and qualify him to take his part in those circles, in which he ought to be found: But if he should contract a passion for literature, I shall bear in mind what you have been inculcating, and hope it will be my good fortune to find his understanding stored with such defences, as no false reasoning shall be likely to undermine. This object will be ever nearest to my heart, and as I am sure I have an excellent disposition to work upon, I trust your grandson will grow up, if God gives him life, to be an honour to his name and nation.

I am satisfied said De Lancaster, and have not another word to offer.

That is lucky, quoth Philip, as his father walk-

ed out of the room; for I am yet in time to take my ride. This was overheard by Colonel Wilson, and provoked him to say to Philip—If you are going to take your usual ride to the Abbey, I hope you will recollect by the way your obligations to a father, the matter of whose discourse may have seemed tedious to you, but whose motive being zeal for the welfare of your son, ought to be held in honour and respect.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. De Lancaster proposes to revive certain ancient modes of curing diseases.

A PROJECT had been conceived by Mr. De Lancaster for calling together an assembly of the chief neighbouring minstrels on Saint Cecilia's day, in which he had the double purpose of patronizing that ancient British instrument, which he had so much at heart, and at the same time paying a side-way compliment to his daughter, named after that harmonious saint.

Great preparations were now going forward

for celebrating that musical festival (which was a kind of revival of the ancient eisteddfods) with becoming splendour. Invitations had been circulated to all the neighbouring gentry; notices were dispersed over the country for assembling the most celebrated harpers, and David Williams was warmly engaged in making daily libations of metheglin to propitiate his muse for that grand occasion.

The castle hall in the mean time resounded with the hammers of the workmen, employed in erecting a stage for the minstrels, and in fitting up seats and benches for the company. The banners were overhauled, taken down and cleaned, and a great display of these and warlike weapons was disposed in groups and trophies under the direction of Colonel Wilson. Cecilia's province was to superintend supplies, and adapt the several entertainments to the several degrees of guests, to whom they were allotted.

Philip De Lancaster still maintained his natural tranquillity, though from some cause, or it might be from none, he had abated of the frequency of his visits to the abbey. He gave himself however no trouble in a business perfectly indifferent to him: the utmost stretch of his exertions went no further than to the making of an

artificial fly for angling in a stream, where there were no trout, and Wilson had but little time to spare for chess. Two qualifications Philip had to boast of; the one was that of being an excellent and unwearied hearer, so long as any other person would take the trouble of talking; the other, that of an everlasting sleeper, provided nobody would put him to the trouble of waking. Between these two happy properties he could dispose both of day and of night passably well.

His lady in the meanwhile contrived to fill up her hours with sighs and groans, which were echoed back to her in groans and sighs by sympathizing Betty. Cecilia visited her at leisure times; her son occasionally, when called for, and her husband by her desire very rarely, and of his own accord never. Llewellyn was in regular attendance and full confidence; he pronounced her case to be atrabilious and hypochondriac in an extreme degree, and as there could be no doubt of his being right in deciding on the nature of her complaint, it seemed rather unlucky that he was so unsuccessful in removing it. As far however as the frequency of attendances and repetition of medicines went, Mr. Llewellyn was clear in conscience.

One evening, whilst the Colonel and Squire

Philip were engaged at chess, and De Lancaster was tracing out for the edification of Edward Wilson the route of Solomon's ships to Ophir for gold, Llewellyn came into the room to announce his bulletin of the patient above stairs. Philip's game was lost, and he had quitted the field; the colonel put the chess-board by, and all ears were open to the report, of which the sage's countenance augured nothing favourable. The question was put to him by more than one, the answer was—The lady my patient is by no means as I could wish her. Then I am afraid, observed the colonel, she is by no means well.

I hope that does not absolutely follow, said De Lancaster.

She is extremely ill, repeated Llewellyn—She is incurable, cried Philip with an emphasis and in a tone above his usual pitch.

I think not, replied the father.

She is the most decided hypochondriac I ever met with, resumed the man of medicine.

Pooh! repeated De Lancaster, if my daughter-in-law has no other complaint than what is caused by melancholy humours and impeded cir-

culation, she may be cured at once; the remedy is immediate.

Why; what should cure her? demanded the colonel.

That which alone can heal the mind and its diseases, said De Lancaster; music.

Whuh! cried Llewellyn, (whistling out his admiration and contempt in an under note, not meant to reach the ears of the old gentleman) this is a new discovery in medicine, and one more than the dispensary has yet taken notice of.

Pardon me, resumed De Lancaster, it is no new discovery, but the very doctrine held by Theophrastus, Aristoxenus, and by Pythagoras himself; the last of whom depended almost entirely on the flute or flagelet for the expulsion of melancholy; and, as I am no dealer in assertions without authorities, I shall take the liberty of quoting the very words of Martianus Capella in his ninth book, which to Mr. Edward Wilson at least I have no doubt will be familiar and these they are—*Pythagorei enim, ferociam animi tibiis aut fidibus mollientes, docuerunt cum corporibus adhærere nexum fœdus animarum.* In this practice however I must beg leave slightly to differ

from the Pythagoreans, and recommend the harp or lyre in preference, forasmuch as these were the proper instruments of Apollo, the god of healing, whereas the flute or flagelet belonged to Tritonia, whose attributes we all know were of a different description. Let me however do Pythagoras the justice to acknowledge, that he recommends the lute also as a sedative in the paroxysms of rage and anger.

Here the colonel interposed, by observing, that what effect a flute, or a lute, or a flagelet might have upon the passions of mankind he could not pretend to say, but he apprehended neither one nor the other could have any thing to do with their diseases, and to this Llewellyn assented with a significant nod of approbation. De Lancaster had now got amongst his sophists and grammarians, and committed himself much too far to halt upon a nod; he proceeded therefore as follows—

Whilst there subsists a sympathy between the senses and the soul, the intellectual remedy for man must be sought for in harmony. All the nations under heaven, whether civilized or not, have borne witness to the powers and effects of music. The Mariandyni, a wild people inhabiting the confines of Bithynia, made their national music from pipes, which they formed of the reeds, that

grew upon the borders of the lake Acherusia. The pipe was also the favourite of those mountain shepherds of Bœotia, called Aonians; whilst the Egyptians with more ingenuity struck out the complex instrument called Pandura, which was composed of no less than seven pipes.

We have in our practice, said Llewellyn, an instrument with one pipe, but I can't for my soul conceive the use, that can be made of seven.

It was doubtless an instrument of no inconsiderable difficulty to the performer, replied De Lancaster gravely.

I should not choose to perform upon it, said the apothecary.

The good old gentleman was in the high road of philology, and kept steadily on—The characters of nations, said he, are to be traced in the different characters of their warlike instruments. The Cretans marched in compact and orderly phalanx to the solemn sound of the harp: the Lacedemonians rushed into battle to the high-pitched screaming notes of the shrill-toned fife; whilst the effeminate Sybarites would not move without the soft accompaniment of their melodious flutes.

But which of all these instruments, said the colonel, is to cure Mrs. De Lancaster?

Refer that question to Asclepiades, replied De Lancaster, and he will answer you; Asclepiades will tell you, when the citizens of Prusa were in actual insurrection, and the city on the point of being laid in ashes, how he contrived to appease the tumult, and sent them all to their homes in peace.

But Mrs. De Lancaster is at home already, said Llewellyn, and peaceable enough, heaven knows. How does the case of these rioters apply to her?

The colonel saw his friend was staggered, and handsomely turned out to his relief—It is impossible, he said, to forsee what turn a case may take, therefore it is well to be armed against accidents. I should be glad if our good friend would tell us how it was that Asclepiades, whom I have no means of resorting to, contrived to disperse the mob of incendiaries at Prusa.

By a song, replied the old gentleman; he dispersed them by the sweet and soothing melody of a pathetic strain, which assuaged their fury, and lulled them into peace, as an obstreperous child

(for men are only children of a larger growth) is hushed to sleep by the humming of its nurse.

I am perfectly satisfied, said the colonel.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Philip De Lancaster determines to adopt the regimen recommended by his father.

The decisive tone, with which Colonel Wilson, at the close of our last chapter, avowed his perfect satisfaction in De Lancaster's explanation of Asclepiades's receipt for quieting a mob, occasioned such a pause, as might very probably have put an end to this topic, had not the Reverend Edward Wilson availed himself of the general silence to revive it. He had been closely attentive to the progress of this whimsical dissertation, and sensibly annoyed by the frequent interruptions it had met with, whereupon, having watched his opportunity, he said—Permit me to observe, that I for one of Mr. De Lancaster's hearers, can never be perfectly satisfied so long as he shall be pleased to continue to us the grati-

fication of a discourse, at once so new, and, to me at least, so highly entertaining and instructive. In several passages of it even my small share of reading enables me to recognise some of the authorities he has referred to, and I have no doubt but he is equally warranted in all others, where I am not able to follow him; and allow me to remark, that if his information does not in every point apply to the particular case of the hypochondriac lady, for whose recovery we are interested, yet even in those points of occasional aberration from the subject, there is matter well worthy of our attention, and I therefore hope Mr. De Lancaster will have the goodness to proceed with his dissertation on the effects of music, as recorded and attested by the ancient writers.

Reverend sir, said Robert De Lancaster, your remarks are at once so candid, and your request so flattering to me, that I will contract what I have further to say in such a manner as shall not weary you, and I will ground it upon such authorities as shall not mislead you. Damon, the Pythagorean philospher, a man not less to be relied upon for his veracity, than for his friendship and fidelity, by the simple recitation of the spondean hymn allayed a drunken fray in the streets of Syracuse, when raging at the height, in an instant, and as it were by magic.

And pray, said the colonel, what kind of composition was the spondean hymn?

It was a hymn, replied De Lancaster, performed by the priests and minstrels in the heathen temples as a prelude to the ceremony of sacrifice, and it was called spondean, as consisting of such syllables only, which gives us to understand the solemn character of the composition, the object of which was to engage the attention, and conciliate the favour of their deities, whilst the incense was in operation.

If it could do that, said the colonel, and make dead idols serviceable, I can't wonder it should make drunken insurgents sober.

Sir—replied the expounder, (lengthening out the word into a note of something like asperity) You have not heard me out, else I should have told you, that ancient sages cured fevers, fits of melancholy, phrensy, nay, even bodily wounds, by the sanative and enchanting power of song. Who, that has but dipped into their remedies, can be ignorant, that soft airs, well executed on the flute, were found to be a never-failing cure for the sciatica, or hip-gout, as it is called? A host of witnesses conspire to testify to the truth of what I tell you. Can it have escaped the no-

tice of any well-read scholar by what means Theophrastus found a remedy for every malady, every molestation, that could disorder and disturb the health and temperature of the human mind? Sir, he had an instrument appropriated to every mental complaint, a pipe tuned to the pitch of every passion, high or low, flat or sharp. Xenocrates brought men stark mad to their senses. Thales of Crete drove away fevers, nay, even the plague itself, by music. Erophilus regulated the pulsation of the hearts of his patients by the cadences and time-keeping of his lyre.

We do that quite as correctly by our watches, said Llewellyn.

De Lancaster took no notice of this, but proceeded—Can you any longer wonder that the sage, who has made sympathy his study, and is versed in the science of these harmonious modulations and their respective energies, should effect those cures, which are recorded of them, and which, when explained and understood, are no longer hard to be believed? As for what is fabled of Amphion, Orpheus and others, who by the united powers of music and legislative poetry succeeded in reforming and civilizing their barbarous contemporaries, I would not have you to suppose I cannot distinguish allegory from fact. In the

same light I regard the account, which Suidas gives us of the philosopher Plato, who was reported to have been begotten of his mother in a vision by the melody of the harp of Apollo.

I should be inclined to doubt that, said the colonel.

Nay, resumed De Lancaster, there is no occasion to debate what nobody wishes you to believe. You cannot but perceive it is merely an allegorical compliment to the genius of that extraordinary person, whose deep researches into the mysterious theory of sounds and numbers having enabled him to speculate in a very ingenious manner upon the doctrine of harmony, as connected with the movements of the celestial spheres, and also with the human soul even after death, was feigned to have been the very offspring of that harmony, which he developed and applied. These legends, and the like of these, I know how to appreciate, and with what latitude they are to be received; at the same time I am not to be shaken in my confidence, when relying on the ancients, who studied music as a science, whilst we do little more than practise it as an art, and of course stand in the like relation to them as fiddlers do to philosophers. In short, my friends, it is not man alone that is the slave of harmony, but the whole

brute creation also: if stags can be allured by the pipe; if the fishes in the Alexandrian lake will surrender themselves to the song of the fisherman; if the hyperborean swan, if the birds of the air, at once so fearful and so free; nay, if even the wild elephant of India, and the ear-stricken inhabitants of the ocean, will yield themselves up to the minstrel, who will tell me, that a mere moping hypochondriac, like my poor daughter-in-law, might not be cured of her distempered fancy by the harp of David Williams?

De Lancaster having closed his argument, and dismissed his witnesses, the audience broke up; Llewellyn repaired to his patient, Edward Wilson to his pupil, and Philip whispered to the colonel, that he should be glad to have a few minutes talk with him in private. This was instantly complied with, and Philip opened the important conference, as follows—

I should wish to know, colonel, if you attended to what my father has been saying?

The colonel had attended.

I am glad of it, said Philip, for I was a little absent now and then, and have not carried much

of it away. But do you believe all those wonderful things, that he has told us, about music?

I perfectly believe that your father has told nothing about music, but what he has vouchers for, though I don't know where to look for them.

Nor I neither, heaven knows, said Philip, for I have no taste for music, nor can distinguish between one tune and another, except as it is either loud or soft: if it is the first, it deafens and distracts me; if the latter, it puts me to sleep. I don't suppose it is in the art of man to teach me to sing or play a single tune, though it were to save my life.

That won't quite decide the question, however, my good friend; for music certainly can charm others, though it has no charms for you. What I have seen and witnessed I believe; what I am told I pause upon. Martial music will animate martial men, and not them only, but the horses also, which they ride to battle; hounds are sensible to the shouts of the hunter, and the whole race of dogs to the voices of their masters: birds can be taught tunes, though you and I cannot, and there are doubtless great and extraordinary powers in musical sounds, though perhaps

all that is said of those powers may not be exactly as it is stated.

I should suppose not; for if I was to believe that David Williams with his harp could cure my melancholy dame of her megrims, don't you think I ought in conscience to make the trial?

I think at least, friend Philip, that the trial would do her no harm; for if she did not like to hear his music, she could easily put a stop to it.

But suppose, colonel, that she should like to hear it; and suppose also for a moment it should have the same effect upon her as Apollo's harp had upon Plato's mother, whereabouts should I be with a whole nursery of harp-begotten brats to provide for, conscious at the same time that I had not touched a single string of the instrument?

That would be rather hard upon you I confess.

Lord love you, colonel, even worse things than that might come to pass. I am very comfortable as I am, but who can tell what a few merry jigs upon the harp may do? They might be the ruin of my peace for ever.

Never fear, my good friend, replied the colonel. Depend upon it, you are in no danger.

Well! if you think so, said Philip, I will go to David Williams, and put my wife under a course of serenades directly: It may perhaps please the Lord, that they shall do her neither good nor harm.

So saying Philip left the room, and Wilson went to superintend his workmen in the hall.

I here close the third book, and availing myself of the license I have assumed in the two preceding books, I stop progress to look back upon what hitherto has been done: no mighty matter I confess; yet it has put me to the labour of turning over many a crabbed antiquated author to furnish out materials for these pages; and to what purpose? Wiser perhaps I had been to have followed the example of those easy gentlemen who write without any pains what you read without any profit.

What recommendation would it be of this book, if humbly I should say, it can do no harm? But if vainly I avowed that it was my object and en-

deavour to do good, I might indeed speak the truth as to my wishes, but I should palpably disguise my expectations. It will do no good. Reformers are as unpopular as informers; the medicine which nobody will take, can do nobody any service. When I witness the avidity, with which men will read a thing called a novel, wherein the characters of their friends are libelled, what folly would it be to suppose they will countenance an attempt to impress them with more kindness for their fellow-creatures than they are disposed to entertain, or will suffer themselves to be persuaded, that their fellow-creatures merit?

I have been too long acquainted with you, my dear candid readers, to trouble you with any compliments, or solicit you for any favours. I have only to say, that I am doing my utmost to amuse you, and if you shall lay down this volume with any appetite for the next, I hope you will not find that my exertions flag.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

The experiment, as resolved upon by Mr. Philip De Lancaster, is made.

When Philip's confidential interview with Colonel Wilson was concluded, he directly bent his course to the chamber of David Williams. It was a station equally well adapted to the studies of the poet, the astronomer or the musician, for it was in the high road to the stars, at the very top of the loftiest turret of Kray-Castle, and far enough exalted above every living thing, that grovelled on the earth. It is to be lamented that the fine prospect it commanded was no recommendation of it to blind David, but the advantages it might have offered to him of inhaling the refreshing breezes in their greatest purity would

have compensated in part, had it not so happened, that its only casement was not made to open.

When Philip, whom the love of prospect never could have tempted to ascend this winding staircase, had with infinite pains landed himself in David's aerie, the twilight was drawing on, and the sun sinking red towards his chamber in the west. He found the minstrel seated in his only chair with his harp between his knees, and on the table before him his pitcher, which, though of a capacious girth, had been drained of its contents.

Philip having accosted him and made known his errand in few words, the old man rose from his seat, and stood with his left hand resting on his harp, whilst his right was pressed respectfully on his breast—Be it, he replied, as the son of my patron hath commanded! When David Williams shall hesitate to obey the heir of this castle, and the descendant of the ever-honoured De Lancasters, this heart must have forfeited its duty, and this hand forgotten its accustomed office. Although my brain is even now in travail and only waits the mollifying aid of another jug to bring forth, behold me ready! Speak the word only for my son David to bear my harp, and lead me to the apartment of the lady your spouse, I will incontinently set forward.

Thank you, my old friend, cried Philip! You do it with good will, and that is every thing. But what think you of the experiment? Do you hold with my father in opinion that by the melody of the harp you can drive the evil spirit out of Mrs. De Lancaster.

Who drove the evil spirit out of Saul, replied the minstrel?

You have said it sure enough, rejoined Philip; but we must proceed cautiously, and not give her too much of it. A short strain, and something in her own way, of the pensive cast—You have the name, the instrument and the art of the royal minstrel, but recollect the peril he was in, and be aware how you proceed too far in stirring up and stimulating the passions.

Thus having said, he departed, whilst the hoary-headed enthusiast seized his harp, and full of the muse called amain for his son to lead him.

Whilst this was passing in the turret, Cecilia with our young hero had paid an evening visit to Mrs. De Lancaster in her apartment. She was more than fancifully ill, for her sunken eyes and hectic looks too plainly indicated a constitution breaking up. Her spirits however were just

now in that kind of nervous flutter, which carries a resemblance to gaiety, and she was more than ordinarily communicative and disposed to talk.

Their conversation turned upon the preparations making for the approaching festival—You will look in upon us I hope, said Cecilia; and if you apprehend the company will be too much for you, I'll have the latticed gallery in the hall kept private, where nobody will molest you. There will be music, sister, and I flatter myself you have no dislike to that.

None, replied Mrs. De Lancaster, to music, properly so called, but infinite dislike and horror for trumpets and cudgel-playing, and noisy bawling drunkards, who shout over their cups, and rattle them on the table by way of applause: these are generally the accompaniments of a Welch carousal.

You have none such to expect with us, believe me, said Cecilia. We shall not make it a Saint David's day, take my word for it.

No, cried the invalid, one such as I experienced, when this poor thing was hurried into the world, has been one too many, and left me more to struggle with than I shall ever overcome—

and here her spirits sunk, and her countenance assumed a melancholy cast, whilst she turned her languid eyes upon her son.

I am sorry to hear you talk thus, the gentle Cecilia replied: I was in hopes, that now, when all the troubles of that time are over, you would have looked back to that day as a day of happiness and comfort. I am persuaded that your son will never give you cause to regret what you suffered for his sake; and now that he is in train to receive an excellent education, what may we not expect from the brilliancy of his talents, and the virtues of his heart?

Yes, yes, she cried with a desponding sigh, I know what I am to expect from the education he will receive. Every thing I dare say they will teach him, but humility and that discernment which might constitute his happiness. He will split upon the rock that was so fatal to his wretched mother, and they on whom his destiny depends, will immolate another victim to ambitious fortune and the pride of family.

John's ready apprehension caught the words, understood their meaning, and in that instant he resolved to bring them to an explanation, whenever opportunity might favour his design. She

had spoken these words with a degree of energy, that apparently exhausted her—Poor fellow, she now said in a faint voice, and reached out her hand, as if inviting him to approach; he sprung from his seat, respectfully received her hand and pressed it to his lips—Am I not to blame, she said, addressing herself to Cecilia, for thus indulging my affection for an object, from whom I must so soon be parted?

No, my dear sister, replied Cecilia; you are only to blame for indulging those melancholy thoughts. Exert yourself for the recovery of your health and spirits; seek amusement in the company of your friends, resort to air and exercise in the place of medicine and confinement, and you may live to see all your apprehensions vanish, and your son made happy, (so may heaven grant it!) to the completion of your warmest wishes.

Ah my kind comforter, said the mother, I know full well that medicine cannot cure my complaints nor exertions restore my spirits. I am sensible it is not worth my while to seek for a recovery any where, for sure enough it is no where to be found; yet I will acknowledge to you, that unless I were obstinately resolved to devote myself to death, I must not meet another winter in this

country. The soft climates of Lisbon or the South of France may give me a few more weeks; and though I have long ceased from enjoying life, I am not reconciled in my conscience to the neglect of any reasonable means for prolonging it. Besides, as I have all the disposition in the world not to disturb Mr. De Lancaster's repose with certain ceremonials, in which he might think it incumbent on him to take a part, I shall only trouble him to attend upon me to the sea-side, and leave it to other people in another country to follow me to the grave. I perceive myself exactly treading in the steps of my poor mother, and can easily foresee where they will lead me. When she was at my time of life, (as I well recollect,) she was affected just in the same manner as I am. My father talked to her as you talk now to me: he was a kind and tender husband, which, allow me to observe, was one more comfort in her lot than I have to boast of. She had no child but me, and I was about John's age when I saw her for the last time. She was not in the habit of bestowing any extraordinary caresses upon me, and I seldom was admitted to her, for her spirits did not allow of it. Upon this last meeting however she was extremely kind to me, and the circumstance is the more strongly impressed upon my memory on account of a very singular occurrence, which I can sometimes

reflect upon till I fancy myself in her very situation, and hearing the same sounds, as seemed to summon my poor mother to her death-bed.

Of what sort were those sounds? Cecilia asked—Of the most seraphic sort, Mrs. De Lancaster replied, as she described them; such as we may conceive the angels to excite, when they waft a soul into bliss.

By one of those extraordinary coincidences, that sometimes occur, it so chanced, that in the very moment, whilst Mrs. De Lancaster, was describing these strains, heard by her mother before death, David Williams, who had planted himself in the adjoining gallery, gave a flourish on his harp. It was not one of those imposing preludes, that are calculated to display the execution of the master; it was rather meant to invite attention by its melody, than to arrest it by its violence.

Hark! cried Mrs. De Lancaster; do you hear those sounds?—It is only David Williams, Cecilia replied, going to serenade us. If you wish it to be stopped, I'll tell him—Upon no account, answered the other, I am convinced these things do not happen by chance; and whether the music is produced by natural or supernatu-

ral means, I entreat you not to attempt at interrupting it.

Immediately a symphony was played most exquisitely sweet and melodious: the minstrel never was in a happier moment; young John in the mean time kept hold of his mother's hand, whilst the strain swelled and sunk at times in cadence so enchanting, as might remind Mrs. De Lancaster of those seraphic airs, which were supposed to have visited her dying mother, especially when the following words were distinctly heard, as the blind minstrel chanted them forth to the accompaniment of his harp.

"What art thou, Death; that we should fear
The shadow of a shade?
What's in thy name, that meets the ear,
Of which to be afraid?

Thou art not care, thou art not pain,
But thou art rest and peace:
'Tis thou canst make our terrors vain,
And bid our torments cease.

Thy hand can draw the rankling thorn
From out the wounded breast;
Thy curtain screens the wretch forlorn,
Thy pallet gives him rest.

Misfortune's sting, Affliction's throes,
Detraction's pois'nous breath,
The world itself and all its woes
Are swallow'd up in death."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. De Lancaster discourses upon the tactics of the ancients.

WHILST David Willliams was chanting the extemporaneous lay, with which we concluded the foregoing chapter, the door between him and Mrs. De Lancaster was ajar; the gallery, in which he was playing, was admirably disposed for music, and every note came to the ear, mellowed by the distance without being lost in its passage. The strain was of a character so simple, and the harmony so pure and flowing in its course, without any of those capricious and false ornaments, which are too often resorted to, that both the movement and the matter were intelligible to the hearers, till at the close it burst into such a display of execution, as called forth all the powers of the instrument, and set off the art of the master in its highest style of excellence.

When Mrs. De Lancaster perceived that the performance was concluded, John was told to open the door, and upon his entering the gallery, the old minstrel was discovered sitting in deep meditation, with his arms folded round his harp, and his head resting upon the frame of it, whilst

his white locks, long and flowing, hung profusely over his forehead, and entirely shaded his countenance. He had placed himself opposite to an antique bow-window, through which a ruddy gleam from the descending sun directly smote upon his figure, and threw it into tints, that would have been a study for Rembrandt or Bassan.

The mother and aunt of our hero, who had now joined him in the gallery, stood for a while contemplating the striking effect, which his attitude produced. At length Mrs. De Lancaster said—We are obliged to you, Mr. Williams, for your very charming music: may I ask who is the author of it?

He who is the author of my being, he replied, rising up and shaking the locks from off his forehead; He, that endowed me with a soul, inspired me with the love of harmony, and what He inspires, I with all humble devotion endeavour to express.

Can you repeat those passages again?

Lady I cannot. It was not from memory that I played them, and having played them, I no longer keep them in remembrance. When the

approaching festival shall call on me for my exertions, I hope to produce something more worthy of your commendation.

Did you come hither of your own accord?

I never come to ladies' chambers of my own accord.

To whom beside yourself am I indebted for this entertainment?

The son of my patron, your spouse, commanded me to play to you.

Did he so? said Mrs. De Lancaster. I will trouble you no further. She then wished Cecilia a good night, pressed the hand of her son in token of a farewell, and turned into her chamber.

Whilst this was passing above stairs, the venerable chief of the De Lancaster's was sitting and conversing over his coffee with Colonel Wilson and his sons Henry and Edward; for the elder of these brothers, who was captain of a troop of dragoons, had taken advantage of a few days furlough to pay a visit to his father before he joined his regiment in Ireland. Henry was an amiable and well-informed young man, and had the cha-

racter of being a very gallant and good officer. De Lancaster loved a soldier, and was fond of talking to every man upon professional topics: Henry was highly entertained with the singularity of his character, and had won the old gentleman's heart by listening to his dissertations with the most flattering attention, asking questions and throwing in remarks occasionally, which proved him to have taken a lively interest in the subject under discussion, and to be a hearer to the heart's content of his communicative host.

Robert De Lancaster had been calling to mind the several passages, that occurred to him in the grammarians, respecting ancient tactics, and had gone back to the Trojan war for the purpose of remarking to Captain Henry, that it did not appear that the Greeks had any cavalry in the besieging army, except the horses, which they harnessed to their chariots: that even in the battle of Marathon there were no horse in the Athenian army, and that it was not till they repulsed Xerxes and were at peace, that they raised any body of cavalry, and then only three hundred.

Henry let him proceed without interruption till he got amongst the Roman cohorts, who, he informed him, did not use saddles till they copied them from the Germans, and as for stirrups, they

had no word that answered to them in their language. He remarked that Franciscus Philelphus, who lived in the time of the fathers, had indeed coined the word *Stapeda*, to express a stirrup, but Budæus in after times had improved upon it by substituting the compound term of *Subex pedancus*, which he clearly preferred, and for which he gave Budæus all due credit.

Mr. De Lancaster seemed very candidly disposed to recommend the fashion of riding without saddle or stirrups, though he himself used both in their greatest amplitude and richest splendor; the seat of the one being of blue velvet, and the materials of the other brass proudly gilt. He even doubted if the Numidians were not the best models for cavalry, forasmuch as they made use neither of saddle nor bridle, but turned and stopped their horses with their canes or switches, whilst the Teutonic horsemen were so adroit in shifting from horse to horse, that they oftentimes charged their enemy double-mounted; nay, they could manage four, as Homer witnesses, and he (Mr. De Lancaster) had authority to say that one of their kings named Teutobocchus, was so excellent a rider, that he could keep six horses alternately under him, and bring them all into action at the same time, which he conceived was a very great advantage to that

warlike monarch in a charge. He begged however to be understood as saying this under correction of the captain's better judgment, and seemed to wait in expectation of his decision upon the reference.

The captain properly observed, that, if King Teutobocchus had a horse killed under him, he certainly had his choice of five yet left; but if he was killed himself he stood the chance of leaving six without a rider to fall into the enemy's hands; so that much might be said on both sides.

This answer, which decided neither for nor against King Teutobocchus and his six chargers, left De Lancaster at liberty to hold to his opinion, and proceed with his discourse, which now went back to the Romans, who, till they used saddles, always vaulted on their steeds, training the young recruits to the practice by drilling them upon wooden horses, till they were able to mount and dismount upon either side with all their accoutrements, in which manœuvre the great Pompey was said to be so expert, as to perform it at full speed, drawing and returning his sword at the same time with the utmost expedition and correctness. After the barbarous introduction of saddles Mr. De Lancaster acknowledged that the Roman horseman was forced to mount either by the aid of the

hand, or by practising his horse to kneel. He took notice that the sword-belt slung over the shoulder was conformable to ancient custom, but he doubted whether the sword ought not to be slung on the right side, as the Romans wore it, and not of so enormous a length, as it was carried to by the present fashion. He confessed that the Roman trooper with his massy spear, a shield slung to his horse's side, a case of three or four stout javelins with broad blades, and with his helmet and coat of mail, must have been a cumbrous load upon his charger, and he admitted that his movements and evolutions could not be very rapid. Speaking of the standards of the cavalry, he said they were very generally of purple, with the name of the commander worked in gold; though he was aware they afterwards introduced the figure of the dragon, richly embroidered after the fashion of the Asiatics. That the devices they wore on their helmets were of various sorts, according to the fancy of the wearer, but plumes of peacock's feathers could only be mounted on the crests of generals of the highest rank and description. Pyrrhus's crest was distinguished by the horns of the goat curiously modelled in fine gold.

He informed his hearers, that when the Roman cavalry were ordered to the charge, the

chief trumpeter, whose station was beside the general, sounded to make ready; this was answered by the band posted near the eagles, and when the horse were going down all the trumpets in the army sounded together, whilst the soldiers shouted out the word for battle, and that word, though not precisely recorded, he had reason to believe was FERI! answering to our *Strike home!* A chorus so tremendous, that Cato says—The cry of our soldiers is more terrifying to the enemy than their swords. As for the Greeks, it is well known, he observed, that they came down to the charge shrieking out their insulting ALALAGMOS! Of this cry Pan was the inventor, and the terror it created was thence called Panic: the same Greeks had their Pæan before battle, called the Aggressive Pæan, and another after battle, called the Pæan of Victory.

With respect to what we call specifically—*the word* or parolle—that was given out by the general at pleasure, and was always of some cheering and auspicious import—as that of Cæsar, which he made use of in his African campaign, FELICITAS! that of Brutus, LIBERTAS! that of Augustus, APOLLO! whilst Cyrus gave out with the signal for battle—JUPITER SOCIUS, DUX, SERVATOR! *Jupitor, our comrade, our leader, our preserver!*

CHAPTER III.

Mr. De Lancaster relates some curious properties peculiar to certain islands.

MR. DE LANCASTER had brought his dissertation to a conclusion, when Philip entered the room: he had been told by David Williams what effect his experiment had produced, and as it had brought Mrs. De Lancaster out of her chamber, he had begun to apprehend greater consequences from its operation, than he was either prepared to encounter, or disposed to wish, till upon meeting Mr. Llewellyn he was informed by that sagacious gentleman, that the surprise, into which his patient had been thrown by the unexpected serenade of David's harp had proved extremely prejudicial to her health, and that he thought it of the last consequence to her life, never to expose her to such dangerous experiments again—I cannot for my soul conceive, said that learned sage, what expectations you could form from such a ridiculous chimera, but to hurry her into fits, which you have done, and to drive her out of her senses, which very possibly you may do. If I am thus to be interrupted in the management of her case, how am I to be answerable for her life?

Thus rebuffed by the anti-musical doctor, Philip sought refuge in the society of the company below stairs from the persecution of those above. He sate silent and dull, but as this was nothing extraordinary on his part, nobody concerned themselves about him.

Mr. De Lancaster asked captain Wilson in what province of Ireland his regiment was quartered, and upon being answered that it was in Munster, he gravely observed, that he would then be upon the spot, where, if so disposed, he might inquire into the truth of the extraordinary properties recorded by Giraldus Cambrensis of a certain island in the aforesaid province which, if related by any other than a historian of his established character for veracity and research, might have staggered all credulity.

Upon Henry's desiring to be informed what those properties were—he replied, I premised that they were extraordinary, and I own to you they require confirmation, for Giraldus deliberately tells us, that there is an island in that province, known in his time, and in fact from the time of Saint Patrick, into which no woman, nor any female creature living, could enter.

Well done, Giraldus! cried the colonel; that is an interesting discovery for married men.

A blessed one—said Philip in an under voice.

I hardly think I shall be able to find it, said the captain, and if I do, I don't believe I shall choose it for my head quarters.

It is fitter for a hermitage or a monkish convent, Edward observed.

Hold, cried De Lancaster, I have Giraldus on the table, and here he tells us of an island, where no woman can be delivered of a child.

Pooh! said the colonel; he is an old woman himself, and can be delivered of nothing but lies.

Hold, resumed the expounder of Giraldus; here is another island, which is partly inhabited by good, and partly by evil spirits.

All islands are alike for that said the colonel.

Have a little patience; we have not done yet with Giraldus's islands, for here is one, where dead bodies cannot putrefy; and look! here is another, that outgoes all the others, where nobo-

dy can ever die—Mark his words—*Nemo unquam moritur, unquam mortuus fuit, vel morte naturali mori potuit.*

Excellent Giraldus! exclaimed the colonel; if he does but make out his immortal island to be that which women cannot enter, the grand desideratum is obtained.

He does not say that, replied De Lancaster.

Then he had better have said nothing about it, Philip cried out from his corner, for fear our wives should find it out.

At this instant our hero John made his appearance with a most flaming and tremendous sketch of David Williams, playing on his harp at sundown, as he had seen him in the gallery. This was the first unlucky start of John's genius in the branch of portrait-painting, and though it was in the grand gusto of Michael Angelo, it was not quite so good as Michael Angelo would have made it, though John had bestowed as much red ink upon it as would have served a merchant's clerk for a twelve-month.

At the sight of that red ink, so profusely squandered, Philip betrayed no small alarm, and de-

manded where he got it. John had found a bottle of it upon the chimney-piece in his father's bedroom.

It is not ink, cried Philip; it is the blood of Saint Januarius, and you have ruined me.

The vehemence of Philip's exclamation, and the horror of his countenance, were too ridiculous to be withstood, and even the gravity of the grandfather was not proof against the laugh.

Hollah! friend John, cried the colonel, you have drawn a devil in the blood of a saint.

John demanded how long the saint had been dead; and the colonel answered at a guess, that it was not much more than a thousand years, but the monks could bring his blood to life again, when they had occasion for a vial of red ink.

You may make a laughing matter of it, said Philip, but I got it with considerable difficulty, and not at the price of red ink, assure yourself.

And what was the use of it, when you had got it, said the colonel?

Sir, replied poor Philip with much solemnity—

It has various uses: it is a preservative against storms by sea or land; against thunder and lightning; it guards your houses from fire, keeps off evil spirits, and prevents or cures diseases.

And so it may still, said the old gentleman, for the sight of John's drawing brings to my recollection the famous recipe, which John De Gaddesden has bequeathed to us for those who may be seized with that terrible disorder the small-pox, and I believe I can give it to you in his own, or very nearly his own words—"after the eruption of the small pox, says that ancient and learned leech, cause the whole body of your patient to be wrapt in scarlet, or in any other red envelope, and command every thing about the couch of the sick person to be made red, for this will be found an excellent and speedy cure. It was in this manner, he adds, I treated the son of the noble King Edward the Second of England, when he had the small pox, and I cured him without leaving any marks."—This being granted, my grandson's performance, although not eminently meritorious for its art, may yet be turned to beneficial purposes, and Saint Januarius may share the credit of them with John De Gaddesden.

Philip, who perceived he was not likely to re-

ceive any redress, walked away to meditate in silence over the loss of his miraculous vial. John was called up to his mother's apartment, and when there admitted, Betty was ordered to retire, and she addressed him as will be found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Our hero has an interview with his mother.

When John had entered his mother's chamber, and presented himself to her, she said—As I know that I must prepare myself to meet that summons from which no mortal is exempt, sit down by me, and hear what I have to say; for whilst my senses hold I wish to communicate to you some particulars, which it imports you to be apprised of, and as they are of a secret nature, I must rely upon your discretion for understanding what is due to the confidence, that I am about to repose in you. I suspect you have been informed by the soldier, who died in this house, of my attachment to his master Captain Jones—('Tis very well: I understand your signal)—He

has told you, and I tell you now again, that my whole life has been embittered by the disappointment and affliction, which I endured, when rigid honour on his part, and over-ruling duty on mine, tore me from the arms of that beloved man, and threw me into those of your unfeeling father. Great as my affection was for Captain Jones, and implicit as my trust, yet I take it on my soul to assure you, that our connection was in the strictest sense correctly pure, and after I was married I never had the fortitude to speak to him, or even see his face. I state this to you, my dear child, not only that you may have it in your power conscientiously to put to silence and dismiss all insinuations against my honour, but also more especially to arm your mind for ever against those alarming fancies, that might else occur to you, if in any future period of time the charms, the virtues and endowments of the daughter should engage your heart, as those of the father captivated mine.

This angelic girl, (for as such she is represented to me) now lives with Mrs. Jennings at Denbigh, who has the care of her education, and on whom my father has settled an annuity for that purpose. I have bequeathed to Amelia Jones two thousand pounds by will, which is the only sum I can at present call my own; but if,

by the will of Providence, your grandfather should be suddenly taken off before I die, whatever I may in that case inherit from him, I shall leave entirely to you, and recommend this interesting relict of my lamented friend to your bounty and protection. And now before I reveal to you the wish, that lies deepest at my heart, let me furnish you with the means of being known to her. This case contains a miniature of her father in enamel, admirably painted, and on the reverse of it under a crystal there is a lock of his hair. Dear as this relic has been, and still is, to me, alas! I never more must look upon it, I could not bear it, and must now endeavour to employ my thoughts in other meditations; take it, my son, and as your gift present it to Amelia; she will thank you; and if her gentle character should gain an early interest in your youthful heart, think of your wretched mother, and resolve against the fatal sacrifice, that I have made to fortune and connections; what are they, if your choice goes not with them? what but misery, entailed upon you by the base surrender of your own natural rights? Ah my poor child, could I but cherish a consoling hope, that you will summon courage to assert those natural rights, and resolutely shun the torrent of those sordid importunities, that will assail you, I could die in peace.

Live then replied our hero, live, my mother, in that confirmed assurance, and believe nothing can shake my fixt determination to follow my free choice in that event, which must decide my happiness for life. Fortune I do not want, and for that idle pride which pedigree entails on some, who have no other merit, I despise it; all are my equals, who are not debased in character and conduct: as for Amelia Jones, (forgive me madam) being my father's son, and she the daughter of parents by their virtues ennobled, I look up to her as my superior; and when I have the happiness to present to her this valuable relic of her father, I can well believe my second visit will confirm the impression I received upon my first.

What do you tell me? Have you visited and seen Amelia?

I should have told you that before, but was afraid the circumstances, that produced that interview, might agitate and discompose your spirits.

No, no, relate them. If Amelia gave the impression you describe, 'tis all I wish, 'tis all I pray for.

She appeared, he replied, in loveliness of per-

son, mind and manners, to merit their description, who report her to you as an angelic girl. My plea for visiting her was to deliver into her hands the wedding ring, worn by her mother, and sent to her by her father in the care of the poor soldier, his servant, who on his death-bed intrusted it to me. In the execution of this delicate commission I was so dazzled, and my senses were so engrossed by the appearance of an object, beautiful and impressive beyond my expectations, that the abrupt and awkward manner, in which I introduced my business occasioned a surprise on her part, which for a time overthrew her spirits and deprived me of her company. In the mean time whilst I was contemplating her father's portrait, which hung opposite to me, and in a kind of rhapsody, that I could not control, pledging my protection to his lovely daughter, behold she stood beside me; and before I could recollect myself I had clasped her in my arms. Shocked at myself for an action so audacious, I fled out of the house, and by a note to Mrs. Jennings endeavored to apologize and asked forgiveness: it was granted to me on the part of Amelia, but Mrs. Jennings by her answer to my note imposed upon me the severe condition of forbearing to intrude upon her charge in the like manner any more. This I have hitherto obeyed; how then shall I

fulfil your orders, and present this relic to Amelia?

You must write to Mrs. Jennings, state what your commission is, and ask leave to wait upon her charge. When you have done this, show me your letter, and, if I am able, I will add a postscript. Now, my dear son, beloved of my heart, farewell! my feeble spirits can no longer bear the agitation this discourse has caused. I am not used to joy; it overcomes me—send assistance to me!

CHAPTER V.

Preparations for celebrating the Assembly of the Minstrels at Kray Castle.

The day was now come, when the assembly of the minstrels was to be celebrated at Kray Castle. Every body was alert: the great hall showed like an arsenal, hung round with trophies of armour, and decorated with the banners of the family, upon which the emblem of the winged harp held its station paramount.

The natives, whether inhabitants of mountain or of vale, flocked from all parts to the spectacle. No minstrel, who had any ambition to distinguish himself, neglected the invitation. The domestics of the castle were arrayed in their gala liveries of orange-tawney, new for the occasion. All hands were busy in the kitchen, which was of conventual size, and the savory steam ascended to the vaulted roof in clouds of stomach-stirring odour. The cellar, though provided with a double tier of potent ordnance, was formidably menaced by the numbers of the assailants. Cecilia, the moving spring of all operations, had taken her measures so providently, and given out her orders with such precision, that all things went on in their respective departments with consummate regularity.

Mrs. De Lancastar, still languid, though in spirits less depressed, was incapable of taking any share in the festivities of the day, and confined herself to her apartment. The worthy old colonel had put himself in full uniform for the occasion, and Captain Henry Wilson, brilliant as if accoutred for a review, appeared as if he had been mailed in glittering sheets of silver. A ditto suit of melancholy bottle-green sufficed for Philip's unambitious taste.

These with the venerable senior of the family had assembled in the great saloon, when the Rev. Edward Wilson, leading our young hero by the hand, presented him to his grandfather with the following address—I have the honour, sir, to introduce my pupil to you, and am most happy in assuring you, that I have already witnessed such encouraging instances both of his application and of his talents, as far exceed the promise of my most sanguine hopes. If my instructions can keep pace with the rapidity of his comprehension, it will not be very long before he will have exhausted all I shall wish to teach him as a reader of the classics. His own naturally strong understanding, and the inborn virtues of his heart, will leave me little else to do, save only to repress a certain ebullition of courageous spirit, which, though it be a quality, that out to be found in every gentleman's character, should not be called forth upon every frivolous occasion.

The old man sighed, cast a tender look upon his grandson, kissed him on each cheek, and turning aside to the preceptor, said in a whisper, I will talk to him on this subject.

A dealer in minute descriptions would here find some employment about the dress and person of our hero, as well as of his aunt Cecilia,

hitherto unnoticed; but as elegance and perfect neatness were all that she aimed at, and her nephew imitated, simplicity, as I understand it, is not liable to description, and it would be loss of labour to attempt it.

The equipage of Sir Owen ap Owen was now discovered in approach. There had been a sensible falling off in the accustomed intercourse between the houses of De Lancaster and Owen since the accession of the Spanish widow and her son to the family of the baronet. Some little sparring upon points of county politics had occurred to threaten rather than to effect an actual breach between them. This visit therefore was regarded by the worthy host of the castle as a conciliatory advance on the part of his old friend and neighbour, whom of course he welcomed with all possible cordiality.

Sir Owen's constitution was completely broken down; he walked with difficulty through the hall, leaning on De Lancaster's arm, who saw with concern the change, that had been wrought in his once sturdy frame. Philip not being disposed to quit his corner, Captain Henry Wilson ushered in Mrs. David Owen, who having made her Spanish salutations to the company, took her seat up-

on the sopha, and gave the captain to understand that there was room for him to sit beside her. She made an excuse for her son, that he was out with the hounds, and had not returned, but would pay his compliments to Mr. De Lancaster in the course of the afternoon: she turned a look upon her bottle-green lover, which was not very expressive of complacency, and immediately played off her best graces on the captain: she took notice of his uniform, and complimented him by observing that it was quite as brilliant as that of the Spanish guards—If we, who wear it, are quite as brave, the captain courteously replied, our finery will be well bestowed. She addressed herself to Cecilia, and observed that Master John, as she called him, was very much grown. He had taken his seat beside his godfather Sir Owen, who, when he had recovered his breath, said to De Lancaster—We are come, my good sir, to pay our compliments to you on this occasion, and have brought Ap-Rees with us to give you a specimen of his art, which you will understand, but I do not. Rachel, as you see, has set herself out in all her finery to do grace to your festival, but you must take a plain man in a plain coat, for I am too ill to thrust my crazy carcass into a fresh doublet, and shall hardly shift my rigging till I change it for a suit of sheep's wool only.

De Lancaster shook his head, turned an eye of pity on his friend, but no answer.

Sir Owen had now taken his godson by the hand, and was asking him why he did not go out with the hounds—I wait, John replied, till I can see you in the field, mounted on your favourite horse Glendowr; then I shall turn out with pleasure—Ah! my dear boy, cried Sir Owen, never, never again in this life shall I find myself upon the back of Glendowr. I can only look at him through the window, when he is led out to amuse me. He is the best horse and the best hunter in England: Lamprey was his sire, and Lamprey belonged to Sir William Morgan of Tredegar. I am torn to pieces for Glendowr, but a sack of money would not buy him: nephew David spells hard to borrow him, but I won't lend him to David of all men living, for he is cruel to his horses, and abuses the fine creature that carries him; but I will lend him to you, John, freely and willingly, for you are merciful, and will use him well; nay, I could find it in my heart to give him to you out and out.

Upon no account, John exclaimed, would I take him, whilst it can afford you, my dear sir, a moment's pleasure to look at him.

Well, well! that's handsome, he replied. Wait the going of a few short weeks, and you'll find him in my will.

There is something more than meets the eye in this circumstance of the horse, or we should not have inserted it.

The guests in the mean time were coming in, and at an early hour the castle-bell rang out for dinner. At this instant the heir of the Owens made his appearance in his hunting uniform, and booted. He apologized for this by saying he had not quitted the saddle, that he might be in time to pay his compliments to Mr. De Lancaster within the hour that was specified on his card. All this was very well, and Mr. David Owen was most courteously welcomed by Mr. De Lancaster and the inmates of his family. John made his bow, and Mr. Owen fell in with the company, who were now summoned to the dinner room, and took his seat at table.

Hospitality without parade, and festivity without excess was the character of an entertainment projected and conducted by the presiding genius of Cecilia De Lancaster.

Mr. David Owen assumed a certain conse-

quential style and carriage, which strongly indicated, that he knew himself as the heir of his uncle's title and estate, and that he saw the hour at hand, which was to put him in possession of both. A set of vulgar companions, who frequented his uncle's table, had blown him up with flattery, whilst they were sapping the constitution of poor Sir Owen with their sottish debaucheries, which, if Mrs. David Owen took no ostensible measures to encourage, she certainly used no efforts to prevent: of her maternal authority she made no use, nor indeed could any be made, for it was completely dispensed with. Nature in the meanwhile had not done much for the young gentleman, and education very little; yet he was not without talents of a certain sort, and whenever opportunity offered for employing them, diffidence never stood in his way. He had the cunning of a Jew, and the haughtiness of a Spaniard: ridicule was his passion, and mimicry, particularly of his uncle, what he most excelled in. He had black piercing eyes, an aqueline nose and Moorish complexion, a high shrill voice, and when he wrinkled up his features into a smile, it was the grin of malice and derision.

CHAPTER V.

Occurrences at Kray-Castle during the Assembly of the minstrels.

When the repast was over, and the glass had cheerfully, yet temperately, circulated, the doors of the great hall were thrown open: a scaffold containing seats for the company, and a stage for the performers had been prepared, and the audience was full. Old De Lancaster, encircled by his guests, made the central figure of the assembly, and his entrance was hailed by a chorus of harps, joining in the popular air—*Of a noble race was Shenkin.*

When this was past, the names of six selected minstrels were announced. Each of these was of high celebrity in his art, and the respectability of the audience called on them for their best exertions. When four of this number had now acquitted themselves with great credit, and the plaudits of the hearers seemed to have been pretty equally bestowed amongst them, there remained only Robin Ap-Rees, the famous harper of Penruth Abbey, and David Williams of Kray Castle, as yet unheard. In these celebrated performers there existed a high spirit of emulation, and the

opinions of the country were divided between them: Though rivals in art, they were brothers in misfortune, for both were bereft of sight—*Blind Thamyris and blind Mœonides.*

After a pause of some minutes, Ap-Rees presented himself to the spectators, led, like Tiresias, by his young and blooming daughter, and followed by his son, carrying his harp. The interesting group so touched all hearts, and set all hands in motion, that the hall rung with their plaudits. He was a tall thin man with stooping shoulders, bald head, pale visage, of a pensive cast, and habited in a long black mantle of thin stuff bound about with a rose-coloured sash of silk, richly fringed with silver, and on his breast, appending to a ribbon of pale blue, hung a splendid medal of honour.

Before he took the seat that was provided for him, he stopped and made a profound obeisance to the company: his daughter in the meantime, modest, timid and unprepared for such a scene, not venturing to encounter the eyes of the spectators, when she had placed her father in his seat, no longer able to struggle with her sensibility, sunk into his arms, trembling and on the point to faint: her brother stood aghast and helpless: the ladies manifested their alarm by screams, and the

men were rising from their seats, when our hero, whose only monitor was his heart, leapt on the stage and sprung to her relief: she revived, and he gallantly conducted her to a seat, where she was no longer exposed to the observation of the company who cheered him with a loud applause.

Silence being restored, Ap-Rees began to tune his harp. He paused, as if waiting for the inspiration of his muse; his bosom yet laboured with the recent agitation of his spirits, when at length he threw his hand over the strings, and began the symphony. His song was the tale of ancient days: he took for his theme the religious legend of the famous knight Sir Owen, one of the ancestors of his present patron. The legend is detailed at length by Matthew Paris in his history, page 86, edited by Doctor Watts in the year 1640, and few can be found better calculated to call forth all the powers of poetry and music: The date is that of the reign of King Stephen, and in the wars of that period Sir Owen had very valorously distinguished himself. When Ap-Rees described his hero entering the tremendous cave amidst the wailings of the tormented, and beset by the infernal spirits, who assailed his constancy by every horrible device their malice could suggest, so striking were the effects, so contrasted the transitions of his harmony, that he seemed

almost to realize those fearful yellings, groanings and thunderings recorded in the story. When he advanced to that period, where the fortitude of the knight baffles all the efforts of the demons, the movement, which had before been turbulent, irregular and excursive, became solemn, flowing and majestic; but when in conclusion Sir Owen, triumphant over his assailants, puts them to general rout, and the gloomy cave in an instant is converted into a bright and blooming paradise, the minstrel with such art adapted his melody to the scene described, and so tranquillizing was the sweetness of his strain, that at the close he left his hearers still impressed with those delightful sensations, which Milton describes Adam to have felt, whilst the voice of the communicative angel was yet dwelling on his ear.

At length De Lancaster rose up and addressing himself to the minstrel, testified his high admiration of the excellent performance he had witnessed, observing that it had been particularly gratifying to him to listen to a poem, founded on the magnanimous behaviour of a truly christian knight, who was enrolled amongst the many heroes, which the ancient and illustrious house of his friend and countryman Sir Owen ap Owen might justly boast of.

This speech was followed by a thundering applause, the exulting minstrel made his valedictory obeisance, and withdrew.

Sir Owen in the meantime whispered his friend De Lancaster, that he had never read the story, but he was told it was put down in a book and of course he conceived it must be all true.

David Williams now remained to ascend the stage and close the entertainment. He was ushered in, habited in a loose vest or mantle of white cloth with open sleeves, which he had tucked up, leaving his arms bare: it was bound about his waist with a broad belt of orange-tawney silk, and upon his breast he wore a medal, on which the device of the winged harp was conspicuously displayed: a fillet of the same colour with his belt confined his white locks, and when he had arranged himself in his seat and begun to touch his harp, all was silence and attentive expectation.

At length, rolling his sightless eye-balls in a kind of poetic phrenzy, he began his song from Noah: he sung the destructive visition of the general deluge: he chanted the praises of King Samothes, and the splendor of his court; he then took a martial strain, and, smiting his harp with all the fire of an enthusiast, sung the triumphs of

the giant son of Neptune, who entailed the trident of his father on his new-named Albion to all posterity. The animating subject seized the passions of the hearers, and the applause was loud and clamorous.

When this subsided, the minstrel chose a melancholy theme; his head drooped upon his harp, and his fingers moved languidly over the strings, whilst in a slow and mournful strain he chanted the sad fate of Bladud—

> "Fallen from his tow'ring flight,
> "And welt'ring in his blood.—"

During the movement all were silent, when at once the harp was heard to break forth into a melody of the most gay and joyous character, inviting all present to festivity and good fellowship, and invoking blessings on the hospitable and time-honoured house of De Lancaster.

The harp now ceased, and the several minstrels, as well those, who had attended and were unheard, as those, who had performed, being assembled on the platform, the venerable patron and projector of the entertainment stood up in his place, and addressed himself to speak as follows—

Gentlemen, who have so highly gratified us with your excellent performances, and you also, who, if time had permitted, would have increased that gratification; masters and professors of that science, which is at once so dignified and so delightful, I offer you on the part of all here present the tribute of our unanimous acknowledgments, and our unqualified approbation and applause. We beg you will be pleased to share our praises amongst you; we do not presume to apportion them according to your respective merits. And now friends, neighbours and countrymen, who have done me the honour to accept my invitation to this our domestic eistedfodd, you have heard the lay of our minstrel David Williams, and although, for brevity's sake, he took it up from the deluge only, yet, if you do not already know, you ought now to be informed, that this unconquered soil whereon we dwell, was in times antecedent to that visitation as fully peopled, and arts and sciences were as happily cultivated here as within any spot upon the habitable globe. If therefore in the recitation of the lay which I allude to, mention of that early time was omitted to be made, it was not because records are wanting of sufficient authenticity to illuminate the subject, forasmuch as not a few of those who lived before the flood, have spoken for themselves, and their words and works have descended to us

through the lapse of ages. Witness those treatises upon natural magic, which Ham the son of Noah, when in the ark with his father, possessed himself of, and having bequeathed them to his son Misriam, were afterwards made public to the great edification of the repeopled world. Nay, gentlemen let me assure you, there are those, who trace the origin of the Chrysopeia, or art of making gold, even up to Adam himself, who in a tract of his own composing (after the fall we will suppose) expounds that curious process.

I lay this before you, friends and countrymen, knowing that there are few amongst you, who do not trace your pedigrees up to the ante-deluvian ages, and I rest what I have said upon sound authorities that you, being true and ancient Britons, may have wherewithal to defend your derivations from your father Adam, if any there may be, obstinate and absurd enough to dispute them.

I shall now trespass on your time no longer, than whilst I express my hope that you, my gallant countrymen, who have held the tenure of this soil from ages so remote, will persevere to defend it through ages yet to come from all invaders foreign and domestic.

CHAPTER VII.

Harmony of sounds does not always ensure Harmony of Souls.

WHILST these performances were going on, Mr. David Owen, sullen and unsocial, had planted himself on a bench as far apart from the principal gentry as he could, and obstinately resisted all solicitations to take a seat more suitable to his rank, and more respectful to the company there assembled. Mr. De Lancaster however, as a mark of his attention, had desired his son Philip to place himself by his side, and take care that nothing was omitted, that could add to his entertainment or accommodation. Nothing could be more acceptable to Philip than a commission of this sort, which consigned him to a post, where he might sit unseeing and unseen, and happily enjoy a complete vacation from thought, whilst his sulky neighbour, wearied with his morning's chase, and little interested by what was going forward, fell asleep.

The bustle, however, which Nancy Ap Rees had occasioned when she led her father on the stage, caused the drowsy gentleman to open his eyes just as our John De Lancaster was sallying

to her assistance—That youngster of yours, said David, methinks is very officious. I am weary of this mummery. Can't we slip aside, and repose ourselves in a quiet room till this tiresome business is all over? I believe you find as little amusement in it as I do.

I find none at all, Philip replied, and rising up, cried, now is the moment, follow me.

When the assembly had broken up, and the gentry were filing off to the collation, that was set out for them in the great parlour, Mr. David Owen and his umbra in the bottle-green were missing. It was suspected they had retired to Philip's private room, and our hero John was dispatched to find them. This discovery was soon made, and his message as soon delivered. Philip set out upon the summons, when young Owen, instead of following him out of the room which he seemed prepared to do, shut the door, and turning to John, who was civilly attending upon him, said to him in his ironical and sneering way—Upon my word, young gentleman, you have made a very capital display of your agility before the company in jumping on the stage, and showing off your gallantry towards a young wench, who is in the high situation of daughter to our old blind harper, and a domestic in our family.

Sir, replied the youth, I considered her situation in no other light than as she seemed to want assistance, and in tendering that, I trust I have not offended Mr. David Owen.

Oh by no means, replied the other in the same taunting tone; you afforded me an opportunity of admiring you in the amiable attitude of succouring a distressed and fainting damsel—besides, give me leave to observe, that such a heavy load of music without a little dancing between whiles would have been absolutely insupportable, and I felt myself unspeakably obliged to you for the relief, which your elegant performance so seasonably afforded; and if my respect for the ladies present had not bound me to silence, I should have requested you to have repeated that delightful rigadoon with Miss Nancy Ap Rees for my particular entertainment.

There are no ladies here present, cried the gallant youth, stepping up to him; so if you are in the same humour still, your respect need not stop you: but let me remind you, Mr. Owen, that it is no mark of courage to insult me under the sanction of a roof where the laws of hospitality forbid me to resent it. Take your opportunity of playing off your spiteful jests upon me in any other place, and you shall find me, though

your inferior in the art of ridicule, at least your equal in the spirit of a gentleman. I know you can throw dirt and bespatter very ingeniously, and enjoy the mischief as a joke, without remorse for the pain and injury it inflicts.

At this moment Edward Wilson entered the room, and from the last words, which he had heard, and the angry countenance of his pupil, guessing what had passed—John De Lancaster, he cried, recollect yourself!

Aye, sir, resumed the demy-Spaniard, now more pale and sallow with his rage, teach your schoolboy better manners, and warn him how he carries himself so unbecomingly towards one, who is every way his superior.

Tell me first, said Wilson, in what my pupil has offended you; and as you are his superior in age, avail yourself of that advantage by stating your dispute calmly and dispassionately, and let me fairly judge between you.

No, sir, replied the haughty youth, I shall state nothing, nor let any man be judge over me; least of all a gentleman in your predicament, Mr. Wilson, whose judgment I can pretty well guess at. Let your angry boy make up his story

as he likes, and you may believe it, or not, as you like. I care not. Into this house I will never enter more with my good will.

In that respect, said Wilson, you must do as you see fit; but command yourself at present, and that you may not disturb the harmony of the night, let me recommend it to you to join the company.

And if I do, sir, resumed the insolent, give me leave to tell you that wherever and whenever I sit down at table with any one, that bears the name of De Lancaster, I shall consider myself as in company with my inferior.

Hold! You forget yourself, cried the Reverend Mr. Wilson; you are much too lofty; and if you do not speedily correct that pride yourself, somebody will be found to do it for you.

Go, go! said Owen, don't tutor me, tutor your schoolboy, and let him think himself well off, that he has escaped chastisement.

Chastisement! exclaimed John, and put himself before the door: you dare as well eat fire, as repeat that to me in another place.

As John was saying this, David Owen, who was making for the door, put him aside rather roughly, with his hand, and walked out of the room in that kind of strutting style, which a braggart finds it convenient to assume on his departure, when he feels the time is come, that counterfeited courage will no longer serve his purpose.

Was not that a blow, cried John, eagerly arresting Wilson, as he was about to follow? Has not that Jew-born miscreant given me a blow?

What ails you? Are you mad? It was no blow.

It makes my flesh burn where his hand was on me. Indeed, indeed! I feel it as a blow. I'm sure he struck me. Why should you deny it? I thought you had been my friend.

I am your friend, said Wilson, looking him stedfastly in the face, and if you do not consider me as such because I did not suffer you to disgrace the hospitality of your grandfather by a fray which one of his guests, you do not judge of me with truth and candour, but in the heat of passion and resentment.

Disarmed, and brought to instant recollection by this temperate remonstrance, the brave youth cried out—I'm wrong, I'm wrong! I pray you to forgive me. You are my friend, and I depend upon you: but call it what you will—a push, a touch—the spite and malice of the action gives it the cast and character of a blow; and to put up with a blow from David Owen, what could there be in life so disgraceful, what in death so dreadful as that?

John, John, said Wilson gravely and authoritatively, I must remind you in what charge I stand towards you, and by what duty you are bound to me: I tell you once again, it was no blow. You put yourself between him and the door; he could not pass you otherwise than he did. Come, come, you must reform this angry spirit; it savours of revenge; and to carry such an inmate in your bosom, would be neither for your reputation, nor repose. There is however one species of revenge, in which I will assist you, I mean the revenge of virtue, the triumph of a good and noble character over an ignoble and an evil one: that victory if you can obtain (and it shall be my study to point out the road to it) you will then establish a fair title to that superiority over David Owen, which he now vainly arrogates over you. Come then, my dear John, let

us henceforward set about that honourable task in earnest, and in the mean time treat his insolence only with contempt.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our Hero goes to Glen-Morgan, and pays a visit to Mrs. Jennings at Denbigh.

Lawyer Davis (universally so called) was an active honourable little fellow in great request, and would ride further for a few shillings in the prosecution of his business, than some physicians will for as many pounds. He was a little weight, was always well mounted, and travelled by the compass with extraordinary expedition. In the early morning of the day, immediately following the festival at Kray-Castle, he called upon our hero John with an invitation from his grandfather at Glen-Morgan to come over to him upon particular business, and Davis did not disguise from him that it was for the purpose of communicating to him the disposal of his effects by will.

To a summons so important there was neither prohibition nor delay. John however in a short interview with his mother suggested to her the opportunity, that now offered for presenting to Amelia the miniature of her father, with which he was intrusted. Mrs. De Lancaster had no objection to his making an excursion to Denbigh, and allowed him to use her name for his introduction to Miss Jones, but the proposal of writing to Mrs. Jennings had been laid aside. Lawyer Davis was to go with him, and John under such a swift sailing convoy soon found himself safe moored by the side of his grandfather.

John, said the good old man, I have been putting down a few items in the only work of mine that will ever descend to posterity, and as you have a concern in the purport of it, I think it is but right you should know what it is. In this paper, which is my last will and testament, and which friend Davis has translated out of English into law, I have bequeathed my estates, real and personal, to your mother, independently of her husband for her life, and after her decease, to you and your heirs, executors and assigns, for ever. So God bless you with it! I for one shan't hold it from you long. However, take notice, I have not forgotten certain friends and dependants, who will have claims upon you; and as I have not

been notoriously uncharitable in my life, I have not quite overlooked that duty at my death. I shall not turn out rich in money, for the labouring poor have been so confoundedly pinched, that they would not let me gratify the rascally passion, which I naturally had to be a miser. There is Dame Jennings will come upon you for an annuity, and that little witch Amelia Jones is down in black and white for another. I could not help it. They were both too good, and one of them too pretty, too innocent, and too helpless to be left to the wide world; I could not go out of it in peace, and leave them to starve in poverty: you must think John, that would not do; would it? No, no; I was forced to take care of them for the sake of an easy conscience, or in other words (do you see) for my own sake; else I should not have done it for the mere pleasure of giving away; for I have no pleasure in it. As a proof of that, look you, here is a hundred guineas in a canvass purse, I took from the greasy pocket of a drover for twenty head of scabby cattle, that were neither use nor ornament to me. I cheated the poor fellow, or rather I should say, let him cheat himself; for I took what he offered. Now here's a case in point, if you dont take and rid me of it, it will lie upon my conscience, and what with that and the gout together, I shall get no sleep.

You know, my dear generous grandfather, said John, I don't want money.

Perhaps not; but I want sleep replied the grandfather; therefore take it, if you love me, and dispose of it as you like. John made no further opposition, but received the present.

It so chanced that in the evening a certain Jew, Israel Lyons by name, who was in the practice of travelling about the country at stated periods with his portable stock in trade, came to the house. He had the character of a fair dealing man, and was well known to the principal families in those parts. Israel either bought or sold, and was a trader in all respects conformable to the occasions of those, to whom he resorted. Old Morgan having retired to his chamber, John, according to custom, had stepped aside to pay a kind visit to Mrs. Richards and the old butler, whilst Israel was descanting upon the excellence of a pair of spectacles, which the good lady was cheapening; these were soon purchased and paid for without any cheapening at all, and in the mean time our hero's eyes were caught by the attraction of a rich and elegant gold chain of curious workmanship, which Israel displayed with address and eloquence, at least proportioned to its merits. It instantly occurred to John that this brilliant chain

would admirably become the beautiful neck of Amelia, and be a fit and apposite appendage to the miniature picture of her father, which he was about to present to her. A speedy transfer of the aforesaid chain was accordingly made by Mr. Israel Lyons, who had no kind of difficulty in parting from it for value received in ready cash upon terms of his own proposing; and thus it came to pass, that the present, which John hesitated to receive, was, as it now turned out, most opportunely bestowed.

The next morning brought our young De Lancaster to the door of Mrs. Jennings; he was admitted to that lady, but Amelia was not present. When he had communicated the object of his visit, and signified that he waited on Miss Jones with the entire approbation, and in fact by the immediate desire of his mother, Mrs. Jennings paused, and after a few moments recollection, said—I should very much wish, Mr. De Lancaster, that Amelia Jones, agitated as I am sure she will be upon the sight of this most interesting present, might with your permission be allowed to receive it in the first instance through my hands; that so she may have time to recollect herself, before she undertakes to pay her acknowledgments to Mrs. De Lancaster through you, and to you in person; and I hope sir, you will

believe that I can have no other inducement for proposing this to you, except that of my consideration for the feelings of the young and sensitive creature, who is under my immediate charge.

To this appeal our hero instantly replied—As I promised my mother that I would deliver this token of her affection into Miss Jones's hands, I confess I wished to have fulfilled my promise; but your authority supersedes those wishes on my part, and with all possible respect for your superior judgment, I beg you will transmit this pacquet to Miss Jones in the way you think best: I am only the bearer of it, and shall intrude no further—Having risen from his seat whilst he was uttering these words, he had no sooner made an end of speaking, than he bolted out of the room with a rapidity that precluded all reply.—Never will I enter those doors again, he exclaimed as he stepped into the street, whilst that dragon is within them.—

We make no comment on this hasty proceeding of our disappointed hero: some of our readers perhaps will find a plea for it; we offer none. The good lady whose caution had given cause for it, (if any cause there was) had by the sudden departure of her visitor been precluded from making any of those efforts for detaining him,

which politeness might else have dictated. He had passed her windows before she had sufficiently recovered her surprise to attempt at explanation, and she had now to reflect how far it was, or was not, incumbent upon her to relate the incident with all its circumstances to Amelia. In her sense of the responsible situation, in which she stood towards the families of De Lancaster and Morgan, she conceived it highly behoved her to be extremely careful how she gave them any grounds to accuse her of favouring interviews, that in course of time might lead to an attachment, which she had reason to apprehend might involve her in much trouble, if considered by those families as originating in her house.

When she had weighed these circumstances in her mind, she found so many reasons, that justified her reserve towards young De Lancaster, that she no longer regretted the interruption she had given to a second interview, which would probably have excited some sensations, and drawn out some expressions on the part of Amelia, which she by no means was disposed to encourage. She now took up the pacquet, and entering the room, where Amelia, unconscious of what had been passing, was employed upon her studies—My dear child, she said, I have a present for you from Mrs. Philip De Lan-

caster, which I am sure you will very highly value, being a miniature portrait of your father, which that lady has long had in her possession, and now kindly bestows it upon you—Bless me, exclaimed Amelia, how very kind that is in Mrs. De Lancaster! What a good and generous lady she must be. In the mean time she eagerly proceeded to open the pacquet, which enclosed two shagreen cases, and instantly taking that which evidently contained the miniature of her father, rapturously exclaimed—Oh, what an exquisite, what an admirable resemblance; how lovely, how divine is the expression of this countenance! I can look on this with more delight than I can on the portrait below stairs; for here I behold him happy and in health; there he appears so melancholy and dejected, that I can hardly ever look upon it without tears—But what in the name of wonder is this, said she, opening the case, in which the gold chain was contained? Bless me! can this fine thing be intended for me? Did Mrs. De Lancaster give me this also?

I suppose so, said Mrs. Jennings: at least I know nothing to the contrary.

But who brought it? demanded Amelia; and thus interrogated, Mrs. Jennings was constrained

to answer, that it was brought and delivered to her by young De Lancaster himself.

Oh then I am sure this chain at least is his present, said the enraptured girl, (her face flushing, and her eyes glistening with joy) why didn't you call me down instantly to pay my thanks to him? Come, madam! why do we keep him waiting?

Hold, my dear. The gentleman is not waiting: he is gone.

Gone! exclaimed Amelia! you astonish me; you alarm me. Is it possible Mr. De Lancaster could bring me these fine presents, these inestimable presents, and go away without seeing me? Ah dear madam, tell me at once without disguise, where is he gone; why is he gone?

Have patience, my dear child, and you shall hear—It was by no means my wish that he should go without your seeing him, and paying him your acknowledgments so justly due; but as I did not know to what degree you might be affected by the sight of your father's picture, I thought it on all accounts advisable to desire Mr. De Lancaster would allow me to be the bearer of the pacquet to you; for which I assured him

I had no other motive but consideration and regard for your repose; upon which he gave me the pacquet, expressed himself disappointed, and before I could answer, left the house.

In anger—

I suspect it.

Ah madam, madam, where then is my repose, which you so cautiously consulted? Gone for ever. I might have been the happiest of human beings, I am now the most miserable. Much as I adore the memory of my father, infinitely as I prize this relique, which presents me with his image, and dear to me as this token of Mr. De Lancaster's favour would have been, yet as he wished to give it to me, and that small, that trifling gratification was denied to him, never will I wear it, touch it, look upon it more, till I receive it from his hands, and am assured of his forgiveness.

Having said this, she burst into tears, and what Mrs. Jennings suggested for her consolation would not be very interesting to relate.

CHAPTER IX.

A hasty retreat. Meditations by the way.

When a hasty youth is mounted on a hasty horse, who can foresee where the spur of passion will transport him? The patience of an ass, or the obstinacy of a mule might either weary out his anger, or so divert it, as to give him some chance for recollection; but John and his steed were in the same humour for a start at score, and it seemed equally indifferent to both which way they bent their course, so that they did but agree to outrun discretion. They soon left Denbigh behind them, and as Glen-Morgan did not just then occur to the rider, and old Ben could not come up within ear-shot to remind him of it, where they might have gone is mere matter of conjecture, but certainly not to Kray-Castle, had not that inextinguishable spark of humanity, which John cherished in his bosom, given him a memento, that a generous animal ought not to suffer merely because a hot-headed rider had got astride upon his back.

The impulse of pity, that now struck upon the heart of John, was instantaneous. He stopped his horse, dismounted, relieved him by slack-

ening the stricture of his girths, turned his nostrils to the wind, wiped the sweat from his face and ears, caressed him, and in his heart asked pardon for the unreasonable fatigue he had exposed him to. Whilst this was passing Ben came panting up: what he had in mind to say is lost to the world, forasmuch as being rather pursey, Ben had not breath to utter it; besides which, the offender having now recollected himself, had prevented his curiosity, at the same time that he softened his remonstrance, by apologizing for his excursion, confessing that he had forgotten himself, and did not know why he came there, nor where he was.

'Tis very well then that I can tell you whereabouts you are, Ben replied.

Well! and where am I? John demanded.

Out of your road, said Ben, quite and clean; that's where you are, and so I would have told you in good time, hadn't you galloped on at such a pelting rate, that I coudn't get up to you. And now may I ask without offence, where it is your pleasure to go next?

Home, to the Castle—was the answer.

Then we must not travel quite so fast if you please, said Ben; for the road is somewhat difficult to hit off, and not over smooth besides.

Lead the way! John replied; go your own pace, and I'll follow—This point being adjusted, conversation ceased, and our young hero began to meditate as follows:—

That I have cause to feel and resent the treatment I have received is an opinion that I still persist in, but I am conscious of the folly I have been guilty of in suffering myself to be hurried into such ridiculous excesses, as I have now been giving way to. Of this I am most heartily ashamed; but after being denied access to Amelia, when coming by my mother's authority, and bringing her present in my hand as my introduction, I hold myself justified in resolving never more to enter Mrs. Jennings's doors, nor subject myself to be considered by that precise, repulsive lady, as an unwelcome and obnoxious visitor. If there was no collusion between the governess and her charge, (and I confess there does not appear to have been any such) I certain have no reason to be offended with Amelia, who perhaps may have felt some portion of that disappointment, which fell so heavily upon me. All that I have promised and solemnly pledged my-

self to do in her behalf, I will faithfully fulfil; but I will not allow Mrs. Jennings to misinterpret my attentions, and suspect that I am governed by any motives, with regard to the lovely and engaging orphan under her care, which are not simply directed to her service, and strictly consistent with the purest honour: She shall not therefore be alarmed in future by any assiduities on my part, which it shall be possible for her to misconstrue and suspect. Heaven knows I have need enough of instruction, and to my studies under the direction of my excellent preceptor I will henceforward so totally devote myself, that if there was any early preference forming at my heart, which time and opportunity might have ripened into positive attachment, it is now the moment for me to suppress it, and by application to acquirements, in which I am so glaringly deficient, give them all my thoughts, and let no wandering wishes turn them from the track they ought to fellow and persist in.

Whilst our young heart-wounded hero was arguing himself into this wise resolution, and proposing to derive profit from disappointment, he came within sight of a cottage, whose lonely and desolate situation seemed ill accordant with the neatness and studied comfort of every thing about it. Two women were sitting at their nee-

dle work in the little garden in the front of it, and he was already near enough to distinguish the features of the youngest before she had started from her seat, and ran into the house. He was so struck with the resemblance, that she bore to the daughter of Sir Owen's minstrel, blind Ap Rees, of whom we have made former mention, that he stopped, and put that question to the elderly dame, who kept her seat: the dame at first did not think fit to answer, but upon the question being respectfully urged a second time—Whether that young person was, or was not, Nancy Ap Rees, she briefly replied—That young person is my daughter, and my name is not Ap Rees.

Then I am mistaken, said John, and rode on.

Satisfied with this answer, which at the present time made but a slight impression on his thoughts, he proceeded homewards, following his guide step by step through all the sinuosities of a craggy road, ruminating upon what had passed at Denbigh, at some times accusing, and at others acquitting himself for his conduct upon that occasion. He formed a wild and fanciful conception of those brilliant lights, that science would in time unfold; but whilst he was enjoying this platonic vision, the sylph-like image of Amelia would recur to his imagination in the

captivating attitude of standing at his elbow, as once she had been seen, when, taken by surprise, he caught her in his arms, and rapturously pressed her to his heart. Thus advancing onwards, though not conscious of progression, he was at length recalled to recollection by the sight of Kray-Castle, and his reverie dispersed.

The awful character of the time, in which we now live, calls upon every writer to be cautious how he appeals to the passions of mankind. The novelist, who is professedly a writer of this description, has no arbitrary power, independent of morality, over the characters he exhibits merely because they are fictions of his own inventing: he has duties, which he is bound to observe, and cannot violate without offence.

Under this impression, I endeavour to conduct my fable, studious to make that amiable, which I strive to make attractive: and although in obedience to nature, I must mingle shade with light, I flatter myself, that vice of my devising will have no allurements to attach the unwary, nor virtue be pourtrayed with those romantic at-

tributes, which, bearing no similitude to real life, leave no impression on the reader's mind, nor can be turned to any moral use.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

Sir Owen ap Owen on his death-bed takes leave of Mr. De Lancaster.

THERE was an apartment in one of the turrets of Kray-Castle, which commanded a fine view of the park and country, bounded by the sea: here it was that young De Lancaster commenced a course of application to his studies under the instruction of his excellent preceptor, to which he devoted himself with so determined a passion for improvement, that it was not long before he had made a progress in the learned languages, that would have qualified him to pass muster with most young scholars of his standing.

Nature had endowed him with a strong and re-

tentive memory, and parts rather solid than brilliant: he had great industry, a ready apprehension and a mind turned to inquiry. Few temptations were now sufficiently alluring to detach him from his books; so grateful to him were the lectures of his instructor, and so delectable the acquisition of knowledge, that he sought no pleasures, and seemed to regret all avocations. His volatility of spirit had now in a great degree subsided; he became cautious in the company of his seniors, and more disposed to listen than to talk. The neighbours did not think him mended by his studies, and the servants, who had been the companions of his puerile sports, pronounced that he was spoilt.

An unatoned insult still rankled at his heart, and he shunned the sight of David Owen, not because he feared him, but because he doubted his own self-command upon the meeting. That arrogant young man had now taken a decided character; was a loud talker and a bold asserter, and, being under no restraint, gave himself all the latitude, which the actual possession of what he was only presumptive heir to, could have emboldened him to assume.

As for Sir Owen, he was now in the last stage of a decline, never stirred from his chamber, and

was considered by all about him as a man who had not many days to live. In this extremity he dispatched a messenger to Kray-Castle to request an interview with his old friend De Lancaster, who immediately put himself in order to obey the summons. As soon as his arrival was announced, Sir Owen dismissed his attendants, and received his worthy visitor alone in his chamber. After the customary inquiries had passed, the baronet delivered himself as follows—

I have asked this favour of you, my good friend and neighbour, because I perceive myself going out of the world, and, having great esteem and respect for you, I would willingly bid you farewell before I am gone. I have thought very little about death till it has come upon me as it were at once; all I know of the matter is that we must all die, and so, you see, I must take my turn, as others have done before, and every one must do after me. If it had been my good fortune to have made myself acceptable to your amiable daughter, I might have lived to enjoy, as you do now, a healthy old age; but when a man has neither wife nor family nor friend at hand to jog his memory upon occasion, he will be apt to forget himself at times, and by going too fast come the sooner to his journey's end. That has been my case, friend De Lancaster, and how could it be other-

wise. I have none of those resources that you have; if my house was full of books, they would be of no use to me; I should not read one of them; I never had a turn that way. Time was I took delight in hunting my own hounds; that, you know, is a rational and gentlemanlike amusement, but when I could no longer follow it up, you must think, I was fain to fall upon other means for making away with my time: every man must do that; and what is so natural as to fly to the pleasure of the table, when we can no longer enjoy the sports of the field? So long as I could do both, and take them in their turns, all things went well with me. If a country gentleman like me takes a cup too much over night, he rides it off the next morning, and there's an end of it; but when he is reduced to the helpless situation, in which you now see me, what is to be done? Life becomes a burden, and the sooner we are quit of it, the better.

In truth, my good friend, said De Lancaster, I cannot wonder, if a life, that furnishes no intellectual enjoyments, becomes burdensome: and since it must be resigned when the disposer of our fate sees fit, it is happy for us, when called upon to quit this world, if we find upon reflection that the pleasures of it are not worthy of our regret.

I have had no pleasure in it, replied the dying man, since these people came out of Spain to molest me. Had your daughter heard reason, when I first proposed to her, I might have had a son and heir of my own, British born, and, had that been the case, this mongrel of my brother's fathering, half Jew and half Spaniard, might have been a pedlar, and hawked buckles and buttons about the country to his dying day, for what I had cared: But that is over, and, except the few personals I have willed away to huntsmen and other of my friends, together with a keepsake to your daughter, and my favourite horse Glendowr to my godson, all the real property I am possessed of must go to David by entail, and a despicable David he will be, take my word for it.—

He would have said more, and struggled hard for speech, but his efforts had already exhausted him, and he sunk back in his chair. Robert De Lancaster rung the bell; the attendants came upon the summons: the good man cast a pitying look for the last time upon his dying friend and departed.

CHAPTER II.

Sir Owen ap Owen dies.

The next day Sir Owen died, and upon the opening of his will there was found a bequest to Cecilia De Lancaster of a valuable brilliant diamond, which he used to display upon his finger on certain days of ceremony, and a remembrance to his godson John of his favourite hunter Owen Glendowr. After a proper interval, during which the interment took place, upon inquiry being made for these tokens, answer was given that no diamond ring, as described in the will, could be found, and as for the horse, they might take him away when they would; Sir David Owen saw no reason why he should find stable room for him, and had ordered him to be turned out upon the heath.

Galled by this insolent message, our hero with young Williams and two or three domestics of the castle set out upon the search, and having traversed the waste for a considerable time, at length discovered the poor animal, laying in an obscure dell, hamstrung and dead.

When young De Lancaster cast his eyes upon

the carcass of this fine animal, and saw the wounds, that had been inflicted on him, it was with the utmost difficulty he could command himself so far as to abstain from any animadversions, that might indicate to the people with him, that his suspicions pointed at Sir David Owen. He caused them to collect and pile a heap of stones to mark the spot. He sate upon his horse in melancholy silence, whilst this work was going on, and having imposed like forbearance on his party, and completed what he was about, he bade them follow him, and took his course to the castle.

Whilst this was going on, consultation was held at the castle with the family lawyer upon the circumstance of the diamond ring. In the discussion of this delicate question the man of law and the man of learning did not quite agree upon the means to be pursued; but as Davis, although a pertinacious lawyer, had generally more resources at his command than he chose all at once to call out, a compromise was made for time, and the deliberation brought no other point to a conclusion, except that it was agreed upon to deliberate further on some future occasion.

John now arrived, and in his grandfather's hearing simply related his adventure in search

of the horse. Mr. De Lancaster was much less reserved upon this subject than he had been on that of the ring. He even declared, that the wretch who had been guilty of so barbarous and malevolent an action was not fit to live: he would give twice the value of the animal to discover the perpetrator, and Davis immediately proposed to issue hand-bills, offering a liberal reward for that discovery. To this measure the old gentleman in the warmth of his resentment gave no opposition, and one hundred pounds was determined upon as the premium for information.

As soon as our young hero found himself alone with his friend and tutor Wilson, he avowed the most unreserved suspicion of Sir David Owen—Could there be any doubt, he demanded, if the wretch, who would not give the horse the shelter of his stable, could have been any other than the contriver, if not the actual perpetrator, of the cruelty, that had been practised upon him? was there any name too bad for such a spiteful rascal; he would post him upon every whipping post and stocks, in every ale-house, barber's shop, and blacksmith's shed throughout the county: he would set a hundred men to work, and erect a pyramid of stones upon the horse's grave, that should perpetuate his infamy to ages.

Heyday, exclaimed Wilson; you are very fertile in devising methods of revenge, and seem to forget, that you have neither yet brought conviction to the criminal, or, if you had, that the law will put the power of punishment into your hands; can you not recollect how much more noble it is, how much more becoming of a christian and a gentleman, to forgive than revenge a wrong? I must wonder where you found that bitterness of spirit, that would prompt you to entail a never-ending animosity upon your respective families. Can you suppose your grandfather, your aunt or your parents could be reconciled to such a proceeding? Certainly not. I am persuaded therefore you will dismiss all meditations of so revengeful a nature, and wait the event of the measures which Davis has in hand for discovering the offender, and in the mean time, recollect that if you cannot absolutely avoid entertaining a suspicion, you can at least abstain from publishing it.

I have abstained, he replied, except towards you to whom I open all my heart; but as I am persuaded that the perpetrator of this scandalous action, if ever he is traced to conviction, will be found in the person of him whom I suspect, before that happens I wish you would contrive to take or send me out of the way; for unless I

were to imprison myself in the castle, I might chance to cross upon that unworthy gentleman in my excursions, and indeed, my good sir, I am far from sure, that I should be capable of that self command and forbearance, which you recommend to me.

It is to be presumed the substance of this conversation was reported at head quarters, for the next morning John was summoned before his grandfather and his aunt in the library, when the former of these addressed him in the following terms.

John De Lancaster and my grandson, attend to what I am about to say to you—I would have you to understand and remember that revenge is not amongst the attributes of a hero, or the virtues of a christian. It behoves me therefore to caution you against it: I hold it as my indispensable duty to apprise you of what is expected from a gentleman of your pure and unpolluted descent through successive generations from times of the remotest antiquity to the present moment, in which you are standing before me, the last and only hope, whereon I rest my fortune and my name. You conceive yourself injured and affronted by a rash and inconsiderate young man, your senior by some few years, who now

inherits the title and estate of my late friend and neighbour Sir Owen ap Owen: upon this suspicion, for it amounts to nothing more, you meditate revenge. Are you quite convinced you can with honour own yourself affronted by him? I will not speak degradingly of any person's family, whether it be Spanish, or whether it be Jewish; but to one, or the other, of these we must resort for the pedigree of Sir David's mother. I draw no inference from this; I leave it with you for your consideration. Recollect yourself, however, my dear child; compute your age, your strength, and, if there were no other bar to your resentment, how are you to execute it? Puerile resentment—What is that? A boyish scuffle it may be; an interchange perhaps of blows; and what is the result of blows?—Eternal enmity—Can the spirit of a De Lancaster endure a blow? Impossible. Sacred and inviolable as the oath of the young Hannibal against Rome, would be his resolution to avenge himself upon the giver of that blow.

Ah, sir, sir! exclaimed Cecila, are you not going from your point, and justifying what you truly said was not fitting either for a hero or a christian? I beg you will allow me to send my nephew out of the room, for I have something

to impart to you, that I would not wish him to hear.

John, who knew too well what his aunt alluded to, instantly left the room; but the words were irrecoverable; the fatal authority, so congenial with his feeling, had sunk into his heart never to be eradicated.

As soon as he was gone, Cecilia apologized to her father for the interruption she had been guilty of; she said, that knowing, as she did, that her nephew had for a considerable time past harboured resentment against young Owen for a blow, she could not but regret that he should hear a justification of his resentment from such high authority as she feared would outweigh any thing that his tutor could advise against it.

Whether this remark, which was confessedly not very politic on the part of poor alarmed Cecilia, or the consciousness of having overshot his argument, piqued and disconcerted the good old man, certain it is he did not receive his daughter's apology with his usual suavity and candour, but coldly answered that he was not bound to revoke his opinions merely because they might not chance to conform with those of Mr. Wilson, and least of all, said he, should I have

suspected that you, Cecilia, who have ever shown such deference to my authority, should be alarmed lest it might outweigh that of any other person.

Heaven forbid, cries Cecilia, that I should ever fail to reverence that wisdom, which I am of an age to comprehend, but which a youth like my nephew may misconceive and construe not according to reason and its true sense, but according to the bent and impulse of his own passions.

You are right, said De Lancaster, recovering his complacency, you are right, my dear child, and I am sorry that I alluded to the example of young Hannibal, as I have ever disapproved of Hanno for bringing him at so early an age to the altar, and implanting hatred and revenge in his heart by a solemn oath for ever. All this while, take notice, I am an enemy to blows: I never struck your brother Philip in my life, nor should allow of his striking my grandson John; at the same time there are blows that inflict no disgrace: the blows, for instance, that are received in battle, when combating the enemies of our country, where the hero, although bleeding with his wounds, spares the life of the opponent, who asks it of him and submits himself to his mercy.

I shall speak of this more at large to my grandson, and define to him the several characters and descriptions of blows in such a manner, as may enable him to distinguish which may be passed over, and which may not; copying the example of the sage Chiron the Centaur, who, when tutoring his pupil, young Achilles, upon the nature of blows, put a whip into his hand, and set him astride on his own back, threatening at the same time to kick him off without mercy, if he ventured to make use of it.

With submission to your better judgment, said Cecilia, smiling at the ridiculousness of the allusion, I should conceive it may be well to postpone this lecture till our young Achilles is more able to understand it, and in the mean time, till this matter of the ham-strung horse is cleared up, to send him out of harm's way with his tutor Mr. Wilson, who meditates to pay a visit to his parish, and has, as you well know, repairs and improvements to superintend at his parsonage house, where your people are at work for his accommodation.

Your advice is excellent, my dear Cecilia, cried De Lancaster, rising from his seat, and shall be strictly followed: Let John be off with the lark to-morrow morning, and no fear but, in the

peaceful mansion of the christian teacher of forgiveness he will recover his tranquillity, and consign all injuries to oblivion.

It was not many minutes after this conversation had passed, when Mr. De Lancaster, addressing himself to his friend Wilson, said—I perceive, my good colonel, that the knowledge which a man gets in his library is of very little use to himself or others in the world at large: I suspect that I have been reading every thing to no purpose, whilst Cecilia, who has read scarce any thing, is wiser than I am.

Aye my good sir, replied Wilson, 'tis even so: we must carry our grey hairs to school, and learn wisdom of our children. If we would wish to know what the world is about, we must not inquire of those who are out of it, but of those who are in it.

CHAPTER III.

Our Hero sets out upon a Visit to his Tutor at his Parsonage House. Occurrences by the way.

In a fine autumnal morning, whilst the sun was mounting in the clear horizon, the Reverend Mr. Wilson and his pupil took their departure from the castle. They had not less than twenty Welch computed miles to traverse, over a romantic country, before they reached the parsonage house at Shells, now prepared for their reception. What were the prospects that opened upon them by the way, how wild, how various, how sublime, we shall not study to describe, though all the requisites of mountain, wood and water are at command, and court us to employ them. If these beautiful objects lost their effect upon our hero John, it was in great part owing to another beautiful object not then present, which greatly occupied his thoughts, as the immediate scene of his meditation just then laid at Denbigh, where the young Amelia, unseen, but not forgotten, still kept possession of his heart. The point, towards which he was shaping his course, would bring him nearer to Denbigh by more than half the distance between that place and Kray-Castle, and though his mind was not perfect-

ly atpeace with respect to Mrs. Jennings, he felt every tender sentiment for her unoffending charge, and cherished a fond hope that some happy opportunity might occur to repay him for the disappointment he had met with and the long absence he had endured.

Whilst our young hero, wholly occupied in these meditations, was incautiously riding along a slippery path in his descent from the heights, his horse's footing failed him and he fell upon his knees: being an active horseman, he lost neither his seat nor his temper, but it brought other ideas to his recollection, and turning to his companion, he calmly observed, that had his favourite Glendowr been under him, nothing of that sort could have happened—and what a treasure, added he, have I been defrauded of? what a kind heart must that man have who could turn a fine animal, that had been clothed and pampered in the stable, naked on a barren heath, only because an uncle, who had left him every thing else, had bequeathed this one token of his remembrance to me as his godson?

At this instant lawyer Davis rode up to them on a brisk gallop, and saluting them as he reined in his horse, cried out—Well met, gentlemen; I thought I kenn'd you as I crossed the hill, and

hastened to give you the intelligence, that I am carrying to the castle, of my having got such information, as will secure ample damages for the loss of Sir Owen's legacy of the horse, and expose to the world one of the basest and most rascally transactions that was ever brought to light.

As Davis uttered these words young John De Lancaster turned a look upon Mr. Wilson that could not fail to be understood, and desired Davis to relate the particulars—They are soon told, he replied, for the informer, Joe Johnson, who was feeder to Sir Owen's hounds, has deposed, that by the express order of his present master the young baronet, he took the horse called Owen Glendowr out of the stable in the evening of the 12th instant, and accompanied by the said Sir David, led him to a by spot on the mountain, where in a dell they contrived by ropes to cast, and then and there to hamstring him by deep incisions on the sinews of his legs, leaving the poor mangled animal to expire in tortures. Johnson describes his reluctance to obey commands of so barbarous a nature, but his master was peremptory, and had caused him to be plied with liquor till he was so intoxicated, that unless Sir David himself had assisted in the act, he could not have executed it.

Davis having related these particulars, addressed himself to Mr. Edward Wilson, added—'Tis a villanous business, reverend sir, a very villanous business, and if old Mr. De Lancaster shall think fit to bring it into court, I would not be in Sir David's case for his estate. Mr. De Lancaster will do no such thing, said Wilson; that you may rely upon—No, no, cried John, 'tis not a case to be settled in that way: I'm satisfied my grandfather will not resort to the law, nor accept of any compensation for the injury I have suffered from Sir David Owen and his dog-kennel accomplice. The man, who degrades his character by an action of that sort, puts his person out of the reach of a gentleman's resentment.

This said, the conference broke off: the companions proceeded on their way, and Davis shaped his course towards the mansion of De Lancaster.

When there arrived and admitted to an audience in the library, he stated facts rather more circumstantially from the chair than he had done from the saddle, and having concluded, the old gentleman remained silent for some time, pondering in his mind the measures he should take: at length, breaking forth in a tone, that bespoke his resolution formed, he said—Davis, we must

save this wretched young man, if it be possible. He, who has dabbled in the blood of an animal, may be wrought by desperation to attempt the life of a fellow creature: he is young, and may be turned to better thoughts; I am old, and must not be extreme in justice: Furthermore, I must confess to you, Davis, that I am not quite reconciled to the means we have taken for eliciting this information from a scoundrel dog-feeder by the lure of a reward. Your law, I know, allows it; but your law and my conscience do not always harmonize. This very fellow, whom we have paid for confessing the act, was probably paid also for committing it: that is a traffic in iniquity, which I am sorry to have countenanced. However I will write to Mrs. David Owen, who in her twofold capacity of mother and guardian, seems the properest person to recall this young offender to a due contrition for his offence.

I should doubt that, Davis replied; I am much afraid, worthy sir, you would not mend your chance by that appeal; for I have another unlucky evidence in my possession of a damned Jew's trick, in the article of the diamond ring—

Speak to the point, friend Davis, said the old gentleman, but spare your expletives; for oaths are not ornaments to an honest man's discourse—

I ask pardon, rejoined Davis; but really, sir, when one hears of such scandalous practices, as are carried on in that family between mother and son, it is enough to make a parson swear—

I should hope not, said De Lancaster; but what do you allude to?—

Why you must know, replied the lawyer, I had my suspicions that all was not right in the going of the diamond ring, bequeathed to Madam Cecilia, and reported *non est inventus;* so it came into my mind, that it might not be amiss to put the old proverb into practice, and set a thief to catch a thief—

Speak, if you please, without a proverb, said the good old man; I shall comprehend you better; for in my opinion, Mr. Davis, when our conversation is to turn upon thieves, the sooner it is concluded, so that we may dismiss them from our thoughts, the better it will be for us both.

CHAPTER IV.

The humanity of De Lancaster is not permitted to obtain its end.

Our readers will recollect a certain Jew pedlar, Israel Lyons by name, of whom we have heretofore made mention: this man was in the habit of employing Davis as his man of business for collecting debts, and enforcing payments. In the course of his late circuit he had called upon him, and consulted him upon a secret transaction he had engaged in with Mrs. Owen respecting a diamond ring of considerable value, which he was to dispose of in Holland on her account, and for which he had deposited security in her hands. Upon the production of this ring Davis instantly recognized it to be the very ring devised to Cecilia by Sir Owen in his will. Lyons, who immediately saw the danger of his negociation in its proper light, readily consented to accompany Davis to Kray-Castle for the purpose of more fully identifying the ring, and to this it was that Davis alluded, when he was answered by De Lancaster, as was related in the preceding chapter. He now showed the ring to that gentleman, who no sooner cast his eyes upon it, than he said —Put it by! I am satisfied.

So was not Davis, but importunately demanded how he was to proceed—Not at all, replied De Lancaster, not at all. I am neither prepared to blast the heir of the Owens for the consideration of a horse, which I can replace from my own stable, nor the mother of that heir for a bauble, which I desire you will return to the pedlar, and take care that I have no concern with dog-feeders, or with Jews.

Davis, struck with astonishment, exclaimed—This is above my comprehension; it must be as you please; but you will give me leave to take care of myself, and keep out of the scrape of compromising felony.

With these words he departed, and a servant, entering the room at the same moment, announced the name of three gentlemen, who solicited a private conference with Mr. De Lancaster; they were persons of respectability in the county, but not in the habit of visiting at the castle, being of the opposite party in politics, and zealously attached to the interests of the ancient house of Owen.

The venerable owner of Kray-Castle met them at the door of his apartment, and received them with all possible courtesy and respect. When

they were seated, Sir Arthur Floyd (a name not new to the reader of this history) opened the business as follows.—

We wait upon you, Mr. De Lancaster, as friends of the lately deceased Sir Owen ap Owen, and in virtue of the regard, in which we hold his memory, are solicitous to preserve the like good opinion of the successor to his estate and title. A report, which, if true, would stamp indelible disgrace upon his character, has reached us, relative to his treatment of a certain favourite horse, which our departed friend bequeathed to your grandson; we know you lived on terms of friendship with Sir Owen, and we trust you will participate in our motives, when we request you (who must of course be acquainted with the particulars we are anxious to be informed of) to say whether or not there is any foundation for the report we allude to.

Gentlemen, said De Lancaster, it is a fact that the horse, which you describe as a favourite of my late friend, was bequeathed by him to my grandson John.

And is your grandson now in possession of that horse? In plainer terms, is the horse alive? This question was not put by Sir Arthur Floyd,

and Mr. De Lancaster, turning to him, with some discomposure demanded, if it were expected of him to answer all manner of interrogatories in a case, which he was desirous of dismissing from his thoughts.

To this Sir Arthur Floyd replied, that with all imaginable respect for his character as a gentleman of the highest honour, they did expect of him to answer all such questions, as might be honourably put to him in a matter of a charge so fatal to the reputation of Sir David Owen, if true; so injurious, if false. We presume also to remind you, sir, that where the name of De Lancaster, is attached to a report, it is such an authority as no man can dispute, and of course no man ought to doubt. Upon a point of honour, therefore, which by consequence affects yourself not less than it does us, we conjure you to tell us plainly whether the horse be dead or living.

The horse is dead; in that state he was found by my grandson and his servant on the heath.

You will permit us to ask, said one of the party, if there were no marks of violence upon the carcass; in short, sir, was not the horse hamstrung upon all his legs?

I am told he was.

Was there any inquiry made as to the perpetrator, or perpetrators, of that butchery?

I am constrained to say there was. Lawyer Davis made inquiry.

And when lawyer Davis traced out the perpetrators of that most shameful act, have the goodness to inform us whether he did, or did not, find evidence to implicate Sir David Owen as a party in the act itself.

Let lawyer Davis answer that himself, replied De Lancaster in a firm tone of voice; I decline it, and you must excuse me.

We shall refer ourselves to lawyer Davis, said the spokesman, and we hope you will permit your grandson and his servant to attend on the occasion. If we find Sir David Owen guilty on the charge, this will be no country for him to live in; at least he cannot live in it with us. In the mean time we thank you, worthy sir, for your very handsome reception of us, and shall be ever forward to bear testimony to your candour and delicacy towards the character of a most unhappy young man, if our fears prove true. We are sen-

sible, Mr. De Lancaster, you could have said much more, and we know that it was honour alone that extorted from you what you did say, and generosity that suppressed what you did not say.

The party were now rising to take their leave, when the old gentleman entreated their patience for a few minutes—we have been discoursing, he said, upon a very unpleasant subject. The young man who now wears the title of my departed friend, is just entering on the world, and being native of another country, and not educated amongst us, may perhaps have been betrayed into some irregularities, that cannot stand a rigid scrutiny; I will venture therefore to submit to you, whether it may not be advisable to let this affair pass over without any further investigation, assured as you may be, that the charge shall never be stirred by me, or any one of my family.

To this Sir Arthur Floyd made answer as follows—What you have now proposed to us, Mr. De Lancaster, is a proof of that candour and benignity, which have ever marked your character; but you know full well what has long been the state of party interests in this county, and to which side we have hitherto adhered; you must also be aware that the day is not far off, when proba-

bly we must again declare ourselves: It behoves us therefore to be made secure of the honour and character of that gentleman, young although he is, on whom that consequence and leading interest have devolved, which we have been accustomed to look up to. We must therefore in our own justification decline your generous proposal, which we are convinced you would not have made, had you not been satisfied, or suspicious at least, of the young man's criminality.

This said they rose, and with much courteous ceremony on both sides, took their leave and departed.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

JOHN DE LANCASTER.

A NOVEL.

BY

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR E. SARGEANT, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND WALL-STREET, OPPOSITE TRINITY CHURCH, AND M. & W. WARD, NO. 4 CITY-HOTEL,

By D. & G. Bruce.

1809.

JOHN DE LANCASTER.

CHAPTER V.

Philip De Lancaster sets out upon his travels.

When De Lancaster had reseated himself in his chair; and devoted a few minutes to meditation, the door of his library was opened, and our young hero respectfully approached him to receive his welcome and embrace.

What brings thee hither, John De Lancaster? said the grandfather.

My father sent for me.

That's true; that's true. He would take his leave of you before he sets out upon his journey to the south of France. An opinion has prevailed that your mother must winter in a warmer climate, and your father is going to make preparations for her residence at Montpelier. Upon

these occasions I do not choose to interpose: he will follow his own fancy, and that is about as likely to lead him to Jerusalem as to Montpelier: and your mother, John, your mother, never will go hence but to her grave. Nature is in absolute decay; her vital powers are exhausted, and Llewellyn either knows her inability to undertake the journey, or is blockhead enough to believe it practicable, and knows nothing of his business. You will say, why do I not dissuade your father from setting out upon this fruitless journey? I answer, because it is not worth my while; for whom does it concern in what spot of earth upon this habitable globe a listless creature doses out unprofitable time? Let him go, let him go; I rest no further hopes on him. The tree, which emblamatically bears the fortunes of my house, is withering at the top, dead in its middle branches, whilst there is yet one scyon, that has life and vigour: Yes, my child, I am passing away; thy father is gone by, but thou, with the blessing of providence, art springing up and bursting into bloom. I have thy tutor's testimony strongly vouched in thy favour, and with rapture I contemplate the auspicious promise of those dawning virtues, which in the riper character of the man will be the ornament and safe-guard of our ancient stock. And now, John, I must apprise thee of an affair, that will put those virtues to the test.

Some neighbouring gentlemen, who are amongst the chief supporters of the Owen interest, have this morning been with me to inquire into the circumstances of Sir David's treatment of you in the matter of the horse bequeathed to you by your godfather; and they are determined to call upon you and Davis for your evidence, that they may sift it to the bottom.

With all my heart, cried John, the colour mounting to his cheeks. I desire nothing better than to meet Sir David Owen, face to face, and depose what I know of that rascally transaction, in the most public manner, before all his friends, be they who they may.

Hold, hold, my child, said De Lancaster, you must not forget how much modesty and forbearance become your years. You must put all angry thoughts aside, when you are called upon to speak the truth without prejudice or animosity: and that you may be kept in mind of that duty, I shall desire your worthy tutor to accompany you to that discussion.

I hope you will not think that necessary, John replied, for if I have nothing to do but to speak the truth, I trust I do not want a tutor to teach me that.

Go then, said De Lancaster; be it as thou sayest! for I perceive the spirit of my race, which has passed over thy father, descends upon thee. Go, when thou art called for; but remember, truth must not be told with aggravation, nor in our resort to justice must we gratify revenge.

At this moment, Mr. Philip De Lancaster walked into the room, and addressing himself after his cool manner to his son—You are come just in time, he said, for I have taken leave of your mother, and have nothing to do but to pay my duty to my father, and set out upon my journey. I leave you in the care of such good friends, that you stand in no need of any advice from me; and, if you did, I know not what else I could say to you, but to recommend it to you to be a good boy, to pay attention to your tutor, to carry yourself dutifully to your grandfather, mother and aunt, to recollect that you are but a child in age and understanding, and in a word to mind your book and say your prayers. Now go up to your mother; she expects you in her bedchamber; tread softly, (do you mind) and be careful of alarming her, for, though she bore parting from me with perfect tranquillity, the least noise will shake her nerves, and throw her into tremors.

I shall observe your caution, sir, the youth replied; but if it is your pleasure that I should attend upon you again before your departure, I will simply pay my duty to my mother, and wait upon you to your carriage.

No, no, child, cried the father, there is no occasion for that ceremony. I don't wish any body to attend upon me to my carriage but the servant that goes with me.

The disappointed youth cast a parting look of sensibility on his father, bowed respectfully and left the room.

I perceive, son Philip, said the old gentleman, that, nearly allied as you are to my grandson John, you are not acquainted with his manly character, when you talk to him as to a child—but of this we will say no more—so long as I have life, his education will be my care, and at my death it will be found I have not been less careful of his interest. You are now going to the continent, and I sincerely wish you health and a pleasant tour: but if you calculate upon Mrs. De Lancaster's chance of ever reaching Montpelier, I greatly fear you will be disappointed, and I therefore recommend it to you to postpone providing an establishment for her there or

elsewhere, till you are further advised from us. Your equipage I see is waiting, and nothing remains for me, but to bid you heartily farewell.

This said, they both rose, embraced and parted, never to meet again.

CHAPTER VI.

Dark doings at the Abbey of Penruth.

When long disease hath sapped the vital powers, and death creeps on by painless, slow approaches, the mind is ofttimes observed to assume a dignified composure, and even an elevation of sentiment, which did not appear to belong to it in the body's better health: so it was with the mother of our hero. She was reposing on her couch, with Cecilia sitting by her side, and when her son approached, raised herself up to receive him—I am delighted to see you, my dear child, she said, and I hope your grandfather will consent to your residing in the castle for the very short time I have yet to live: though I have

little strength to hold discourse with you, yet it is a consolation to know you are within my call, and that, so long as sight is not taken from me, I may gratify that sense—nay, my beloved son, don't shed a tear for me—rather rejoice that I am drawing near to the end of a dull journey, joyless at the best, and not less wearisome to others than to myself. I have parted from your father; if he persuades himself that I shall follow him, it is a harmless delusion: if he does not, it is a commodious plea to escape a trouble, and exchange a melancholy scene for an amusing one; at all events, whatever object he may have in view, I hope that you, who have never experienced his care, will have no occasion to lament his absence.

To this, John made some answer not necessary to record, when by a signal from his aunt, understanding that his mother stood in need of silence and repose, he took the hint and quietly departed. The project of his passing a few weeks with Mr. Wilson at the parsonage, was now laid aside, and in compliance with his mother's wishes, he resumed his station and his studies at the castle, holding himself ever ready to obey her summons, when she wished to see him.

The next morning brought Sir Arthur Floyd once more to the castle. He came to ask the favour of young De Lancaster's company at his own house, and that he would allow his servant, Williams, to attend, together with lawyer Davis, who would provide himself with the deposition of Sir David's feeder. It was matter of no small regret to the good old man that these gentlemen were so resolute to persist in their investigation of this odious business, but having pledged his word, he would not retract it, and young John, who had not all those repugnant feelings which his grand father had, was speedily equipped, and having put himself under the convoy of Sir Arthur Floyd, soon found himself in his conductor's house, and greeted with all possible politeness by the gentlemen there assembled. Sir David Owen was not yet arrived, and some began to doubt if he would attend the meeting. At length he was discovered coming down the avenue, followed by his huntsman and his groom, himself and his attendants being in the uniform of the hunt.

Upon his entering the room, where the company had assembled, he either did not see, or chose to take no notice of De Lancaster: but observing to the gentlemen, that having understood them to be called together for the purpose of ar-

ranging the rules and regulations of the union-hunt, he expected to have found them in their proper colours, and wished to be informed if any thing had occured to give them dissatisfaction.

We naturally expect that question from you, said Sir Arthur Floyd, and are prepared to answer, that until you can vindicate yourself from a charge, that is made against you, we are and ought to be dissatisfied, and therefore it is we do not show our colours, till we are convinced by you we need not be ashamed to wear them.

How am I to convince you of that, gentlemen, but by wearing them myself? However, as you insinuate that a charge is made against me, let me know the nature of that charge, and who it is that presumes to circulate any thing to my discredit.

Hear me with patience, Sir Arthur replied, and I will state it to you without aggravation. You are suspected to have maltreated the favourite horse Glendowr, which your uncle left by will to this young gentleman, Mr. John De Lancaster, here present.

I see that he is present, but I do not see the right by which he meets the members of a hunt, that he has no concern with. He is here howev-

er; such is your pleasure, and I presume he is here for some purpose, best known to yourselves. I am suspected, it seems: what answer can I give to that? Can you substantiate any charge against me? If you can, state it.

This it is, said Sir Arthur, rising from his seat —The horse, that consistently with the manners of a gentleman, ought to have been delivered according to the purport of your uncle's will, or at least carefully retained in your stable, was unhandsomely turned out upon the mountain, and there found hamstrung in every leg, most barbarously and feloniously mangled, and lying dead upon the ground.

Who found him there?

I found him, young De Lancaster replied; I and my servant found him there, and in that very condition which you have heard described.

Well, if you did, what is all that to me?

It is to you, rejoined Sir Arthur Floyd, if the deposition of your own menial servant, charging you as the instigator to, and accomplice in, that barbarous act, cannot be done away. This man is now waiting with Mr. Davis the attorney, rea-

dy to substantiate his averment upon oath, and I am the magistrate, that will administer it to him, if you so require.

Not I, not I, exclaimed the haughty culprit: I will not condescend to answer to a charge, that is evidenced by a dog-feeder, contrived, abetted and encouraged by a mercenary attorney. I came to meet you here as brother sportsmen, I find you what I will not say. As for that attorney, whom I know to be in the pay and employ of my enemy, I hold him as a wretch too despicable for any notice on my own account; let him propagate and pursue his charge against me as he will, I care not; but I accuse him, and will have him prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law, as the slanderer and defamer of my innocent and injured mother.

Davis, who had entered the room, unseen of young Owen, and planted himself behind his chair, now stept forward, and demanded to know of what he was accused. It was not immediately that the arrogance of this hardened youth, thus taken by surprise, could recover from his embarrassment; at length, after some hesitation, being again called upon to explain himself, he turned to Davis with an assumed air of bravery, and said—I am given to understand you have not

scrupled to affix upon my mother Mrs. Owen the abominable scandal of having secreted a valuable diamond ring, which appears in my uncle's will as a legacy to Miss Cecilia De Lancaster; but which ring after the minutest search is no where to be found. This I aver to be a libel of the grossest sort.

And so it would be, I confess, said Davis, were I not provided with evidence to prove that this same valuable diamond ring was found by Mrs. Owen, and by her consigned to the Jew Israel Lyons, under the seal of secrecy, and upon security by him given for the value, to be by him taken out of the kingdom and sold in Holland on her account and for her emolument. I have the ring here in my hand ready to produce, the very ring, which was bequeathed by your uncle, and which you say could not be found amongst the effects of the deceased. Bear witness for me, gentlemen, I am compelled to produce this article in my own defence, and do not voluntarily disobey the positive injunctions of my worthy patron Mr. De Lancaster, who honourably commanded me to stifle the discovery, and put up with any injuries rather than expose the parties to shame, so much more care had that good gentleman for them than they have had for themselves; but thus accused, and forced on my de-

fence, what could I do, but what I now have done?

To this no answer was attempted: astonishment seized the company: Sir David Owen started from his seat, and glancing a malicious look upon our young hero as he passed him—I'll not forget you, sir, he cried: the time will come when you shall hear of this.

CHAPTER VII.

Events consequential of the meeting at Sir Authur Floyd's. The last chapter of the fifth book.

As soon as the convicted baronet had made his hasty exit, the parties present in their court of honour, on the spot unanimously adjudged him infamous, and with one voice voted him unworthy of their acquaintance. The question was stirred if any notice should be taken of the ring, produced by Davis in his own defence: To this it was objected, that as it had no concern with the case immediately before them, it was conceived advisable to pass it over, and leave Mr. De Lan-

caster to act as he saw fit. They had heard with indignation the insolent menace, which Owen had thrown out as he was leaving the room, and they unanimously besought our hero to treat it with its due contempt; Sir Arthur Floyd in particular insisted upon his right, as master of the house, to take all such affronts upon himself: John made his acknowledgment to the speaker with a respectful bow, but offered no reply.

When he called for his horse to return to the castle, they were six in number, all principal supporters of the Owen interest, who mounted at the same time, and having escorted him every step of the way to his home, rode with him into the castle court, where the venerable host, summoned by the tolling of his porter's bell, presented himself to bid them welcome at the great hall door: his orange-tawney livery-men stood behind him in their files, and he ushered them into the saloon, where they were received in form by Cecilia, who was there attending with Colonel Wilson and his son Edward, the preceptor of their companion John.

When all introductory ceremonials were over, Sir Arthur Floyd, their spokesman as before, recounted briefly what had passed, and the resolution they had taken of abandoning an unworthy

connection, and for the future giving their support decidedly in favour of the house of Lancaster, whenever opportunity presented itself of demonstrating their attachment.

To this De Lancaster made answer, that the honour they conferred upon him, was at once so unexpected and so unmerited, that he felt himself ill prepared to find expressions, that might do justice to his feelings. My holdings, he said, in this county, it is well known are not of yesterday; they have devolved upon me through a series of ancestors, in whose steps I have endeavoured to tread, and to whose politics and opinions, (as far as I could guess what they would have been in these times by what they appear to have been in their own) I have steadily adhered. Little as I know of the secrets of government, I may have been in error; but if I have been pertinacious in opinion, I trust I have never been found illiberal or unneighbourly to those honourable gentlemen who differed from me. I lived in friendship with Sir Owen, and we never suffered politics to damp the harmony of our social hours. I lamented his death; but the disgrace, that has fallen on his family in the person of his successor, is to me extremely grievous: I fear it has gone too far to be entirely remedied, but some alleviation may perhaps be thought of, if in addition to the ho-

nour you have already shown me, you will be pleased to confirm our friendly contract by consenting to partake my homely meal.

The hospitality of Kray-Castle was in no danger of being put out of countenance by any want of preparation; the guests sate down to a plenteous board, and the genius of Cecilia added elegance to abundance. What the benevolence of De Lancaster could obtain for Sir David Owen amounted only to a general promise, that the affair should be allowed to sleep, and no further notice taken of any thing, that passed during the discussion at Sir Arthur Floyd's.

It is to be presumed that De Lancaster was punctilious in returning the visit of every gentleman, who had dined with him at the castle. On these occasions he was constantly accompanied by his grandson, so that the old state coach and fat horses were for a time in more than ordinary requisition.

Whilst they were upon a visit at Sir Arthur Floyd's a very beautiful horse, which was purposely led out of the stable, attracted every body's notice, and particularly that of our young hero, who ran out of doors to have a nearer view of him. A little stable boy was mounted on his back, and

put him through his paces on the lawn before the house: the gentleness of the fine animal was as much to be admired as the beauty. John was asked if he would back him; the proposal was immediately accepted, and as there was a fine expanse of lawn for John's equestrian performances, he took a considerable circuit, and having given a very handsome specimen of his jockeyship, returned in perfect raptures with the horse, pronouncing him to be incomparably the best he had ever mounted, his lamented favourite Glendowr alone excepted. The horse was put into the stable, and nothing more passed upon the subject at that time.

In the evening John returned with his grandfather to the castle, when upon stepping out of the coach, a letter was put into his hand, that had the signature of the several gentlemen of the new coalition, and was to the following purport—

" Dear Sir,

As you seemed pleased with the horse, which we invited you to make trial of, we have taken the liberty of putting him into your stable, and jointly request that you will not refuse to gratify us by your acceptance of him. When we tell you he

is full brother to Glendowr, we flatter ourselves we cannot better recommend him to you, and when we assure you, that we can no otherwise be reconciled to the disgrace of our late connection with Sir David Owen, except by your allowing us to present you with this token of our esteem, we trust you will not mortify us by a refusal.

We have the honour to be,

&c. &c.

Though John was highly delighted with this present, he did not consider himself secure in the possession of it, till he had submitted the letter to his grandfather. The good old man was under no difficulty as to his decision, for luckily this was one of the few questions, that in his contemplation did not wear two faces; so that he said at once, applying himself to his friend Colonel Wilson—I see no reason why my grandson should decline this very handsome compliment.

There is no reason, said the colonel.

And why is there none? rejoined the other: why, but because a horse, or a sword, is by all the rules of chivalry, a present of honour, which it is

no degradation to accept, though it were tendered to a general or a prince?

I conceive it degrades no man to accept a present from a friend.

I am not sure of that. Friendship can sanctify many things, but not all. An equipoise of favours is essential to friendship, but an overweight throws it out of its balance: it then becomes patronage, and the party obliged incurs a debt, which although it be the debt of gratitude, entails a duty upon him, and is not of the true spirit of friendship. Therefore it is that a king can hardly have a real friend—"Gods, how I should love Augustus, said a certain Roman, if he were not Cæsar." The anecdote is to the point of my remark.

I dare say it is, said the Colonel, but I cannot exactly understand how it applies to the point in question.

If you allude to the question whether my grandson John should accept the horse, that is settled; there cannot be two opinions in that case: favours of that sort are not to be refused.

I rejoice to hear it, rejoined the colonel, for I consider it as an earnest of future favours, when

my friend John shall be of age to take the duties of our county member on himself, unanimously chosen.

Ah my good friend, said the old man and sighed, that day is distant, and that chance is doubtful: in the meantime my all depends upon a single stake, and though your worthy son is he of all mankind, in whom I can repose the fullest trust, yet in the life of that beloved youth, on whom I rest my hopes, there is a period yet to pass full of alarm and danger. John has an ardent spirit, and I fear is much more likely to resent affronts than treat them with contempt. If this malicious Owen is to live amongst us, and persist in his unworthy practices, I can foresee the time must come, when my brave boy will bring him to account. Who can prevent it? not the donors of his horse; their handsome present may repair his loss, but will it make atonement for the insult he has received? What can I do? I am not the man to talk to him: young as he is, he has possessed himself of my sentiments, and I cannot retract what I have said. Talk to him yourself; you are a soldier, and upon a point of honour no man can speak with more authority: try if you can persuade him to think as you do.

Were I to do that, my good sir, replied the col-

onel, I fear your grandson would not derive security of person from the rules of practice, that men of my profession are compelled to follow; but I can hold my tongue, and that is quite as much as I will undertake for in any case, where the honour of your family is brought into question. I love your gallant boy; every body loves him; but what I would not say to my own son, I could not say to him. I am however inclined to believe that Sir David Owen will in no future time find resolution to insult your grandson; but, if he does, I cannot find resolution to dissuade him from taking proper notice of it.

Well! let it pass, resumed De Lancaster. My boy must take his fate. I had no right to look for other sentiments from you, and if they are, as I suspect, irreconcileable to reason and religion, we are both of us I fear in the same condemnation.

If in the long course of my literary labours I had been less studious to adhere to nature and simplicity, I am perfectly convinced I should have stood higher in estimation with the purchasers of copy rights, and probably been read and patronized by my contemporaries in the propor-

tion of ten to one. To acquire a popularity of name, which might set the speculating publishers upon out-bidding one another for an embryo work (perhaps in meditation only) seems to be as proud and enviable a pre-eminence as human genius can arrive at: but if that pre-eminence has been acquired by a fashion of writing, that luckily falls in with the prevailing taste for the romantic and unnatural, that writer, whosoever he may be, has only made his advantage of the present hour, and forfeited his claim upon the time to come: having paid this tribute to popularity, he certainly may enjoy the profits of deception, and take his chance for being marked out by posterity (whenever a true taste for nature shall revive) as the misleader and impostor of the age he lived in.

The circulation of a work is propagated by the cry of the many; its perpetuity is established by the fiat of the few. If we have no concern for our good name after we have left this world, how do we greatly differ from the robber and assassin?—But this is nothing but an old man's prattle. Nobody regards it—We will return to our history.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

The mother of our hero, being at the point of death, takes her last farewell of her father-in-law.

The order of our history requires us to attend upon the worthy grandfather of our hero to the death-bed of his daughter-in-law, who had expressed a wish to see him. She took his hand, and pressing it to her heart, said—I thank you, sir, for this and all the proofs of kindness, which you have uniformly been pleased to show me, though I am conscious it has never been my happy lot to contribute to your comforts, or to reflect either grace or ornament upon your family, even in the slightest degree. Of your son my husband I forbear to speak; when he took his departure,

and left me on the plea of providing a retreat for me upon the continent, I was too well apprised of my situation not to know that we should meet no more, and under that impression I took leave of him for ever. I have given an heir to your name and family, for whose dear sake, from his birth to the present moment, my agitated heart, though I have laboured to appear composed, has secretly been racked with sad forebodings. I am a woman, sir, and those presentiments, which your strong sense would spurn, sink deep in my weak mind—

Here her speech failed her; her breath fluttered, and quitting the hand of De Lancaster, she snatched at the sheet, as if convulsion had began to seize her. Cecilia was at hand, but tears had furnished the relief which she was advancing to administer, and the subject which this short alarm had interrupted, was resumed, as follows—

My seeming dereliction of that darling child must have degraded me in your opinion: you could not fail to think me void of those affections, which are natural to a mother, and despised me for my seeming insensibility. Alas, how very different was the state of my too fond, too feeling heart! But there were reasons, over-ru-

ling reasons—I cannot tell them now—They will come to your knowledge—Let the charge lie by, till the defence can meet it. It would have blessed me to have seen my father; but he cannot come to me, and when I go to him, it will be only in my body's passage to its grave. He has kindly anticipated my wishes, by leaving my dear son sole heir of his estate. Though it is but little that I have to devise, yet I have made a will; for so much in it as concerns my son, I trust he will fulfil the obligations I impose upon him. If he shall live to be of age, and you survive (which Heaven in mercy grant) to see that day, all may be well: I leave him in your care; I have done so always, and have kept my word; I have not made him that disgustful thing, a mother's favourite son. Ah sir, correct the errors of his youth, but control not the affections of his heart. If, overlooking rank and fortune, they should honourably and worthily be fixt on merit in obscurity, do not, I implore you—it is my last, my dying petition—do not oppose his choice. There is an humble being in the world, lovely and full of promise—oh, if she—if she should—

Whilst these words were yet upon her lips, she sunk down upon her bed as one, whose life had left her in that moment. Whilst Cecilia and the women in attendance were busied in assisting

her, De Lancaster stood in deep and pensive meditation, with his eyes fixed upon her palid countenance, and as the tear dropped upon his aged cheek, he said to his daughter—Your endeavours to restore her will be fruitless; and, if an easy death is what we helpless mortals ought to wish for, 'tis hardly to be hoped you may.

This said, he withdrew, and turning into the gallery, discovered John alone, and intent upon the perusal of a paper, which upon seeing his grandfather, he hastily folded up and thrust into his pocket.

John, I would speak to you, said the old gentleman, and bidding him sit down, addressed him in these words—Young as you are, you are not now to learn what a precarious tenure we frail mortals hold in any thing on this side of death, to which we all must come.

I understand you, sir; you come to tell me of my mother's death.

Not altogether so; but if I did, I can believe your excellent preceptor has prepared you to meet misfortune as becomes you. Methinks you hardly can have glanced your eye upon a

single page in any moral book, that does not give you lessons of that sort. Even your Pagan poets, whilst with idle levity they counsel you to devote your time to pleasure, give you at least fair warning of its shortness.

True, sir, but we have better masters than they are, to whom we may apply. I am aware that there are no hopes for my poor mother; and it is nothing strange that she should die, who for years past can hardly have been said to live; but that my father, seeing her condition, could leave her almost in the article of death, is matter of astonishment to me.

Such is his nature, John; and whether we must call it the defect of head or heart, is more than I can tell. He is gone, however, whither I know not, and she, poor soul, who has known little happiness on earth, is going where alone it can be sought. Her last care was for you.—Something there was, some wish that seemed to weigh upon her heart; but in her effort to express it, nature failed her, and she fainted.

That—that indeed—cried John, was most unfortunate. Did she let fall no words to guide conjecture?

Her words, De Lancaster replied, I am perfect in—"There was an humble being in the world, lovely and full of promise—Oh, if she—if she should"—There she stopt.

It is enough! John cried. I'll wait here, with your leave, till I am permitted to pay my last sad duty to a parent, whom I have known but at the close of life.

As Mr. De Lancaster was rising to depart, it occurred to him to inquire about the paper, which John had so hastily thrust into his pocket—Let me know, he said, what you were reading so attentively when I entered the gallery. It seemed a letter, and by the eagerness with which you put it up, I suspect it may contain some interesting matter: If so, John, you hardly will conceal it from me.

Certainly not, replied the youth, if you command me to produce it; but I am sorry that you noticed it, for it will only bring to your recollection a subject totally unworthy of your thoughts at any time, especially in a moment like the present. It is, as you supposed, a letter; an insolent one you may well believe, for it comes from Sir David Owen; but as he has quitted the

the country, I hope you will not ask to see the favour he has bestowed on me at parting.

Grandson, resumed De Lancaster, I am become too much a party in the subject you allude to, not to be interested in whatever correspondence you may hold with that dishonourable young man: therefore let me see what he has written to you.

This authoritative order was instantly obeyed; the letter was delivered, and De Lancaster read as follows—

"You have begun very early in life, young gentleman, to take a decided part against me and my family, and you are not to wonder, if henceforward and for ever, I shall be found to act with reciprocal hostility towards you and your's.

"You have arraigned my character in the matter of the horse, and the oldest and firmest friends of my house have been spirited away by your grandfather to desert me, and attach themselves to him—Do you flatter yourself I can forget this? Are you weak enough to suppose I will forgive it?

"By the right I have over the cattle in my

keeping, I turned that horse out of my stables, and I am free to own it was no recommendation to me, that you assumed to have a claim to him, which claim you neglected, or was ashamed to make.

"As for the ring, which your attorney was instructed to demand, my mother, who is not obliged, nor expected to recognise what she never saw, has nothing to do with the charge: she has nevertheless given it up to your said attorney, and your aunt is at liberty to wear it; my consolation is, she can wear no ring of my uncle's giving but as a legatee.

"As I am not a native of your island, I am leaving it without regret. Don't persuade yourself however that I shall forget what has passed, or forfeit any opportunity of avenging my injured honour.

DAVID AP OWEN."

CHAPTER II.

The mother of our hero dies.

De Lancaster having read the letter inserted in our preceding chapter, and for a few moments pondered on the contents of it, was about to put it into his pocket, when his grandson eagerly requested that he would allow him to keep possession of it—Of what use can it be to you, said the old gentleman.

It will remind me, John replied, that I owe the writer of it an answer.

And what sort of answer would you wish to give him.

Exactly such an one as becomes your grandson.

And what is so becoming as forgiveness?

The writer does not seem to be of that opinion.

Who cares for his opinion, cried De Lancaster? An inconsiderate, rash, intemperate boy—Let me rather recommend to you the opinion

and example of Pisistratus, who, when supreme in Athens, where every man's life was in his power, had the magnaninmity to forgive the brutal insult of Thrasippus, who, when heated with wine, after venting all the foulest words his malice could suggest, turned upon Pisistratus, as he was graciously soliciting him to resume his seat at the table, and vented his filthy rheum in his face: here is a noble instance of forbearance for you, my dear John: imitate Pisistratus!

Then I must be endowed with the power of Pisistratus, John replied, before I can aspire to emulate his forbearance: you must also allow Sir David Owen the plea of drunkenness and of course the loss of reason. If under these circumstances I had the power of condemning him to death as an atonement for his insolence, certainly I should not exercise that power, as it could be no proof of an honourable spirit to revenge myself upon a defenceless man? and when my word was to decide for life or death, I should conceive no choice was left to me but to forgive. I can honour Pisistratus very highly for his royal magnanimity, but I suspect, my dear grandfather, I must wait till I am a king before I can save myself from the imputation of cowardice by quoting his example. If I could suppose myself too great to be dishonoured by an insult, I hope I

should be too generous to be gratified by revenging it.

Grandson, said the old man, (vainly endeavouring to repress his feelings) I perceive you are too subtle to be caught by sophistry. You distinguish rightly: the instance I adduced does not apply to the case in question. Here is your letter; take it, but recollect that your honour is not yet called upon to notice its contents. Mere malice only merits your contempt; reserve your spirit for a worthier cause, and may providence in its mercy grant you length of days! for if you, who seem born to give the brightest lustre to a name of no mean note, should in the blossom of your virtues, prematurely fall, and I survive to mourn the extinction of my hopes, and the loss of one so infinitely dear, what will it avail me that the last sun, which went down in my horizon, threw a gleam of light, that glittered as it sunk to rise no more?

A signal now given by Cecilia summoned our young hero into his mother's chamber. A life passed without pleasure was now about to close in a death without pain. Though the power of speech was lost, her actions indicated that she possessed her senses to the last. In her expiring moments she had grasped the hand of her son so

fast in her's, that it would have required a stronger effort than he was disposed to make for disengaging it from her hold, and it was not till several sad minutes had gone by, when the convulsive nerve relaxed, and the maternal pressure was no longer felt.

John now withdrew from this melancholy scene, and retiring to his chamber, devoted himself for a while to solitary sorrow.

As the deceased had signified a wish to Cecilia, that her remains might be deposited in the family vault at Glen-Morgan, orders were given to that effect. By what fit messenger to impart the mournful event to the good old man, who had now lost his only child, was matter of debate, till the Reverend Mr. Wilson offered himself for that errand; this being adjusted, he set out, and was instructed to say that Mr. De Lancaster with Cecilia, John and Colonel Wilson would accompany the hearse to the place of burial. Poor old Morgan, now perfectly disabled by the gout, received the intelligence, for which he was prepared, with becoming resignation, and a fitter person than Edward Wilson to reconcile him to that dispensation no where could be found—You see, sir, said the old man to Wilson, the miserable state I am in, and can witness how im-

possible it was for me to have paid the last sad duty of a father to my dying child. I ought not, and I will not, lament that her exhaused spirit is at length released, for I know too well that existence has been burdensome to her, who is no more: but I must ever painfully reflect, that there was a period in her life, when, had she been open and sincere in her appeal, I think I was not capable of forcing her to marry against her inclination: no, let me hope I never was that tyrant —but alas! that time can never be recalled— She is dead, and he, that was her choice, is dead, and I, that might, and would, have made them happy, still languish at the end of life, only to mourn their loss.

Not so, said Wilson, not exactly so; I have a precious relique in my care, that's worth your living for.

That's true, that's true, cried Morgan. Whilst my grandson John survives, De Lancaster and I, let death come when it will, may truly say—*Non toti morimur.*

As the worthy old man emphatically dealt out this scrap of Latin, which Seneca and his memory had supplied him with, the animation it inspired was visible to Edward Wilson, who had

kept his eyes upon him: one of those faint fleeting smiles with which even pain and sorrow will at times be seen to greet a cheering recollection, passed over his countenance, as he dwelt upon the thought of his beloved grandson, and Edward was not backward to prolong and heighten the consolatory impulse by indulging him with various anecdotes to the honour of his pupil, and fixing his attention on a pleasant topic, which is a secret in *the art of healing*, that some practitioners either don't seem to know, or are not willing to make use of.

It was now in Morgan's power to circulate his orders to his trusty house-keeper and butler for the mansion to be prepared, and all things needful to be put in readiness against the arrival of the family from Kray-Castle. Neither was it omitted to provide an apartment for the young Amelia, who, together with Mrs. Jennings, was invited to be present at the funeral of her patroness and friend.

CHAPTER III.

The Scene changes to Glen-Morgan.

When the appointed morning came, and the hearse with its attendant mourners issued from the portal of the court of Kray-Castle, the tenants of De Lancaster presented themselves in a body, and fell in respectfully and silently in the rear of the cavalcade; but when Sir Arthur Floyd and the party of gentlemen, who had dined at the castle, attached themselves to the train, following the coach in which De Lancaster was seated, till they came to the last verge of his domain, where the tenants dispersed, and they approached to pay their valedictory respects, the venerable old man, overcome even to tears by the unexpected compliment, and, bowing from the window of his coach, had only strength to say—Gentlemen, I thank you from my heart! you have conferred an honour and a favour upon me and mine, which I never shall forget.

When they arrived upon the lands of Glen-Morgan, though yet at some distance from the house, they were again met and escorted by the tenants and retainers of that ancient and op-

ulent family, till they arrived at the place of their destination.

Here Mr. De Lancaster, by the persuasion of his daughter, consented to repose after the fatigue and agitation of the journey, whilst Cecilia and her nephew, as chief mourners, followed the body to the church, there to consign it with all solemnity to the vault, where the remains of the Morgans had been deposited for many generations.

The crowd, which such a spectacle could not fail to bring together, were not so engrossed by their sorrow as to prevent them from bestowing their attention on the countenance of the youthful heir, and dull indeed must have been the eye, which had not discerned that spirit of innate benevolence, which not all the clouds of sorrow could obscure. Our hero had now advanced into his eighteenth year: he was tall of stature, erect in person and of manly growth and proportion. When he led his aunt from the church, after the solemnity was concluded, and the people, who lined his passage to the coach, uncovered and in respectful silence paid their homage, he stopped, looked round, and in a manner at once the most graceful and most gracious, returned their salutation. It was a look, set off with such an action,

as spoke comfort to the poor, and gave assurance to all beholders of a kind and noble nature. What sensations it conveyed to the feeling bosom of the approving Cecilia, is easier to conceive than to describe : it was not overlooked by Amelia, who beheld it through her tears, and the interesting glance was not rendered the less impressive by the tender medium, through which it made its passage to her heart.

She was leaning on the arm of Mrs. Jennings ; conscious that she had no place in that awful ceremony, she had modestly stood at a distance from those who had : and, it was now for the first time that our hero's eyes had been directed towards her. She did not put it in the power of the chief mourners to offer her a seat in their coach, but carefully avoided being noticed by them, and walked with Mrs. Jennings from the church to the house. When they arrived, she did not enter by the hall, but through the offices, and by a private stair-case retired to her chamber, conducted by the house-keeper.

Cecilia also, after she had paid her respects to the father of the deceased, repaired to the apartment appointed for her, and dispatched a servant to Mrs. Jennings and Amelia, requesting the favour of their company. In a very few min-

utes, the former of these ladies presented herself, leading by the hand her elegant and lovely charge in deep mourning, for which Mrs. Jennings took immediate occasion to apologize, and hoped she should not give offence to any of the family by having so done. Whilst this was passing, her timid pupil had drawn back, and held her handkerchief to her eyes at once to hide her tears and her confusion.

Madam, (said Cecilia, in that melodious tone, which charmed all ears) you have judged correctly right in this particular, as I doubt not but you have in every other, that has reference to this young lady, who is most fortunate in being under your protection. Of the propriety of her wearing mourning there can be no doubt, were it only on account of the interest she has in Mrs. De Lancaster's will, where her name will be found attached to a legacy of two thousand pounds.

Bless me, cried Mrs. Jennings, that is beyond all expectation, and I'm afraid—

Hold, if you please, said Cecilia, (taking Mrs. Jennings by the hand, as if to apologize for the interruption) and let us sit down, for we keep this young lady standing, who, if I am not mistaken,

has occasion for repose.—When they were seated, Cecilia, proceeded to say that the bequest to Miss Jones, which you are pleased to consider as above your expectation, was only limited, as I have occasion to know, to the sum of two thousand pounds, because the deceased was not possessed of disposable property sufficient to meet her wishes for making a more ample provision for the amiable young lady here present; and this, she added, will be put out of doubt by a particular and very urgent clause in the said will, in which she recommends and appeals in the most solemn manner to her son to bear in mind those earnest wishes, which she had imparted to him, and not forget the promises, which he had made —And now, madam, as the full purport of this article, which to you may appear mysterious, is to me and to my nephew also perfectly clear, this amiable young lady may be assured, that the wishes of the testator in their most extended sense will be fulfilled by him, to whom they are bequeathed, if Heaven shall, in its mercy, grant him life.

If the sensibility of the soul has power without the use of words to convey its meaning, the look and action, which Amelia now directed to Cecilia De Lancaster, could not be misunderstood: neither were they, for that excellent lady,

who in that species of eloquence was herself inferior to none, needed no interpreter, and immediately said—Put yourself to no exertions, Miss Jones, but withdraw for a time, till you can recover your spirits, for I readily comprehend both what you feel and what you wish to say. If you find yourself disposed to pass a little time in private, I will undertake for your apology to the company below stairs.

This said, Amelia rose, made a respectful obeisance, and withdrew: Cecilia had given Mrs. Jennings intimation that she wished to be in private with her, and immediately, resuming her seat, said—That young lady does you great credit, madam; I declare to you I never yet contemplated any thing more elegant in manners, or more interesting in person. I understand she has been some years under your tuition, and as I am intimately acquainted Mrs. De Lancaster's motives for that anxious attachment to her future fortune, which she manifests in her will, you will not think me too officious, if I request to be informed of the plan, which you may have adopted, or in your judgment would advise, for the further education of this young creature, whose beauty and attraction at this critical time of life demand no common degree of care and attention.

Therein, madam, replied Mrs. Jennings, I must refer to better judgment than my own, and solicit to be ruled by your instruction and advice. I am a solitary woman, and having no other influence or authority over her than what her prudence and good will voluntarily concede to me I must confess I am not in myself sufficient to encounter every species of danger, that may possibly occur to alarm me for her sake, and permit me to add for the sake of one other person also, whom I fear I have too far offended ever to be forgiven.

If you allude to my nephew, said Cecilia, I beg of you to be explicit.

I own it is to him that I allude, she replied, and as his resentment is now of so long standing, I have reason to fear I shall never be forgiven. I confess to you, madam, that when I thought I had discovered an attachment forming between your nephew and my humble charge, I considered it as my duty to stop it in its beginning, and prevent their interviews. This I did, when he last came to my house, and wished to see Amelia Jones for the purpose of presenting to her a miniature picture of her father, sent by Mrs. De Lancaster, to which he had added a rich and elegant chain of gold, which I believe was of his

own procuring. Upon my hesitating to give him immediate admission to Amelia, he left my house in displeasure, and from that time to this neither myself, nor Amelia to my knowledge, have either seen him, or been noticed by him in the slightest degree. If, unfortunately for her, she is involved in an offence, of which I alone was guilty, you see, madam, how improper it will be for her, but more especially for me, to remain any longer in this house, where we must consider ourselves unwelcome to young Mr. De Lancaster at least, and probably to others whom I need not name. I should add, that for Amelia's sake it behoves us to be gone, as she, poor child, is distressed by his displeasure to a degree, which, as you have witnessed, renders her unfit to appear even in your presence, who are all condescension and benevolence. This being the case, is it for me to advise what is further to be done for Miss Jones's education? Am I, in short, any longer the proper person to conduct it? I humbly conceive I am not.

To this Cecilia answered—As I draw conclusions from what you have been stating very different from what you seem to apprehend, I think your taking Amelia away from us at this time would be the most unadvisable measure you could adopt and the most irreconcileable to her

interest. The motives, upon which you have hitherto acted towards my nephew, are certainly very honourable; but you need not pursue them further; at least, not with the same degree of rigour. Assure Miss Jones from me, that she has not the least occasion to be alarmed; let her act as her own good sense and discretion shall dictate, and I am persuaded you will not find it necessary to lay any restraint upon her conduct. You will endeavour therefore to detach her from her solitude and her sorrows as speedily as you can, and convince her that she will find none but friends in our circle, regardful of her interests, and anxious for her happiness.

Mrs. Jennings having made her acknowledgments for these kind assurances, respectfully withdrew, and hastened to communicate intelligence so consolatory to her beloved charge, happy to find herself in a great degree relieved from an anxious resposibility, which had put her upon assuming a reserve, much more rigid and punctilious than was natural to her character.

CHAPTER IV.

Occurences at Glen-Morgan.

In the evening of this very day, after all the melancholy duties incidental to it had been discharged, John De Lancaster detached himself from the company, and striking into a gloomy walk of unclipt yew trees, appertaining to what by courtesy was called the pleasure ground, at the extremity of it surprised Amelia, solitary and unconscious of his approach, reposing herself on a seat under the shade of a tree, whose branches through their openings gave a glimpse of her figure, which might well have escaped any eyes but those of a lover.

Upon discovering him as he approached, the timid damsel started from her seat, and was preparing to withdraw, when with that gentle action which more resembles intercession than compulsion having induced her to resume her seat, he said—It has been a long and tedious banishment, to which your governess condemned me: and since my good fortune has now thrown an opportunity in my way, which I have ardently wished for, and of which I may honourably avail myself, don't think me too importunate, if I solicit you

to give me a hearing whilst I discharge my conscience of a duty, that I owe to the parent, whom we have this day followed to the grave. Perhaps Miss Jones, you are not apprised by what solemn obligations I am bound to consider your honour, interest and happiness unalienably connected and interwoven with my own. How dear you were to my departed mother I well know; what I professed to you in our first and only interview I religiously bear in mind: I have every impression of your merit, every sensibility of your charms both of mind and person, that our very short acquaintance could inspire, and by the sacred solemnity of this day I swear to you, that, if Heaven grants me life, I will live to your service.

Mr. De Lancaster, she replied, though I cannot at this moment find expressions for my gratitude, I hope you will believe, that, if I felt it less I could express it better. It is indeed a very long time since you honoured me with your visit, and of course this is the very first instant I can profit by for returning my most heart-felt thanks for your invaluable present, which by some misunderstanding on the part of Mrs. Jennings I have till now unhappily been deprived of doing. As I did not know that you had been the bearer of that kind present till after you had left the house, I must not presume to judge of your rea-

sons for resenting the reception, that you met with from the lady, under whose care I am; but I may venture to assure you, it was never her intention to give offence to Mr. De Lancaster, and I must leave it with yourself to reflect, whether it is consistent with your idea of what is just and right to harbour a lasting resentment for an unpremeditated trespass.

If you judge me by appearances, Miss Jones, he replied, I may suffer in your good opinion; but in absenting myself from Mrs. Jennings's house I conceive I only acted as every man of honour ought to act towards a lady, who gave him clearly to understand that his visits were unwelcome. You may not have been informed that the very first time I waited upon you at Denbigh she intimated this to me most pointedly by letter, and when a second time I was not suffered to deliver into your hands what I had in charge to give you from my mother, judge if I could so misunderstand either her or myself, as ever to intrude again, and provoke her to give me a more explicit dismission.

Alas, sir, replied Amelia, how it came to pass, that Mrs. Jennings so misjudged the case I know not; but that she is incapable of a designed affront I am perfectly persuaded. You well know

the situation, in which we jointly stand towards the families of De Lancaster and Morgan, which meet and centre in your single person; and I think you cannot fail to find good reason on our part, why we should not wilfully fail in respect towards those, upon whose bounty we subsist.

Ah lovely Amelia, exclaimed the enamoured youth, when you humble yourself to speak of obligations to my family in these terms, you compel me to declare to you, that I have no higher ambition at my heart, nor is there any prouder honour I can aspire to, than to render myself in time not totally unworthy of a place in your esteem: you must suffer me to tell you, that such was the impression I received upon the sight of you, when I was bearer of the token, which the poor soldier was intrusted with, and so ardent was my desire to avail myself of the introduction which my departed mother's commission for the second time afforded me, that the unexpected cold reception I encountered from your governess was such a cutting disappointment, that I could not conquer my ungovernable temper, and was driven to commit a thousand wild extravagancies, that upon reflection I am ashamed of: therefore it was, that upon self-examination, discovering my unworthiness, and want of education to correct my errors, I avoided all society but of my teacher and my

books, and laboured diligently to retrieve the time that I had lost. How far I may have succeeded time must show: all I can say for myself is, that I have not been sparing of my efforts, and if henceforward I may be favoured with access to you, I shall have an object in my view, whose approbation, if I can deserve it and obtain it, will be the highest reward this world can give me, and the one great blessing of my life.

He had, whilst he was addressing her in these emphatic words, taken her hand in his, and she now for sometime, without attempting to withdraw it, sate silent, meditative, with her eyes fixt upon the ground, and her face suffused with blushes.

The terms in which she had heard herself addressed, were such as could not be misunderstood; it is natural also to suppose they could not be unwelcome: they certainly demanded an answer, but how to shape that answer between the extremes of too much and too little sensibility was to the modest, unassuming, diffident Amelia, an embarrassment that her inexperience was not qualified to surmount. She had however made an effort to attempt some general acknowledgments, better graced and easier to be understood by the look and action that accompanied them

than by the language, when the sudden approach of Cecilia in an instant dispelled both the pleasure and the pain of this unfinished explanation, and gave her to understand that Mr. De Lancaster had something to impart to her, and was anxiously expecting the pleasure of her company.

Upon the word she rose, bowed respectful obedience to the summons, and turned a look upon the party she was now constrained to leave, so marked with feeling, and so fraught with mind, that our hero must have been dull indeed had he needed any comment to explain its meaning.

CHAPTER V.

Our horoine has an interview with the grandfather of our hero.

When the young and lovely orphan, whom our history will no longer overlook, was admitted to the presence of the venerable De Lancaster, no third person being there but the lady who introduced her, she had so far composed her spirits as to make her first approaches, and receive his

compliments, under no other agitation than what served to set off the modest graces of her person and deportment to the best advantage: he led her to a chair, and placed himself by her side: After a pause of some short continuance, during which he had kept his eyes admiringly upon her, he turned to Cecilia, and said—I see you were resolved I should enjoy the pleasure of a surprise, for though you described in part what I was to expect, your description was far short of the original. I have seen my brother Morgan's portrait of Miss Jones's father, and I can trace a likeness.

You would do that better, said Cecilia, in a miniature, which perhaps Amelia has about her.

Amelia answered that she had not the miniature in her possession.

Let it pass, rejoined De Lancaster; we have matter of more moment to discourse upon. You will understand, Miss Jones, that by the will of the deceased lady, who had your interest so much at heart, you become invested with a claim upon us of a twofold nature: the one portion of my daughter-in-law's bequest to you is easily satisfied, for it is set down in the shape of a specific sum; the other and the greater portion, being

undefined, is an obligation, that can never be fairly said to terminate so long as any thing shall remain undone on the part of my grandson, which, according to his interpretation of his mother's wishes, may seem necessary for your honour and advantage to be further done. John however is yet under age: on whom then, but on me, during his minority, does that obligation in its full extent devolve. I acknowledge it; I embrace it voluntarily; I will execute it religiously. You are my charge; you are my child, and in trust for my grandson I receive you into my adoption.

Amelia, half-rising from her seat, and pressing her claspt hands upon her bosom, bowed her head and wept. De Lancaster proceeded.

How then am I to fulfil this duty. Surely not by deputy, not by assignment: I must not suffer you to live at distance; you must discharge yourself as speedily as may be from your residence at Denbigh. Retain if you see fit, Mrs. Jennings as a friend attached to you, but look to my Cecilia for those instructions, which are to regulate your morals, and that example, which is to form your manners. Henceforward I expect that you will regard Kray-Castle as your proper home.

With this benevolent but authoritative invitation Mr. De Lancaster concluded, when Cecilia, rightly conceiving, that a creature, young and modest as Amelia, might find it difficult to suit her answer to a speech and speaker of such a style and character, kindly interposed by asking her in a familiar manner, whether she thought she could pass her time as much to her content at Kray-Castle as at Denbigh.

Ah madam, she replied, I have good reason to be contented with the way in which I pass my time at Denbigh, but I trust I need not say how much I feel the honour of being asked to Kray-Castle, which of course would be so high a treat to me. I must acknowledge to you notwithstanding, that as I know of nothing, that can entitle me to the kindness you are pleased to show me, I am fearful and alarmed, lest by stepping out of my obscurity I should be suspected of conceiving myself to be any other than what I really am, an orphan hitherto supported upon charity, and now at once provided for in a way that offers comforts, which my parents did not possess, and affluence, which they had not to bequeath.

Here the good old man eagerly interposing, turned a kind approving smile upon Amelia, and said—There is a grace, my good child in humili-

ty, which well befits your sex, your situation and your time of life; but don't be more humble than the descendant of a good and ancient family ought to be; for the dignity of the stock is not to be degraded by the eventual sterility of any one of the branches. When we invite you to partake of the society of our family, you may be sure it is a pleasure, that we are desirous to enjoy: If you therefore are pleased to consider our solicitation as a civility, how much more cause have we to set down your compliance as a favour? I must ever think, that when my guest brings with him the recommendatory properties of good birth, good manners, sense and morals, he brings with him into my company what does me honour, let him be as bare of money as hard fate may make him. You seem to think that your ambition should be bounded by the specific sum bequeathed to you in the will of our newly-deceased friend, and rightly you would think, had nothing else been devised by the testatrix; but as this is not the case, and as the mother in her will lays further commands upon the son, don't suppose, because your moderation may conceive that much is done, that he will think there is no more to do.

As Mr. De Lancaster was addressing these words to the fair and gentle creature that was

seated by his side, the person, to whom they alluded, at that instant entered the room. There are lights favourable and unfavourable, in which every human being will at different times be seen; this was decidedly one of the happiest moments which an artist could have seized for modelling, or a sensitive young damsel for contemplating, our hero John De Lancaster. As Amelia was rising from her seat upon his entrance, the address with which he hastened to replace her, and the gracefulness of the action, which accomplished it, were in the very best style of good breeding and politeness, as they were then understood and practised: as they are now better understood and more easily practised, no elegant lady would take the trouble to rise, and if an awkward miss attempted it, no elegant gentleman would be at the pains to prevent her: ease is the grand desideratum of modern life, and no one makes a compliment of what every one helps himself to without ceremony.

The Wilsons, father and son, now joined the company, and whilst they drew off to the party of the senior De Lancaster, John took his seat between Amelia and his aunt, being thereunto invited by the latter.

I have been soliciting Miss Jones to pass some time with us at the castle, said Cecilia.

I am happy to hear it, John replied, and I hope you have prevailed. I understand you go home to-morrow, and I must deny myself the gratification of attending upon you, for I feel it indispensably incumbent upon me to devote some few days to my grandfather Morgan, and to sundry things, which he wishes to be done in consequence of the mournful event, that brought us hither; of course so long as I can afford any consolation to that good and generous heart, which pain and sorrow conspire to oppress, I must wait till I am released, and in the mean while pace the solitary yew-tree walk without the hope of again enjoying that delightful vision, which I once most luckily chanced upon, but was speedily deprived of. I presume Miss Jones will be of your party to-morrow.

That must be at her option, Cecilia observed; there will be room in the coach, as our worthy Colonel stays a few days longer with Mr. Morgan: Then turning to Amelia, she took her hand, and with a smile, that seemed prepared to welcome an excuse, said to her in a whisper—How do you stand disposed, my dear? Will you go with my father and me to-morrow, or wait a few

days till Colonel Wilson and my nephew can attend upon you?

I should naturally be most happy to go when you do, madam, (said Amelia blushing) but—

Aye, resumed Cecilia, you would like that best no doubt, but what, my dear? Something stands in the way of it—you are not ready I dare say—that is it; is it not?

Yes, madam, it is. I have nothing with me here: all my things are at Denbigh; and I am persuaded Mrs. Jennings will expect me to go with her, and there will be a good deal to do.

I am persuaded there will be a good deal, repeated Cecilia; about as much to do, as will fill up your time till the coach shall return for the colonel and this gentleman, if we could suppose he would prefer it to his horse, which in fact would be to suppose he would do that which he has never done yet; our coach and crawling cattle move too slow for him.

Not in all cases, my dear aunt, believe me—Not in your case, for instance, unless they were conveying me to you; then they would be slow indeed—If they were conveying you with me,

and were it possible that my poor company could content you, they could not spin out time, so pleasantly engaged, too long.

Upon my word, nephew John, that is a very handsome compliment; but you are seated between two ladies, and I suspect, whilst you were saying it to one, you intended it for the other.

Excuse me, madam, that was not the case: It would indeed have been correctly true, had I ventured to have addressed it to the other lady; but till I can gain her confidence by my conduct, I will not court her good opinion by my compliments.

As he spake these words, Amelia, struck with the turn he had given to Cecilia's raillery, raised her bright eyes and for the first time fixing them without a blush steadily upon him, said with an energy, that seemed to carry her beyond herself —You answer nobly, sir! My father would have honoured you for that sentiment.

This said, she rose from her seat, and with her rose the company; the venerable old butler having given notice that the hour was come, when, according to family custom (then very generally honoured and observed) they were called upon

to offer up their praises and petitions to the Author of their being, and Dispenser of their blessings.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. De Lancaster and Cecilia return to Knay-Castle. An explanation takes place between Mrs. Jennings and our hero John; they are reconciled.

The next morning saw the equipage of De Lancaster bear away the father and the daughter, not with that speed which the emblem of the expanded wings might be construed to betoken, but reverently and deliberately, with that slow and easy motion, which neither hurried the passengers out of their equilibrium, nor the well-fed cattle out of their accustomed amble, which was specifically neither walk, trot, nor stand-still, though something seemingly allied to each. In fact the gentry of those days had not found out the necessity of being in a hurry, when they had nothing to do that called for expedition.

The numberless things, that Amelia had to do at Denbigh when she did not wish to leave Glen-Morgan, unluckily occurred to Mrs. Jennings, when if they had slipped her memory, the omission would have been most readily forgiven; but that provident lady saw so many things needful for herself and for her charge, that suit was instantly made for the chariot and horses, and Mrs. Richards the house-keeper was requested to obtain that order from her master. Mrs. Richards admitted the necessity of a visit to Denbigh on the part of Mrs. Jennings, for she saw the pressing claims of crapes and gauzes in their true and proper force, but having probably discovered in the expressive features of the young Amelia, then standing beside her, something that to her conception indicated disappointment, she good-naturedly cried out—Don't take this dear child from us, just when she is beginning to get acquainted and make friends with the family from Kray-Castle.

Why surely, said Mrs. Jennings, you forget that the only lady of that family is gone away this morning, and you would not I suppose think it proper for Amelia to stay here without me.

I can't see what should harm her if she did, the dame made answer. My poor good master

and the colonel have either lost their limbs, or lost the use of limbs, and as for the young folks, when they are happy in each other, and innocently so, I always think it is a thousand pities to part them.

Ah Mrs. Richards, it would be a delightful task indeed, if I had only to provide the means of making my Amelia happy; for her wishes are so pure and so prudent, that she deserves to be gratified in them; but circumstanced as she is, and lamented as I am, there are many things, innocent in themselves, that she must not risk, and many mere appearances that she must avoid. I dare say her own good understanding convinces her how necessary it often is to sacrifice what is pleasant for the sake of what is prudent.

O yes; I'm perfectly convinced of that, Amelia said and drew a sigh—Aye, cried the unconverted dame who pleaded on the side that pleases best, just so would the poor lady, that we buried yesterday, have said, and just so she did say; she was a slave to appearances; she sacrificed every thing to what is called prudence, and only lived to be a melancholy example how much happier and better she would have been had she taken counsel of her own heart, and not of other people's heads—And thus having wound up her

climax and her opinion in the same moment, the good dame with that significant jerk and toss of the head, which is the veriest unequivocal and not to be mistaken stamp of self-content, faced about and trotted off in quick time to a kind of march, that to a musical ear would have marked a measure considerably above *moderato*, and a firmness in the tread characteristic of one, who walked by authority, and kept right onwards without check or turning.

I perceive, my dear Amelia, said Mrs. Jennings, that if I persist to do what I consider to be my duty with respect to you, I shall have every body's voice against me; but, thank heaven, you will soon be under the protection of the lady of Kray-Castle, and then my responsibility will cease.

I trust, replied Amelia, you have not found me impatient to throw off your government, and till that happens, I hope you will not dismiss me from your care. Here the dialogue was interrupted by the coming in of John De Lancaster and the Reverend Mr. Wilson. Mrs. Jennings immediately availed herself of the opportunity for requesting a few minutes private conversation with our hero, and this being granted, she delivered herself as follows—

I am sensible, Mr. De Lancaster, that I incurred your displeasure by the manner, in which I received the honour of your visit, when you last called upon me in Denbigh. Undoubtedly I ought to have presented Amelia Jones to you without a moment's hesitation, that you might have given into her hands the invaluable relic, you had in charge for her. For this omission I most heartily ask your pardon, and assure you that I had no intention to offend, but erred in judgment, when in my over-care to guard Amelia from the effect of any sudden agitation upon the opening of that pacquet, I very unadvisedly took the delivery of it upon myself.

What you have already said, replied De Lancaster, is apology more than sufficient for an oversight on your part, especially as it proceeded from so considerate a motive; but I am afraid, madam, my abrupt departure is not so easily to be excused, and I can only say, that if we are to exchange forgiveness, I shall have much to sue for, and very little to bestow. However let me hope that Miss Jones has not been molested by our misunderstanding, but has the miniature, and thinks it, as it appeared to me, a very admirable painting.

Sir, resumed Mrs. Jennings, I am sorry to say

that the error I committed, in taking the delivery of the present out of your hands, has very much molested Miss Jones; and the chief reason for my hastening to Denbigh is, that I may restore to you the pacquet, which is still in my keeping, in the hope, that you will condescend to fulfill your first intention, and with your own hands bestow it upon her, who from her respect for you, and for the express conditions attached to your delivery of it, has scrupulously denied herself even the pleasure of a sight of it.

You surprise me and delight me, cried our hero, in a tone of exultation. 'Tis an instance of so refined and delicate a sense of honour in the young lady whom you have educated, as recommends her to my warmest veneration and esteem. Don't let me lose an hour, that can be employed for her relief, and as you tell me that you are hastening home, where you have the pacquet in your keeping, I will mount my horse and be ready at your door to hand you out of your carriage and in your presence, if such shall be your pleasure, make a transfer of the relic to the lovely person, who is so properly entitled to it.

Ah sir, cried Mrs. Jennings, you are infinitely kind, and will not only take a heavy load from off

my heart, but give delight to that beloved child, whose disappointment has been very great.

Say to her then, said John, that I am gone to make myself ready to attend upon her, for I hear the chariot coming up to the door. Tell her that it is to her I owe the conscious gratification of being able to say with truth, I have never disobeyed any one command of my departed mother, and say moreover that to save her from disappointment and guard her from danger is another command delivered to me by the same authority, and entitled to be treated with the same obedience.—But why do I trouble you with this idle talk? Say nothing to your lovely charge for me: What have I to do with professions? Let me earn her good opinion by my actions—Farewell! Your chariot waits.

CHAPTER VII.

Our hero accompanies Amelia and Mrs. Jennings to Denbigh. Past mistakes are set to rights in a very natural and agreeable manner.

THE fine and valuable horse, which Sir Arthur Floyd and his friends had so handsomely presented to young John De Lancaster, and in whose noble veins ran the full blood of the mal-treated massacred Glendowr, was in constant attendance upon our hero, wherever he went and no other hero was in the habit of riding him. When the ladies had set off for Denbigh, this favourite animal was by John's order led out to the great hall door for him to mount: The beauty of his form, the spirit of his eye and the elegance of his action having drawn a party of admirers, male and female about him, the poor old gouty grandfather at the instigation and by the advice of Madam Richards, whose voice was as an oracle in Glen-Morgan, was wheeled into the hall and drawn out upon the landing-place before the portal to see his grandson in the saddle. It was indeed a spectacle well worth a lame man's trouble to contemplate. The consciousness, which the fine animal seemed to entertain of his own dignity, and the sensibility with which he appeared to feel

the caresses of his master, were noticed by the grandfather, who had been a famous sportsman in his time, and gave him great delight. John put his horse into graceful action, bowed respectfully to the old gentleman and rode off.

At about two miles distance from Denbigh he overtook the chariot. The light and nimble tread of his horse upon the mossy turf gave no notice of his approach; the ladies were engaged upon an interesting topic, and his name was on the lips of Amelia, in the very moment when he rode up to the window, and, as it happened, on the side where she was seated: In the sudden emotion, which the sight of him occasioned, the start she gave, and the action that accompanied it, covered her with blushes; for she was conscious of having betrayed more joy and transport on the occasion than it is required of prudent young ladies to discover when they meet young men of their acquaintance on the road. Her's was not the age, however, nor yet the nature, that could counterfeit tranquillity and indifference, so that when her eyes were directed towards him, they gave him clearly to perceive and know how welcome to her sight he was. He himself also was too much enraptured with what he contemplated to be either very able or very eager to help her out of her embarrassment; in

a short time, however, she had recollected herself quite sufficiently to be extremely charmed with the beauty of his horse, extremely apprehensive of his danger when he came too near, and extremely happy, when he came so very close to the window, that her fair hand could reach not only to caress and fondle that fine animal, but to display its own fair self to the owner of the animal, who, probably, was not so devoid of common sense, and incapable of observation, as not to know pretty nearly what proportion of those endearments were properly addressed to the horse, what virtually bestowed upon himself.

Upon his arrival at Mrs. Jennings's house, the reception which John now met, was very unlike what he had before experienced. The cases containing the miniature picture, and the gold chain were delivered to him: Mrs. Jennings quitted the room, and upon his finding himself alone with Amelia, he began as follows—

I confess to you, Miss Jones, I feel myself very highly gratified by the handsome manner in which you have declined taking this pledge of my poor mother's affection and regard for you, till I could have an opportunity of delivering it into your hands, agreeably to her particular instruction and desire. I am sensible it is a refine-

ment that very many people would not feel, but happily for me you did, and the melancholy event that has since occurred, naturally makes me the more desirous of adhering strictly to what she gave me in command: this I now do, when I have the honour of presenting to you, as a token of her very sincere esteem, this miniature of your father: what the other case contains is simply a chain, which I hope you will accept from me, though it has neither the same intrinsic value as a relic, nor the same ideal value as a memorial of the donor.

Pardon me, exclaimed Amelia, eagerly interposing, what the other case contains is a gift not only very beautiful in itself, but infinitely valuable to me for the giver's sake.

Oh! that I might believe you, cried the enraptured youth.

Indeed you may, she naturally replied. I prize it as your gift above all computation.

Nay, now, enchantress, he exclaimed, if your beauty and your kindnes overcome my reason, you must either pardon my transports, or escape out of my company. To be told that you will prize this trifle, because it is my gift, is such a

favour as can only be repaid by tendering to you my heart—my life—myself—my every thing—and, saying this, he pressed the unreluctant damsel to his bosom, accompanying each fond, endearing phrase with tender, but respectful delicate caresses.

As soon as he had released her from his arms, he led her to a chair, kept her hand in his, and seated himself by her; she was not in the least abashed, did not betray any extraordinary agitation, nor studied to avoid his eyes; for real purity is not suspicious.—Amelia, he cried, I know the sacred nature of the responsibility I have incurred by giving way to the raptures which your charms inspired. Your father's picture hangs before me; I well remember the apostrophe I made to it; you do not want the presence of Mrs. Jennings to guarantee my good behaviour: your very best duenna is my honour. That mother who is scarcely cold in her shroud, with her dying breath bequeathed you to my honour, my protection, and my constant care through life. These are my duties; they are such as a brother, as a guardian or a father might engage in: I don't commence my execution of them after the way of either of these, but, availing myself of the first favourable opportunity, and snatching at the first kind expression, which your politeness

prompts you to address to me, I instantly throw my unprivileged arms about your chaste and beauteous person, with all the ardour of a lover—All this is true; I felt that ardour, and I feel that love—Let me now ask you, does the declaration of that love offend you?

Oh, no, no, no.

And may I hope in time to merit a return of love?

You merit it already, and you have it—But hold! restrain yourself. Don't make it such a wonder that I speak the truth: but as I have answered fairly, hear me now in my turn, calmly, patiently, I pray you; for I verily believe, that upon the candour, with which you shall treat the sincere confession and appeal I am now about to make to you, the happiness of my life in future will depend.

Speak freely; I am all attention. I will not deceive you.

What I have said is true: I have full cause to love you: such as you are in every early excellence of mind and person, it would be out of nature if I did not. I can well believe it to be against

rule for a young girl like me to make this frank confession: It seems so; and perhaps it was not quite in rule for me to suffer you to embrace me, whilst you uttered those emphatic, tender words; I could not help it: you embraced me once before; I could not help it then. The arms of no man since my father died ever embraced me, yours alone excepted. The delight, which those endearments gave me in both cases, I am not ashamed to own; for it was pure: but I should be sorry to indulge in that delight, however pure, which cannot be permanent, and would not wish to hear those fond rapturous words repeated, to which if I affixed a serious meaning I must be the vainest and the weakest of all human beings. In one word, my dear sir, you who are destined to so high a lot, must show some pity for a lowly creature that looks up to you with love and admiration, and must absolutely promise me to fill up your time at Glen-Morgan, whilst I in obedience to Mr. De Lancaster's commands pay a short visit of respect at Kray-Castle.

If you think that I ought to be at Glen-Morgan when you are at Kray-Castle, John replied, I much doubt, if I ought to be where I am at this moment; but why my lovely Amelia should mistrust either her own power, or my principle, I cannot tell.

You must not disappoint the expectation of your friends; you must not do what is unbecoming of your situation.

That's true, my sweet Amelia; that is very true: I must not disgrace myself by any mean and infamous action: you would not like me if I did that; would you Amelia?

Surely not.

I must not, for instance, make vehement protestations to an ingenuous, honourable, accomplished girl, draw her on to confess that I am not disagreeable to her, prevail upon her to endure my hypocritical caresses, and then turn my back upon her, and forsake her; would not that be scandalous?

It would not be right.

It would be rascally: for suppose I was to say to her thus—because I abound in money myself, I wont marry you unless you abound also; what sort of a reason would that be? Or again, because I am a plain gentleman, and you are quite as well born as myself, in short, in every respect my equal, therefore I must seek for something higher—*I must not disappoint the ex-*

pectation of my friends: I must not do what is unbecoming of my situation—How would that sound? What kind of opinion would you form of a man, who should act and argue in that way? You would despise him, Amelia; you would say to him in earnest what you say to me in jest—Don't let us meet, if it be possible to avoid it: should I come to visit your family, take care not to be at home—Ah Amelia, Amelia, if so you wished to have disposed of me, why did not you contrive to make your visit to Kray-Castle, as my aunt proposed to you, when you knew I could not be there?

Nay, that is not a fair question, she replied: why do I think these minutes happier than any I have passed, since last we met in this room together?—Here the conversation no longer turned upon interrogatories: it was not of the nature of argumentation or discussion; it would elude short-hand; for the pauses, when no words were interchanged, were employed in contemplating the miniature, affixing it to the chain, and adjusting it to the pearly neck of the fair possessor, which, with other business of not less moment, occupied the thoughts of the parties, till Mrs. Jennings made her entrance, and announced to John De Lancaster that a young man, who called himself the son of Ap Rees, the minstrel of Pen-

ruth, was waiting and extremely urgent to be admitted; a wish that was immediately complied with.

The agony of the young man's mind was visible in his countenance. It was with some difficulty that our hero recognised him; but in the same moment that he recalled him to his memory, he received him in the kindest manner, put him at his ease and made him sit down—I saw you ride into town, said the poor fellow, and I traced you to this house: I was a long time doubtful about venturing to ask for you; but you have an excellent character for kindness and benevolence to your inferiors, and the story of the poor soldier, who died in your house, encouraged me to believe, that the pity you bestowed upon a traveller and a stranger, you would not withhold from an ancient Briton and a neighbour: Besides, sir, I remember when my father Robin Ap Rees performed at Kray-Castle, and sister and I came upon the platform in the great hall with him—yes, sure enough, I remember how good you was to my poor Nancy, when shame overcame her, and she was like to faint—Ah, sir, worse shame has overcome her now: the direst villain breathing has undone her: she is crazed; she has attempted her own life; she is dying: that Jew David Owen is her murderer: but I'll follow

him through the world: he is out of the law's reach, but not out of mine: as soon as I have laid poor Nancy in her grave, I'll after him across the seas, and when, or wheresoever I can light upon him, that moment shall be his last.

Stop, friend, said John De Lancaster, you let your passion run away with you, and don't know what you are saying. I can guess the injury, that has been done to your sister, but what are the facts, that so particularly criminate Sir David Owen? Recite them simply, if you please; give me nothing but the truth exactly stated; no invective, Mr. Ap Rees, no aggravation.

Why, you must know, sir, said the appellant, that after the old baronet's death father wished for Nancy to go out to service; so there came a lady to the abbey to visit Sir David, or Sir David's mother, I can't say which: she seemed to be mightily taken with Nancy, and being a single lady hired her to be about her person, promising to educate and take care of her. She seemed a motherly kind of person, sure enough, and very affable. So when the lady's own chariot drove up to the door, and Nancy was told to step into it with her mistress, father thought, and so did I, that it was a famous thing for his daughter—Alas, a-day! There is no looking into people's

hearts. Little did we think, that it was all a deep-laid plot to ruin a poor innocent.

Proceed with your narrative, John repeated, and don't digress into comments and remarks, that, if you want my assistance, only prevent me from tendering it to you by taking up my time unprofitably, and puzzling my understanding.

I ask your pardon, sir, Ap Rees replied; I should have gone on to say that after two days travelling my sister was set down at a lone cottage, where she believed herself at a considerable distance from the Abbey, when in fact the tour she had taken was projected purposely to deceive her into that persuasion. After a few days passed in perfect solitude Sir David Owen appeared as a visitor to the lady of the cottage, when by their joint contrivances, too horrible to relate, they first succeeded in depriving my unhappy sister of her reason, and then accomplished their infernal triumph over her innocence. In this state of mental derangement she was kept for some time, not totally devoid of short intervals of recollection, in one of which she thinks she saw you, sir; but probably it was only her fancy, for there is no road, that could have led you to the house.

I have reason to believe she is not mistaken, John replied! but no matter. I can now anticipate in some degree the tragic end of your afflicting narrative. Sir David Owen has left the kingdom, and made no provision for your sister's comfort—she is destitute, distracted, dying—your father is old, blind and broken-hearted, and you are young, torn with rage, burning for revenge, and perhaps not in a capacity to furnish those medical and immediate aids, which the pitiable situation of your suffering sister unintermittingly demands. I take all that upon myself: I'll do it instantly without delay: The victim of man's villainy shall not want a friend. Nancy Ap Rees, the blushing innocent, whom I supported in my arms, and was insulted for my officiousness, shall now, in the last stage of her distress, and to the last moment of her life, find my unqualified and full support: therefore lead me to her directly wheresoever she is—If in town, let us hasten to her on foot; if out of town, I have horses ready for myself and you—set out at once!

CHAPTER VIII.

Our hero visits the daughter of Robin ap Rees in her distress.

As our hero was following Ap Rees to the street door of Mrs. Jennings's house, Amelia met him in the passage. I am going with this young man, he said, upon a matter of business, that may keep me some time—but why are you alarmed, Amelia? there is no cause for it, I assure you: I only go to serve a friend—I am satisfied, she replied, I ask no questions; farewell!

In a poor little tenement, the habitation of a widow-woman, in the outskirts of the town, young Robin Ap Rees had a lodging room, and in that room there was a bed, wherein our benevolent young hero horror-struck beheld an emaciated delirious creature, bound down with straps; the ruin of a beauteous form; the wreck, which villany had made of reason; a modest unsoiled maiden once, whose purity nothing but poisonous drugs could overthrow; a spectacle to rend the heart of man, and make an angel weep.

I cannot stand it, John exclaimed. Open the window: give me air, or I shall sink outright.

A voice was heard, that in a feeble but shrill tone murmured out—I know you—John had turned away from what he could not bear to look upon; he now again directed his eyes towards the object that addressed him, and burst into an agony of tears.

Can man do this and live, he cried; can heaven see this, and spare him?

I wish they would not tie me down, the poor creature said. I will be very quiet whilst you are with me.

Release her, he exclaimed: she has not strength to hurt herself—They obeyed him instantly; the brother and the poor woman of the house set her free; she smiled upon them, and bowed her head in acknowledgment for the favour. There, there, said John, you see the terror of her looks subsides: I now discern an emanation of her former self. Nancy, my girl, compose yourself; be comforted! you say you know me: I am John De Lancaster, and come to comfort you, to clear your character, to restore you (with God's leave) to health and happiness, and to sooth the sorrows of your father, whom you shall shortly see: again I say, compose yourself. I am your friend, and

will not desert you, nor suffer you to be ill treated any longer.

God will reward you, she said: God knows my injuries; your generous nature would be shocked to hear them. If I may see my father and receive his blessing, I will die content.

You shall see your father: I will send for him directly.

Thank you! 'tis kind in you. I saw you ride by on your horse: I called after you, but you did not hear me. I am sure they did something to disorder my brain; it is not possible I could have devised such sinfulness else; no, no, it is not possible.

Doctor Roberts, (locally so entitled) now entered the chamber; he came opportunely, for the unhealed gashes on poor Nancy's arms were bleeding afresh, and required the skill of a surgeon to stop them. The county of Denbigh, not then extremely fertile in men of medical celebrity, decidedly conferred the palm of preeminence on Doctor Roberts, and, in addition to the character of ability in his profession, he had, and merited to have, universal credit for benevolence and humanity: not to the diseased alone, but also to

the distressed, his help was ready, and his hand was open.

He had attended on this piteous object at the suit of her unhappy brother; he had staunched the bleeding of her self-inflicted wounds, and had found it necessary to prescribe coercion, and to tie down her hands. An idea that her blood was poisoned had impressed her with the persuasion that to let it out was an act of duty, and the instant that she found her hands at liberty, she employed them in that office. The Doctor now stopped the bleeding, and provided against a repetition of it. When this was done, he attended to the anxious inquiries of John De Lancaster, with whose character and connections he was perfectly well acquainted. It was his opinion that the patient could not survive above two days: her pulse indicated approaching dissolution; nature was exhausted; the whole mass of her blood was broken; in fact it was absolutely poisoned by the inordinate infusion of pernicious stimulants, which had been insidiously administered in her diet and her drink for the most abominable purposes: of this he was convinced not only by her own evidence, but by symptomatic proofs, in which he could not be mistaken; in short he was certain, that when her death took place a jury of surgeons upon opening the body would con-

firm the fact, and this of course he recommended as a measure due to justice.

With the same view he had advised that her deposition should be taken without loss of time in a legal manner, which he believed her competent to give, especially now that the loss of blood had cleared her intellect, though at the same time it might conspire to hasten her dissolution.

In conformity to this advice measures were immediately taken, and David Williams was dispatched to Kray-castle with the following letter from John to his grand-father.

" Most dear and honoured sir,

" I have been present at a scene of the most afflicting nature: Nancy Ap Rees, the daughter of blind Robin, is dying in consequence of practices too horrible to be described, that have been employed against her for purposes the most diabolical. When you call to mind the wretch, who has lately disappeared, it will spare me the pain of committing his detestable name to the same paper, that is graced with your's, and signed with mine.

" Alas, my beloved grand-father, how deeply do I regret that it should have been my lot so early in life, and for so long a portion of it, to have been in any degree implicated with a miscreant, who, after being convicted of the most disgraceful and unmanly conduct in various instances, has by gradations in cruelty proceeded to the extreme of all atrocity, and effected the violation of an innocent and virtuous girl by means that amount, as I conceive, to actual murder.

" As the brother of this unhappy victim, now on her death-bed, and by intervals only possessed of her reason, has resorted to me in his distress, how could I, a descendant of the De Lancasters and grandson of the best and most benevolent of mankind, have been worthy of my name, had I shrunk from the duties of humanity, however irksome it may be to me, that any part of the trouble which ought to be all my own, should devolve upon you, without whom I am nothing.

" The first thing I require of you is to send me over money, fully sufficient to satisfy in a liberal manner all incidental expenses attending the care of this poor creature, whilst she has life; to provide for the interment of her remains after death, and the effectual prosecution of the wretch, and his accomplice or accomplices, who to the

crime of violation have added that of poisoning her pure blood with drugs of the most inflammatory and deadly nature.

"By my servant, David Williams, who is the bearer of this, you will immediately send me over one hundred pounds, and as the presence of old Robin Ap Rees is earnestly expected by his dying child, you will be pleased to give order for his safe and speedy conveyance under the care of some one of your house-hold, who will prudently prepare him for the meeting, happy in this one instance, that his sight at least cannot be shocked by the sad and piteous spectacle, that would else have awaited him.

"With these requisitions convinced that your benignant candour will comply,

I remain with all true devotion,

&c. &c.

"JOHN DE LANCASTER."

Whilst John withdrew to write this letter Doctor Roberts had been wholly occupied in his endeavours to keep life in his patient, who by suc-

cessive faintings now sunk so fast, that De Lancaster only came back in time to see her eyes close for ever.

It was now so evident that the deceased had by her own act brought on immediate dissolution, that it became a doubt with Doctor Roberts, whether any satisfactory proofs could be adduced of her having died precisely by poisonous drugs, inasmuch as it was not possible for him to depose upon oath, though in opinion he was persuaded, that it was not in the power of medicine to have saved her, had she abstained from all self-violence.

Of the particular means used for the imposing those pernicious drugs upon her there was no such specification, as could be producible evidence in a court of justice; for no words had been taken down from the mouth of the deceased, and the fact of her insanity being incontrovertible, very little credit would be legally attached to the wanderings of a suicide, known to have been deprived of her reason: it was therefore judged advisable to wave the process, that had been in meditation, and not expose her miserable remains to an operation, which even John revolted from, whilst her brother in the most earnest manner besought them to dispense with it.

In these resolutions and opinions the debating parties were the more confirmed by the following letter, which young Williams brought with him on his return from Kray-Castle—

" Your conduct, my beloved grandson, has my unqualified approbation, and your commands are punctually fulfilled. David Williams brings the sum you call for, and Ben my groom, a discreet and steady man, has instructions for the safe conveyance of Robin Ap Rees from Penruth Abbey to you at Denbigh.

" I am no lawyer, but, it is clear to me, that if the drugs, which have been given with evil intent, can be proved to have been the actual, sole and immediate cause of death, it is a positive murder: if on the contrary it be true, as stated by your messenger, that the poor distracted creature was driven by desperation to the fatal act of opening her own veins, the case becomes more than doubtful, provided it shall turn out upon evidence, that her death has been accelerated thereby; for who is to say that life is not to be saved, though a physician may despair of it? Neither is it to be supposed, that the mild spirit of our laws will be so interpreted by judge and jury upon a trial for life, that out of two possible constructions that in

preference shall be proceeded upon, which bears hardest against the prisoner at the bar.

" I would have you therefore be extremely guarded in your investigation of this intricate and complicated case, and take especial care to give no handle to a censorious world to insinuate that you are actuated by a prejudiced and hostile mind in consequence of what has passed between you and the person, upon whom the charge will bear, if it is seriously brought forward: recollect withal that the *good Samaritan* contented himself with relieving the man, who had fallen amongst thieves, but did not busy himself either in the pursuit, or use means for the detection of them.

" I am entirely with you in your just abhorrence of those direful practices, that have effected the ruin, and probably the death, of the much-injured object, in whose cause you honourably stand forth; but temper your benevolence with caution, and remember that on your life depends all that is valuable in this world to

Your affectionate

" ROBERT DE LANCASTER."

CHAPTER IX.

Proceedings at Denbigh in consequence of the death of Ap Rees's daughter. Our hero retires to Glen-Morgan. The address of the blind Minstrel of Penruth concludes the book.

Upon the arrival of old Robin Ap Rees in the forenoon of the day succeeding that in which his daughter died, he required to be led to the chamber where her corpse was laid out. There had been some stir in the town about the manner of her death, for the story had in part got abroad, and the name of Sir David Owen began to be circulated with such comments, as seemed to indicate a propensity in the town's-folk to take the cause into their own hands, and administer tumultuous justice in their own mob-way.

This was by all means to be avoided, and when it was understood that old Robin meant to be present at the funeral of his daughter, it was judged highly expedient that he should be cautioned and prevailed upon to employ his influence for the purpose not of aggravating, but allaying, the dangerous indignation of the inhabitants; for Robin Ap Rees was a popular character, and not meanly endowed with that species

of eloquence, which is competent to disturb or to preserve the peace of the community.

It was also thought advisable, that our hero John De Lancaster, whose good deeds every tongue had trumpeted, should withdraw himself from the spot, where commotion was apprehended: this without difficulty he was persuaded to do; his grandfather's letter favouring that measure: he accordingly set out with Mrs. Jennings and Amelia for Glen-Morgan, having committed every thing in which he had concern, to the conduct and discretion of his excellent friend and preceptor Mr. Wilson, who had come over most opportunely for all parties on this critical occasion.

Whilst all affairs that prudence could provide for, were going on at Denbigh under the management of the wise divine and worthy doctor, John in the retired and shady walks of Glen-Morgan was enjoying the society of his beloved Amelia, and listening to the praises she bestowed upon him.

I could wish, he said to her as they were sauntering under the yew-trees, that you would not be so ingenious in describing actions better than they are: they can only be appreciated according to the worthiness of the motives that

have inspired them. You will allow, that where money is laid out without inconvenience or regret, pecuniary donations require but little effort, and of course imply but little merit. If I give so secretly that no one can discover me, it is plain I take a secret pleasure in the act of giving; but if I know that my munificence, or my active services, can purchase the approbation of an angel, that will bless and praise me for the deed, what does it prove but that I have been industrious to obtain a reward, that is worthy of my pains, and can only claim the credit of having found out something, that is better than money, and more gratifying than indolence? How then can you be perfectly assured that I did not exert myself in the case of poor Nancy Ap Rees from the desire which I must naturally have of recommending myself to you?

Whilst conversation of this sort was carried on in shady walks and groves propitious to the cause of love, the seniors of the family, lame Morgan and lame Wilson, who mustered only one effective leg between them, kept house, and whil'd away the lagging hours partly in talk, and partly in such humble resources as human nature is fain to resort to, when age and decrepitude conspire to narrow our enjoyments, and, shutting out all

hope of future pleasure, confine us to the recollection only of the past.

When you and I, said Morgan, were as young as my grandson John, I am afraid, friend Wilson, we were neither of us altogether as worthy or as wise. I can answer for one; and when our acquaintance commenced as brother ensigns in Barrel's regiment, I doubt we were not quite such sturdy champions in the cause of virtue, as he now is, or as we ought then to have been. I recollect when you turned out for me as second in my affair with Cornet Flanagan, it was a foolish quarrel for a very worthless cause; but no matter! those days are over and we are now old fellows. You held on in the army, performed honourable service, received honourable wounds, and are at length laid up with an honourable though in my opinion not a very adequate compensation: I quitted upon the peace; came into possession of an ample property, led an idle, useless and luxurious life, made my neighbours welcome, and kept the bottle moving till the gout laid hold of me, and I could not move myself. What a sorry figure in the calendar of ancient British worthies shall I make? A mere man of straw, without one ear of corn, save only a few grains of good will in a bye-corner of my heart for an old friend like you, and perhaps here and

there for another of like honest nature with yourself.—And now, Wilson, listen to me.—When I talk of my affairs my steward has just now satisfied me, that I am confoundedly given to involuntary lying; for I am considerably richer than I have believed or represented myself to be. —John will have my land and house and all that he can find about it, but, by the L—d, I won't leave him a shilling of my ready money. He won't want it and others will—You for instance: you have a son in the army, a son in the church, and I know you don't abound: you have a small invalided government, and a small patrimonial lot of barren land—What then? I have left you a bit of money in my will: 'tis true I shan't keep it from you long at all events, for I am brushing off after my poor daughter: give me the pleasure, brother soldier, before I die, of telling me in what way a moderate sum can be of service to you.

The tear that stood on Wilson's manly cheek when it became his turn to make reply, witnessed his grateful feelings for the good old man—Live only, my dear sir, he said, live and be happy as your benevolence can make you; I ask no more, and nothing can I receive beyond the sincere gratification it now affords me to find myself thus honoured in your friendship, and assured of your esteem.

Well, well! I know you for a sturdy soldier, the old gentleman replied; so take your course: 'tis not the first time you have served me thus. Perhaps 'tis natural to a mind like your's to find that kind of arrogance in money, which establishes a sort of patronage in the giver, not quite consistent with your sense of independent friendship; and if such be your construction of the case, wait my good fellow, till the time shall come, when I can have no use for what I bestow, and you no longer any motive for declining to receive it—

> Death shall soon furnish that conclusive plea,
> Which ends the contest betwixt you and me.

Whilst time passed in this manner at Glen-Morgan the interment of poor Nancy Ap Rees, as regulated by the the Reverend Mr. Wilson, took place at Denbigh. A great concourse of people assembled; the whole corps of harpers from all the neighbouring parts attended in honour of their illustrious compatriot, and formed themselves in his train as he followed the bearers of the coffin, led by his son. The minstrels of Kray-Castle and Glen-Morgan, in their professional habits, and distinguishable by the attributes of their respective patrons, both men of eminence in their art and favourites of the muse, were present and attracted general notice and respect.

As it was known that the venerable father of the deceased purposed to speak to the people after the solemn service was concluded, the body was no sooner committed to the earth than the crowd formed themselves into a circle, of which he became the centre, and having passed the word for silence, heard themselves addressed, as follows.

Friends and my countrymen!—A dark old man, whose eyes no ray of light hath visited these threescore years, stands here beside the grave of his new-buried child, and wishes you to hear with patience a few plain and pacifying words, to which, amidst the sorrows of his heart, he feels himself in conscience bound to pray you for your own sakes to attend.

My station in the family of the deceased Sir Owen Ap Owen is well known to all: from my youth up I have fulfilled the duties of his household minstrel, and though it becomes me to speak modestly of my services, let me hope they have been such, as do not disgrace the patronage of that worthy master and his ancient venerable house. In the course of my servitude having taken to wife a daughter of the celebrated Owen Gwynn, whose name yet lives amongst us, I became the father of two children, the elder of

whom, a son, stands now at my side, the sharer of my sorrows and the staff of my declining age: the younger, a daughter, dear to my sad heart as the blood that visits it, lies low at my feet in the narrow chamber, whither we must all repair.

Friends, I beseech you, move me not to unfold the dreadful dealings, that conspired the death of this most innocent and much injured child. Be satisfied to know her wrongs are not within the reach of human justice; God will avenge them; God will not permit the violator to escape unpunished. Why should I name him? he is not of us; he was not born of unmixed British blood! he is gone, self-banished, fled, and never will he dare to return amongst us, and abide the perilous inquisition, that awaits him.

Be patient, therefore, my dear countrymen! stir not a hand in my redress, and reverence the tombs of Penruth Abbey, where sleep the fathers and the heroes of your ancient race: account yourselves rather so far fortunate as you are henceforth rescued from a wretch without humanity, an alien to your nation, one who respects no laws divine or human, so void of honour, so abandoned of all virtue, so surrendered to all villany, that, when the purity of my child repulsed his guilty passion, he scrupled not to make

her mind a ruin, and levelled the defences of her reason in order to accomplish the destruction of her innocence—And now, my friends, you who are fathers, will dismiss your fears; he, that has destroyed my peace, cannot harm you—*My* daughter dies, that *your's* may be in safety.

Here I should end, for he, of whom you all expect to hear, seeks not the praise of men, and modestly requires me to conceal the wondrous bounties he has heaped upon me: but I cannot obey him; I will speak his praise, and in the ears of this assembly declare aloud, that to the charity of John, the young De Lancaster, sole heir of his paternal and maternal houses, I owe as much as man can owe to man—a grave for my child, a patron for my cause, and an asylum for my age—heaven's best of blessings light upon his heart! —I have said."

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

The Arrival of the party from Glen-Morgan at Kray-Castle.

In the morning of the day after that in which the miserable remains of old Ap Rees's hapless daughter were interred, the whole party, under orders of march for Kray-Castle, took their leave of Glen-Morgan; the Wilsons, father and son, with Amelia and Mrs. Jennings in the coach, and John, as usual, on his favourite horse; the equipage of Mr. De Lancaster, properly attended, having arrived the day before.

An apartment, commanding a very beautiful prospect, had been made ready for Amelia, by the order and under the inspection of the presid-

ing lady of the castle, who with the taste and elegance natural to her had fitted it with every thing that could be devised for the use, ornament or amusement of the fair visitor, who was destined to take possession of it. In a very handsome dressing-room adjoining to the bed-chamber, and communicating by a flight of steps with a flower-garden in high cultivation, Cecilia had provided a selection of well-chosen books, nor was music overlooked in the catalogue of accommodations there collected and displayed. A young woman, daughter of an old domestic, and perfectly qualified to wait upon the person of a lady, was instructed to consider herself as specially and exclusively attached to the service of Miss Jones.

When the turret-bell gave the signal of an arrival, the servants of the castle arranged themselves in the hall, nor was the harp silent upon the entrance of our hero, conducting the fair stranger through their respectful files to the saloon, where Cecilia received them. After they had reposed themselves for a few minutes Mr. De Lancaster entered, and with a gracious smile made his cordial salutations to each in turn, reserving his embrace for John, last, but not least in his favour.

When I see my family circle, he said, thus re-

cruited by the return of my former inmates, and graced with the accession of my new ones, I experience a pleasurable conviction, that so long as Providence shall indulge me with a capacity to enjoy these blessings, I should be, and am, devoutly thankful, although one member of our community has been lately lost, and in the instance of the other, who is absent, I am totally disappointed and defeated of all hope. To you, John De Lancaster, my grandson, in whom I glory, I render thanks for the honour you have conferred upon my name and family by your noble conduct in the melancholy case of old Ap Rees's daughter; and I am particularly pleased, that your generous feelings for the injured did not betray you into angry and intemperate personalities against the worthless wretch, whom heaven, not you, must call to his account. In his melancholy fate we see an instance of the impolicy as well as the impiety of setting all regard to character at defiance. The evil spirit hath not so established his authority upon earth, that men will risque to be the friends of him who dares to be the foe of virtue. Innocence will not be violated, nor justice braved and insulted with impunity. Where is there one amongst all the favourites of fortune, to whom more happy opportunities and brighter hopes of prosperity have been vouchsafed than to that young man, who is now

become the object of our aversion and contempt? What might he not have been? Alas, what is he now?

I should be at a loss, said the elder Wilson, to answer that question, because I could not find words in the language to express his crimes: but murder of the blackest cast is amongst them, so that methinks is one item which has a pretty good right to cry out in the catalogue. Were I on his court-martial I would hang him without mercy, and I think I could almost find in my heart to be present at his execution.

Not you, not you, said Cecilia in an undertone, and laid her gentle and reproving hand upon his shoulder.

She is right, resumed De Lancaseer; she knows you better than you know yourself. I am persuaded you are no otherwise a friend to punishment but as it tends to reformation: that is not the property of hanging. The poor Irish criminal, who before he was turned off ingenuously declared it should be a warning to him in future, materially mistook his own case. Excision is no cure: I much doubt, if that dreadful process ought to be resorted to in any instance.

Surely not, the colonel observed, except to save the body's health: with that view I myself submitted to the amputation of a limb.

Secure the commuity, De Lancaster rejoined, against further danger from the obnoxious member, and let no man's extinguishing decree deprive his guilty fellow creature of a chance for repentance and atonement. Here, if I mistake not, we may let the question rest, and relieve the ladies present from a painful disquisition.

Upon John's inquiring of his aunt, if she had any news of his father, she informed him she had received a large pacquet, which was not producible except in private; and in truth it was a journal, which not only on account of its prolixity, but of its absurdity also, requires a separate and exclusive chapter.

CHAPTER II.

The Journal of Mr. Philip De Lancaster.

" Dear Sister!

" When I arrived at Milford haven I found a vessel bound to Liverpool, of which I availed myself for a passage, as travelling in rough roads is extremely troublesome. The master of the vessel was a very affable and entertaining gentleman, and having been three times on a slaving voyage to the coast of Africa, had acquired a perfect knowledge both of men and manners.

" When we dropped anchor at Liverpool, the crowd and hurry on the quay appeared to me to be such, that I held it best to keep quiet in the cabin of the brig, that brought me thither. Being in no capacity for making inquiries in my own person about a passage to the South of France, I did not like to manifest to my friendly captain a desire to quit his company, which had become so agreeable to me; I thereupon came to a determination of taking my chance with him, and when I understood his destination to be for the fourth time to the coast of Africa, I considered that one warm climate was like another, and warmth

being what I was in search of for Mrs. De. Lancaster, he assured me that I should find it there in perfection; this being ascertained I engaged for the voyage, avoiding thereby all further trouble either to myself or him about a matter of such absolute indifference.

" It cost some time to ship the cargo he was taking out with him, and gave me some annoyance whilst his crew were stowing it, as they are in the habit of accompanying their work with certain noises, far from melodious, and intelligible only to themselves. I had however a faculty of sleeping pretty generally through it all, which made time, heavy at the best, pass off very tolerably, till we set sail and took leave of land and all its troublesome concerns. I understood from the people that went on shore, that the town of Liverpool would have been highly worth my seeing, and I have every reason to believe their information was correct.

" We commenced our voyage in pleasant weather; the captain's conversation was on many points entirely new and very edifying on that account. He kept a liberal table, particularly in the article of salt-fish, of which he had a considerable cargo on board; but when he had no longer a supply of eggs to recommend his salt-fish, I

must confess I was sometimes puzzled how to make a dinner, especially as his soup had a taste, to which I had not as yet familiarized my palate.

" During our passage through the Bay of Biscay I perceived the vessel to have considerable motion, but there is a lulling property in the vacillation of a hammock, that promotes repose.

" One day, when I was told we were off the coast of Portugal, and I began to inhale odours from the shore, that were infinitely preferable to those of the salt-fish in the ship, I had a curiosity for the first time to visit the accommodations below, when I was tempted to ask my friend the captain for what purpose he had parted off a portion of his hold with iron gratings like those of a prison, and also why he had provided such a collection of handcuffs, fetters and other instruments, that seemed calculated both for torture and confinement.

" He was a very communicative man, and did not hesitate to inform me, that being a trader in negro slaves, it was necessary for him to be well stored with all those conveniences for security's sake ; For how else, said he, could I be sure that those savages, who have no understanding of the happiness in store for them, would not rise upon

us and cut all our throats?—Though I immediately saw all the force of his reasoning, I was a little staggered by the nature of his intelligence; and this I think it probable that he perceived, for he was pleased to say, that, being bound in the first instance for the Tagus, he would set me down with his cargo of salt fish at Lisbon, if I had the least objection to proceeding any further. I thanked him for his civility, and candidly confessed that although I could have no objection to the removal of his salt fish, I should think it ill exchanged for his cargo of slaves. I accordingly accepted his alternative of leaving me at Lisbon; where, though I should much regret the loss of his society, I might avail myself of the opportunity of visiting the famous aqueduct of Alcantara, of which I had heard so wonderful an account, and was anxious to enjoy the sight.

"The captain acknowledged that he had heard there was such a thing to be seen in the near neighbourhood of Lisbon, but as he had no particular taste for sights of that sort, he had not troubled himself to go out of his way for it; he was pleased however in the politest manner to repeat his offer of setting me down at Lisbon; observing to me with great satisfaction, that as we were now happily arrived within the mouth of the river we had nothing further to appre-

hend; for he could assure me we were fairly out of all possibility of mischance, being in the track of the safest navigation in the world.

"In the very moment whilst this experienced navigator was cheering me and himself with these pleasant assurances, a sudden shock of the vessel threw him from his balance, and catching hold of me as he was falling, we came together upon the deck with a considerable degree of violence. As he fell upon me he had the advantage of being first upon his legs, which he employed with all speed in rushing forwards to the forecastle, whilst I was endeavouring to save myself from further bruises; for now a cry ran through the ship, that we were stranded on a rock, and sinking bodily. Of this information I had soon no reason to doubt as the water rushed in with great impetuosity. The crew were eagerly employed in getting out the boat; but as I was persuaded that they who were at the trouble of launching, would naturally be the first to make use of it, I persisted to keep my post, being resolved not to disgrace the character of a true De Lancaster by betraying the least symptom of impatience or alarm.

"When I had stayed till the treading over-head had ceased, and the captain along-side was calling

upon me by name to come on board the boat and save myself, or stay where I was and be drowned, I thought it behoved me to avail myself of an alternative so fairly stated, though my compliance with his offer of rescuing me from the sinking ship was attended with no small degree of trouble and inconvenience, for I now perceived myself to be sorely bruised.

"I exerted myself to the utmost in getting into the boat, yet my efforts being not sufficiently adroit to satisfy the gentlemen, who were eager to push off, I heard myself saluted with a general volley of oaths and ludicrous buffooneries allusive to my awkwardness, which I can truly aver were the only uncivil words, that I received from either captain or crew, whilst I had the pleasure of sailing with them.

"The boat, in which I was, belonged to one of our Lisbon pacquets, that had the humanity to stop her course and assist us in our distress. On board this charitable ship I was at length conveyed, and was agreeably surprised to find myself thus unexpectedly amongst my friends and neighbours; young Sir David Owen and his amiable mother being passengers and bound to Lisbon. To the humanity of these friends I am indebted for the comforts I am now enjoying in an excel-

lent hotel on an eminence called Buenos Ayres, from whence, if my contusions allowed me to get out of my bed, I might enjoy a beautiful view of the town and river, and in which, were it not for the annoyance of the flies and more domestic vermin, I might assuage my pains with the the luxury of sleep; but this, when more familiarized to the customs of these insects, I hope still to enjoy.

"There has been another slight shock of an earthquake yesterday, but as I was in my bed, it did not disturb me near so much as that of the ship, when she ran upon the rock.

"As soon as I regain the use of my limbs, I shall look out for a suitable abode for Mrs. De Lancaster in this delicious place, where I promise myself a high entertainment in surveying the dilapidations and disorders occasioned by the great earthquake which has made the town a heap of interesting ruins.

"I have written you a long letter, so, with my duty to my father and regards to all at home, I conclude myself, dear sister,

"Your very faithful servant
and loving brother,
PHILIP DE LANCASTER."

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Philip De Lancaster in his hotel at Lisbon receives the news of his Lady's death, and is visited by Sir David Ap Owen. The consequences of that interview are related.

If this letter was read by our hero with mixed impressions of vexation and disgust it is little to be wondered at, for certainly no character less extravagantly absurd than that of Philip could have dictated such a narrative in a serious mood and without varying from the truth of fact. The intelligence of his wife's decease was now gone to him at Lisbon, and the consequences that might ensue from the fatal weakness of his intellect and the interested cunning of the widow Owen were very seriously to be apprehended.

His natural indolence still kept him a voluntary prisoner in his hotel at Buenos Ayres and under the hands of his surgeon, though he had no longer any need of surgical assistance. When Cecilia's letter reached his hands he was sitting, in all the costuma of a wounded invalid, in a bedgown and night-cap, with his leg that, having once been bruised, had not forfeited its privilege, resting on a stool provided with an easy

cushion. Having perused the contents, he deliberately folded up the letter, laid it on the table before him, and, reclining back in his chair, surrendered himself to a kind of drowsy meditation on the solemn nature of the event now communicated to him: at length, being in the habit of talking more confidentially to himself than to any other person, he murmured out the following reflections, as they presented themselves to his mind without order or connection.

"I thought she had not long to live. I was prepared for the event. It was naturally to be expected, and Llewellyn himself seemed to cherish very feeble hopes. Death is common; she is dead, and all the medicines she has taken have been of no avail; even music could not save her. Well! I have done my duty; witness the incredible pains and trouble I have taken to seek out a suitable climate and commodious house for her to winter in: one of these after infinite labour I had happily discovered, and the other I was using unabating diligence to provide for her. As things have turned out I might have spared myself this voyage; but no matter, it is some consolation to reflect that I have done what I could; and if my travels have not proved serviceable to her, for whose sake I undertook them, they have not been totally unprofitable or unpleasurable to

me; for with the exception only of the surfeit I got of salt-fish, and the bruises I suffered by shipwreck, I passed my time very comfortably at sea, and if I have not seen any thing worth my notice on shore, I have been at least where it was to be seen, and that is something for a man of curiosity like mine to reflect upon with satisfaction. Now that I am a widower, and only in the noon of life, people will be saying to me—Why don't you marry again? This I am to expect, but who can judge for me so well as I can for myself? Nobody knows what matrimony is but those who have undergone the trial. A man may risque it once in the way of an experiment, but to repeat it is a sacrifice to posterity and a compliment to the sex, which I am not disposed to make. No, no; I must not come on there any more. Let me do Mrs. De Lancaster the justice to confess, that there was an accommodating lassitude in her, a hypochondriac inertness, a congelation of all the volatile humours, harmonizing so entirely with my feelings, that I despair of finding any second wife so happily endowed; I dare not trust myself with the widow Ap Owen: she has indeed many excellent endowments; and in spite of all my family can say against her I will maintain my opinion of her as a very elegant engaging woman, aye, and one, that in many respects is entirely to my taste, but

then (oh heaven and earth!) her eyes are so quick, her voice so shrill, her spirit so high, and her health alas! so alarmingly good, that I could never promise myself a life of ease with her—No, no; she will not suit."

Just as he had struck upon this antehymeneal sentiment Sir David Ap Owen came into his room—I am this instant arrived from Cintra, he said, where in the loveliest spot upon the habitable globe I have been entertained in a princely style by a gentleman of the factory, Devereux by name, diamond contractor with the court of Portugal, and universally looked up to as a man nobly descended and of great wealth. He has one son, who jointly conducts his business, and one daughter who to the recommendation of a very handsome person adds that of a very considerable fortune: in short, I have some thoughts of the girl, and in consequence of that idea have a small favour to require of you.

Name it, Sir David.

Simply to take an opportunity of calling on Mr. Devereux, and in the course of conversation naturally to say, that you know me to be what I am—A man of honour, fortune and of high respectability on the score of family. This is what

I want of you, friend Philip, and all I want from any man. You know it to be true and of course will have no difficulty in averring it. I am a stranger in this country: impostors have assumed names and titles, and Devereux, being a trader, is a cautious man. Come, sir, put on your clothes, and accompany me directly: my carriage is in waiting: as for your leg, it has been well these three weeks.

But if I were to put on my clothes, Philip replied, I could not go out in them, for I have no mourning, and by a letter from my sister, just now received, I am informed that Mrs. De Lancaster is no more.

Dead; defunct?

Even so.

That is an event indeed of great importance. In one respect it liberates you; in another it enthrals, and binds you to your promise.

I don't rightly understand to what promise you allude.

Is it possible, rejoined Sir David, (his fierce eyes flashing as his fury kindled) is it possible

you can feign to forget the engagement you are under to a lady, whom I have the honour of being related to, and whose natural protector I am? If your memory, Mr. Philip, is of that deceitful unretentive texture, you are indeed a true De Lancaster. But make good your engagement out of hand: a lady's honour may not be trifled with. The inveterate animosity of your rancorous son, so called, and the injurious charges he has fostered, forged, and urged against me in my absence, have this morning been reported to me by my agent at Penruth. They are such as he must answer and atone for, unless you by fulfilling your solemn promise to my mother, shall interpose your fatherly mediation and heal the else irreparable breach between our families.

It is not my fault, Philip calmly replied; for all the world knows me to be a man of peace and quiet; but as to healing breaches in the manner you prescribe, give me leave to observe Sir David, that it is a very early day for me to be thinking of a second wife before I have yet put on mourning for my first.

Yet, sir, you must think of it, reiterated Sir David, (elevating his voice) and seriously too, though I shall not hurry you in the execution of it. You shall have time to mourn if that be what

you wish for; but my spirit has been much too deeply galled by the son to bear any aggravation from the gentleman who allows himself to be called the father—Therefore, in one word—your bond, sir, to my mother, or your blood.—There is but this alternative: so take your choice.

You will give me time, Sir David, to deliberate upon this.

Just as much time, Mr. Philip De Lancaster, as it will cost my lawyer to write out the bond. I will call upon you before two hours are past. With these threatening words the loud-tongued bravo bolted out of the room. Mercy on me, exclaimed the affrighted Philip, what shall I do now, hedged in as I am between matrimony and murder?

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Philip De Lancaster receives a second visit from Sir David Ap Owen, and is forced into measures not very willingly acceded to.

FAITHFUL to his time, Sir David walked into poor Philip's room without ceremony, followed by the bearer of the bond, and accompanied by a miscreant, who, in the counterfeited dress of an officer, was in his true character and profession nothing better than a bully and assassin.

There is the bond, said Ap Owen, throwing it on the table: this gentleman, who drew it up, will read it over to you, and point out the place where you are to sign and seal. Though in itself a mere matter of form, yet where a lady's honour is concerned, it is a form indispensable. It will behove you therefore instantly to complete it: if not, this brave and gallant officer, who holds a respectable command in the army of his most faithful majesty, and is my friend, will be under the unpleasant necessity to demand satisfaction of you in my name, and settle time and place for deciding our difference by the death of one of us.

Immediately the bond-bearer began to gabble

it over with that kind of inarticulate rapidity, which to Philip's perturbed senses gave little chance for understanding it. This ceremony being over, the operation of signing and sealing was pressed forward with the utmost haste, and urged by Sir David Owen and his mock-military friend with no common importunity.

What could poor Philip do, *hedged in*, as he had observed, *between matrimony and murder?* He looked up, and in the face of the black-whiskered demon-like assassin, that stood over him with the pen, read his fate if he refused: he signed the bond, and sealed it with the *winged harp*, that never since the days of Bladud had been so disgraced: by this he was pledged to a penalty of twenty thousand pounds, if he failed in the conditions, or, if he fulfilled them, consigned over to the arms of Mrs. Rachel Ap Owen, relict of Mr. David Ap Owen, and daughter of he knew not whom.

As soon as this was done, the bond-bearer folded up his paper, thrust it into his bosom and walked off: the principal and his second sate down on each side of Philip—We have now one common interest, said Sir David, and are friends for life. The injurious treatment I have received from those, with whom I shall be so nearly

connected, and chiefly from your son, may now be amicably adjusted. You, Mr. Philip De Lancaster, will be united to one of the most amiable women in the world; a lady descended from the illustrious house of De La Cerda, and endowed with every grace, and every virtue, that can render the married state correctly honourable and supremely happy.

If it be but quiet, that is all I ask, poor Philip said in a desponding tone. After a short pause he added—If this gentleman has no particular objection to leaving us alone, I should wish to say a few words to you, Sir David, in private upon family concerns.

Sir David desired the colonel, as he called him, to wait for him in the next room: Philip took the liberty of informing him that he should go to England by the pacquet for the purpose of settling some affairs, that in consequence of Mrs. De Lancaster's decease would require his presence.

To this Sir David replied—I perceive you have not strictly attended to the conditions of the bond, you would else have known that to separate yourself from my mother before marriage would involve you in the forfeiture of it.

We mean to pass the winter months at Cintra, where I have engaged a house in the near neighbourhood of Mr. Devereux's villa. It is sufficiently large to accommodate us both; and you will there not only find yourself in an earthly paradise, but enjoy the full opportunity of cultivating a more close accquaintance with the truly amiable object, who is destined to make your future days respectable and happy. What a violation would it be of all the the rules of gallantry and good faith were you to run over to England and desert her! No, my dear sir, (and here Sir David took his hand and attempted a look, which, if he meant it as a smile, was a wretched and most libellous imitation) no, my dear sir, he said, I could not for any consideration in life submit to part from my good father-in-law elect, for whom I have conceived so cordial an esteem, and in whose society I promise myself so many agreeable hours. Having now definitively adjusted your alliance with my mother, I shall lose no further time in sounding Mr. Devereux on the disposal of his daughter, and we may very probably effect a double marriage at the same happy moment, provided only that I find the young lady's fortune answer my expectations.

That is truly a very prudent consideration, Philip replied, and puts me in mind, Sir David,

to ask you what is the fortune I am to expect with the lady your mother.

The happiest that can befal you, was the answer, and a bond of twenty thousand pounds cancelled on your wedding-day. With these words Ap Owen left the room, whilst poor Philip, silenced but not satisfied, made no further effort to detain him.

Though Mrs. Rachel Ap Owen had some grounds for expecting a proposal, she had no such plea upon the score of actual promise as could constitute a claim so peremptory as now was urged upon him; and with all the partiality he had ever felt or expressed for the widow, it may well be doubted if his dread of marriage would not in all cases have outweighed his hopes of happiness. But now, crest-fallen and spiritless, in a strange country, which he dare not quit, and conscious, that, except within the walls of his far-distant home, he had not in the world a friend to whom he could unbosom his sorrows and appeal for succour and advice, he poignantly felt the full impression of his distressful situation. To his father he was ashamed to write; to his sister writing could not serve him; Colonel Wilson was not a man for his purpose, and there remained only his son John, whom, though he had

hitherto treated as a child, he now thought proper to address by letter; and in the course of the next day, after as much meditation as his mind was capable of, he wrote as follows.

" Dear Son,

" The circumstance of your mother's death, communicated to me in a letter from your aunt, has involved me in a very serious difficulty, of which I lose no time to give you an account. Sir David Ap Owen, who has settled himself here for the winter, and with whom I am upon the best terms, has used very cogent means to prevail upon me to enter into contract of marriage, claiming the fulfilment of a promise, which he states that I have made to Mrs. Rachel Ap Owen his mother, when I visited her at Penruth Abbey. Now though I will not deny but that words were said by me, which she has a right to consider as extremely flattering, I do not think they can be made to bear the interpretation of an absolute promise, as insisted upon by Sir David. I protest to you, son John, I am not a man inclined to hasty measures, more especially of a matrimonial nature, being as you know, rather studious of my repose; and of course I took some pains to sa-

tisfy the gentleman that, with all possible respect for the lady, it would suit me better to leave her in possession of her tranquillity, and continue to enjoy my own. Sir David's answer to this was by the statement of an alternative, which was not a little embarrassing, as he left me nothing but a choice of difficulties; declaring that I must either instantly decide to keep faith with his mother, and pledge myself to marry her, or turn out with him and end the difference by the death of one of us. Now though I am not afraid of death in a natural way, knowing we all must die, yet I am for conscience-sake a most determined enemy to duelling, by which my grandfather lost his life; I therefore had insuperable objections to the latter part of his proposal; and seeing him also accompanied by a gentleman of a very martial appearance, who, though offering himself as second only, seemed by far more terrible than his principal, I thought good to compromise the matter, and executed a bond, obliging myself under a very heavy penalty (not less than twenty thousand pounds) to wed the lady on the expiration of three months to come. Now as every one must acknowledge the uncommon merits of Mrs. Rachel Ap Owen, and none can be more sensible of them than I am, I console myself with the reflection, that if I shall be perfectly recovered from my bruises, when

the time comes that our union is to take place, it may prove the happy means of restoring that ancient and accustomed harmony between our families, which with much regret I understand has of late been interrupted. You are thus possessed of what I have to say, and as I suspect that my father will be adverse to this hasty match; and doubt even if Cecilia with all her candour will be entirely reconciled to it, I conjure you by your filial duty and affection, if you find them obstinate in their opposition, to come over in person to my relief and comfort; forasmuch as I am bound not to stir from this country, and so closely watched, that were I disposed to attempt it, I am certain the attempt would be frustrated, and perhaps be fatal.

This is the first letter I ever wrote to you; lay it to your heart: recollect that you are my son, and if haply you possess that active spirit of your ancestors, which has not descended upon me, take pity on my situation, and hasten to the rescue of your affectionate, but afflicted, father—

PHILIP DE LANCASTER."

Philip had just time to set his name to this lamentable epistle, when a young gentleman of

good person and elegant address, who had been announced by the name of Devereux, entered the room. He understood Mr. De Lancaster to be in habits of friendship with Sir David Ap Owen, and, if he had not been misinformed, they were near neighbours in Merionethshire.

Philip said he had been rightly informed. They were near neighbours. Sir David's seat at Penruth was not above four miles from Kray-Castle, where he lived with his father.

Penruth has been represented to me, said the gentleman, as a very fine old venerable mansion—Philip nodded assent—And the estate about it very considerable: indeed, as I have been told, very capital.

I have been told the same, Philip said: but I am not curious about people's estates. Sir Owen, this young gentleman's uncle, lived very handsomely and very hospitably upon it. That is all I know of the matter.

I suspect, rejoined the other, I may appear to you more inquisitive than I ought to be; but I beg leave to say in my own defence that I was particularly referred to you by Sir David himself.

Sir David could not have referred you to a more unfit man: I am as ignorant of my own father's estate as I am of Sir David's, and of Sir David's as I am of yours.

Why then, sir, I must pay a visit to Penruth myself; for I have my father's strict commands to obtain information of every particular necessary for him to know relative to Sir David Ap Owen, who I must now tell you, has made proposals to us for marrying my sister.

Yes, and to me, said Philip, for marrying his mother; you see therefore it is a family-affair between us, and though I have not a single syllable to offer why Sir David's marriage with your sister should not take place, I confess it would not break my heart if mine with his mother was put off for ever. Now, sir, if you are bound to England, I can truly say, I wish I were going with you; but if you meditate a visit to Penruth Abbey, where there is nobody to receive you, I most earnestly recommend it to you to turn aside and go to Kray-Castle, where my father and his family will be happy to see you, and where you may do me a singular piece of service, if you will take charge of this letter, which I have just been writing, and deliver it privately to my son, whilst I will trouble you to be the bearer of a few lines

to my good and worthy father, simply to let him know how respectable a visitor I shall have the honour to introduce to him, when you are pleased to avail yourself of his well-known hospitality.

Sir, replied Devereux, I am setting off for England in to-morrow's pacquet. Of your letter to your son I will take faithful charge, and deliver it to him in the manner you prescribe. I also thankfully embrace your very kind offer of introducing me to your father, of whose high character for worth and honour I am not uninformed; whilst I must own there is a mysterious kind of cloud about Sir David Ap Owen, through which I am not able perfectly to see my way; for I find him totally unknown to our British envoy here, and have not heard him say what brings him and the lady, to whom it seems you are engaged, into this country, having so lately succeeded to a great situation and establishment in his own. With respect to his proposed connection with my family, I must beg to say, that although we reside here in the character and capacity of merchants, we have nevertheless such pretensions on the score of noble birth, and property by no means inconsiderable, as give us a perfect right to use every honourable precaution for knowing whom we are to receive into our alliance, provided the gentleman, who proposes, shall prove acceptable to us

as well as to my sister; on whom nothing has been sparingly bestowed, that either nature could give or education improve.

This being said, what further passed is not important to relate. Philip wrote a short letter to his father, and having delivered it, and his secret pacquet, to Mr. Devereux, took his leave of him, and as he grasped his hand with a sensation, rarely, if ever, felt by him before, he sent from his sad heart a longing sigh towards his beloved native country, which fate, that had doomed him never more to visit it but as a corpse, gave to the winds that dispersed it on its passage.

CHAPTER V.

Another soliloquy of Mr. Philip De Lancaster. Our history returns to the family at Kray-Castle.

When the Irish tailor, who had been a journeyman botcher in London, and was now become a master of journeymen botchers in Lisbon, had invested the well-made person of Mr. Philip De

Lancaster in an ill-made suit of rotten black, the mourning bridegroom elect, having paid the bill and dismissed the bill-maker, examined himself in the glass, and thus, as was customary with him, mournfully soliloquized—

"Luckless man that I am, must I put aside this habit on my wedding-day? Wherefore; on what pretence; I have undergone that ceremony once already, and by experience can more than guess to what sad hours that ceremony leads. Marriage, by high authority denominated honourable, is, through perversion of its purposes, to many become disgraceful, burdensome to most, and a blessing, as I verily believe, to few, if any, who know how to compute what is a blessing, and what is their bane. There are indeed a few soft silly things amongst the mass of female spinsters, that a man, who knows the value of their ignorance, might possibly with proper care prevent from growing wiser; but a widow—(Oh my hapless fortune, Rachel Owen is a widow—) who can keep in ignorance? Not I; not any man. Her eyes, her air, her action, every movement and every word prognosticate sagacity, that will not be deceived: then what a pipe! Good heaven, if that voice, which is so shrill whilst only warbling Spanish tonadillas, that to me are unintelligible, shall be roused to exert itself in plain

English argumentation, farewel to all repose! nor peace, nor quiet shall I ever know. How am I sure she is not a Jewess? She may, for aught that I can tell, be lineally descended from that wicked king, who put to death all the innocents; and if so, how shall I escape? Happy Devereux, he is on the seas: would I were on them too, or under them, rather than what I may be, aye, and shall be if that sharp-eyed widow sets her wits to work. I begin to think I made a wrong choice, and should have taken my chance of turning out with the son, rather than of turning in where I shall have no chance at all. There seems nothing left for me but to fall extremely sick, and that I may really be so without feigning, I will instantly call in a Portuguese physician, and (which is more than any patient less desperate will promise) I am resolute to take his physic. Ah, where is my good friend and countryman Llewellyn? My poor wife followed his prescriptions, and behold! here am I in his livery, black as the hands of man can make me. Ah Llewellyn, Llewellyn, in Wales it was quite enough for me to endure your company; I never wished to be your patient till now that I am in Lisbon, and under sentence of a dose more bitter and against my palate than you ever mixed—But what if John De Lancaster should come upon my call? There would be a champion worthy of my cause;

Glendowr's magic could not conjure up a braver or a stouter spirit. He is young, not married, not, like me, bent to the yoke, but free, untrammelled and untamed. I'll cherish hope; I'll feed upon the thought that my brave boy will come, and vex myself no more."

Whilst this sad ditty was in recitation Devereux was wafted swiftly over the ocean, favoured by a freshening gale, that blowed direct for England, as if impatient to salute the mother of the winds and mistress of the waves, amidst which she sits safe and encircled on her chalky throne.

Mean time our John De Lancaster, from whose society we have unwillingly been separated for some short while, could hardly count the hours, so quick they passed, when with his loved Amelia by his side,

They fled away with down upon their feet.

It might now be most truly said that the good old chief of the family at Kray-Castle, was surrounded by a group of happy subjects, all loyal, free and affectionate, all witnessing his benevolence, regaling themselves in the sunshine of his smile, and sharing the enjoyments of his hospitable board: his cooks seemed perfectly persuaded

that spits were made to turn, whilst his cellarman probably forgot that the property of a spigot was to stop a barrel. Scarce a day passed, which was not marked by the attention of his neighbouring friends; Sir Arthur Floyd and the new allies were frequent in their visits, for they had a passionate affection for our hero, and whilst their eyes dwelt with approving pleasure on the fair Amelia, they destined him to her arms, and paid their devoirs as to a bride elect.

Mrs. Jennings, respited from all the anxious responsibility of a governess, seemed to retain nothing but that unalterable affection for her beloved charge, which was natural to her, and began to think of retiring to her independence at Denbigh—I see you now, my dear Amelia, she said, firmly seated in the hearts of this liberal and benignant family, adopted by the excellent Cecilia, and favoured beyond all my hopes by the venerable De Lancaster; and what more have I to do but to lay down my cares, and rejoice in your good fortune? I have to the best of my power fulfilled the promise, that I made to your dear father, whose conscious spirit, now in bliss, looks down upon you; my prayers for your happiness, and for the life of him, on whom your happiness depends, will for the remnant of my days be fervently put up to that Almighty Power,

whose attribute is mercy. Go on, my child, in the right course, in which I strove to train you, and from which you never yet have strayed. Cultivate Cecilia: Guard your young heart against the dangerous allurements of sudden elevation, and that unlooked-for prosperity, which is at hand to put your constancy, your piety, your humility to the test. Mean, low-born persons are too apt to turn giddy on the wheel of fortune, when it lifts them from the dirt; but recollect, that in hereditary rank and dignity your pretensions are as high as those of the De Lancasters and Morgans, who in riches, not in ancestry, have an advantage over you, and riches only, as you well know, constitute no actual superiority. Let your humility therefore, though in itself one of the most recommendatory qualities you can possess, be that gentle virtue, which your religion dictates, but never let it sink below the mark, at which true conscious honour has a right to stand.

Cecilia's lessons, not less edifying, were of another cast; for every word, that fell from her lips, was tinctured with a suavity and grace peculiar to her elegance of character. When she addressed her admonitions to the heart, their object was to inspire it with benevolence, with charity, with resignation and that christian lowliness, which, whilst on earth it sinks, secures its

happiest surest flight to heaven. To these Amelia listened with delight; on these she formed herself, and, happily for her, whilst she received the precept, she beheld the example that confirmed it. Every day gave her new graces, till the charms of beauty were but as ornaments, whose only use is to set off the lustre of the real gem.

As for the grandfather of her beloved, it was something curious to remark how soon she found a strenuous advocate in him. When he descanted she was all attention; nothing could draw her from him. He would say, Amelia listens to me with good sense and apprehension: There is a marked discernment in her silence, that is more pleasing, aye, and more eloquent than all the studied praise that flattery can suggest—I have been thinking, he said one day, as they were sitting in their family circle, I have been thinking, John, that if I live to see the day when you shall be of age, how perfectly it would complete and crown my felicity, would you take it into your gallant mind to make me a present on that joyful occasion. I would have you think it is not a trifle that will satisfy me. It must be a measure of your esteem for me, and a full satisfaction, recompense and return for all the love, the care, the fond anxiety that you have merited and I be-

stowed. Look around, and tell me if you guess my meaning.

John had not far to look, for Amelia sate beside him struggling to conceal her consciousness of the allusion, and dreading to hear that, which would have given her such delight to have overheard without the confusion of being present. In this instant, most opportunely for her rescue, whilst all her efforts could not prevent her blushes from betraying her, the harp of David Williams sounded in the hall, and she exclaimed above her usual pitch—O! what a charming strain.

Bid him come in, said the old gentleman, addressing himself to his grandson, and if the muse has visited her votary, perhaps she will supply him with words to that strain, which our dear Amelia seems to be so pleased with—David has a quick invention when his wits are well warmed with his favourite metheglin.

The minstrel entered and was led to a seat in the corner of the room, at the farthest distance from the company assembled. Having lightly sounded the strings of his harp to prove if they were in perfect tune, he asked if the young stranger lady was in the room.

Mr. De Lancaster told him that Miss Amelia Jones was present, and had expressed herself much pleased with the melody, which he had been rehearsing in the hall: Could he play it over to them again?

Perhaps not quite the same: He would attempt something as like it as he could recollect, he hoped it would be not much worse, but he doubted if it would be exactly the same.

David, said De Lancaster again, you have enquired if Miss Jones is present; I have told you that she is, and if you could see her, and be satisfied how fair a lady you are invited to address, your muse, inspired by her beauty, would be propitious, and mere melody would not be all that we should hear from you.

Roused by this challenge to his genius, the blind old bard spread his hands upon the harp, and having rested his forehead on the frame of it for a very few minutes, after an appropriate prelude, extemporaneously broke forth as follows.

"Lady, they tell me thou art passing fair,
And blest by Heaven with a celestial mind;
I hear thee speaking, but I know not where,
For wo is me, poor minstrel! I am blind.

Yet when the muse inspires me, I can trace
Forms, that to mental vision seem divine;
My fancy can pourtray an angel's face,
Dress it in angel smiles, and call it thine.

Still through the windings of these ancient tow'rs
Your dark musician can explore his way,
For my dear patron's animating pow'rs
To these benighted orbs can give the day.

Object of all our love, of all our care,
To thee, brave youth, our honest praise is giv'n;
Thy deeds, recorded in the poor man's pray'r,
With that sweet incense shall ascend to Heaven.

Oft have I bless'd thee, borne thee in my arms,
And oft have hush'd thy wailing infant cry,
Or witching thy young heart with music's charms
Chang'd the loud laugh to pity's melting sigh.

And shall not he, that feels the virgin's wrongs,
In some fond virgin's nuptial arms be blest,
Whilst grateful bards record him in their songs
In love the happiest, and in heart the best?

But who is this in bridal robes array'd?
What beauteous vision is it that I see?
Hail, fair Amelia! this celestial shade
Is the bright form my day-dream shapes for thee."

CHAPTER VI.

Devereux arrives at Kray-Castle.

When David Williams had concluded his lay and retired, Mr. De Lancaster gravely observed, that in ancient times prophecies and prayers and even laws were delivered in verse ; then, turning to his grandson, he said, Let David's vision be realized on the day that you are of age, and you and I, John, shall be two of the happiest of human beings—

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who brought a letter ; it was that, which Philip had sent by young Devereux as his introduction to the hospitalities of Kray-Castle. A servant was dispatched by Devereux with it as he entered the park, and the old gentleman had barely time to read it to his family circle when the porter's bell announced an arrival. John hastened to the hall door, as Devereux in his travelling equipage drove up, and received him with that natural cordiality, which, assuring him of his welcome, might be said to constitute friendship at first sight. When he presented him to his father, the good man had entered the hall, and taking him by the hand, said—I have read the letter,

Mr. Devereux, which you bring me from my son, and am proud of the honour you confer upon me. I beg you will consider this house as your own, and the longer stay you shall think fit to make in it, the happier we shall be. I know your noble family full well, and respect every branch of it. He then said aloud to his servants—See that proper care be taken of every thing belonging to Mr. Devereux, and be sure you let his people want for nothing: they are strangers to this country.

During the ceremony of introducing him to Cecilia and the rest of the family, in which Mr. De Lancaster was somewhat precise, young Devereux acquitted himself as a gentleman familiar with good company, gracefully and without embarrassment: in his person he was light and elegant, and in his countenance there was great expression, though not perfect symmetry of features: there was a quickness of intellect and of spirit in his eyes that nobody could mistake.

He was speedily at his ease, and in answer to Mr. De Lancaster's inquiries said, that he had been extremely lucky in a good passage by the pacquet, and not less so in his journey since his landing. He expressed himself highly pleased in the opportunity he now had of visiting his native country, for he was born and bred in Here-

fordshire, where his father had an hereditary property, and it was part of his business in England to look into the affairs of that estate.

To Cecilia's question about her brother's health he replied, that Mr. De Lancaster had received some slight hurt in the ship, that brought him over, and when he visited him at Buenos Ayres, had his leg upon a chair; but added with a smile that he believed he rested it merely from habit, as he observed, that he had the perfect use of it, whenever he had occasion to employ it.

That is so like him, said De Lancaster to Colonel Wilson—Aye, replied the colonel, I would not change my wooden leg for both his, if I made no better use of them than he does.

Is my father coming over, said young De Lancaster?

I believe not yet. He has friends at Cintra, and 'tis likely he may pass the winter there.

I hope, Mr. Devereux, the old gentleman observed, my son has the honour of being known to your father, and that it is in his family he forms his friendships.

I have no doubt it will be so, Devereux replied; but at present Mr. De Lancaster has formed no connexions but with a lady and gentleman, who I believe are neighbours of your's, when they are at home. If I rightly understand Sir David Ap Owen, who is the gentleman I allude to, he has a considerable property in this county, and a handsome seat not far from hence.

Sir David Owen has a very ancient and respectable station in this near neighbourhood, called Penruth Abbey, and a very considerable property in land about it. The lately deceased Sir Owen Ap Owen was a worthy gentleman, lived hospitably, and was respected by his countrymen and neighbours: he was truly of a very ancient stock, and I had the happiness to consider him as my particular and very good friend. Penruth Abbey is well worth your seeing, and if you have a wish to ride over, my servants shall attend upon you. I am sorry to say, that between our houses, since Sir Owen's death, all intercourse is at an end.

Devereux bowed, and on that subject said no more. The conversation then took a general turn, till supper was served up by the orange-tawney liverymen in great feudal state, and Devereux, to whom these specimens of ancient man-

ners were extremely interesting, was in due time and order ushered to an excellent apartment, by Cecilia's direction elegantly set out and provided with every thing, that was appropriate to his comfort and repose.

The next morning, after breakfast, he signified to John that he wished to have a few minutes in private with him. In a rustic building at the end of a walk that winded through the ornamented ground, he delivered to our young hero the letter he was secretly encharged with from poor Philip —When he had read the letter, John said, there is matter in this letter, that concerns me nearly, and affects me deeply. Are the contents, so far as they relate to my father's situation with the widow Ap Owen, known to you?

In some degree Devereux confessed they were not unknown to him. He had been informed by Sir David that Mr. De Lancaster had entered into an engagement for marrying that lady.

I would go to the farthest foot of land on the globe of earth, said John, to save him from that fatal, that disgraceful, that detestable connection. Rather would I see my father dead and in his coffin, nay, rather would I die myself, than see him married to that odious, that felonious woman.

You astonish me, cried Devereux; she must artfully have concealed her character from me, if it merits to be so described, which I must not presume to doubt of. And now, Mr. De Lancaster, since you have so far trusted to me by committing yourself to expressions of such abhorrence with respect to that lady's character, I will, with your permission, confide to you the situation, in which I stand towards her son—Sir David Ap Owen has made proposals of marriage with my sister—(John started, and betrayed considerable agitation)—Yes sir, he has offered himself to my father, and it is solely upon that account I am come over to assure myself of particulars as stated by Sir David, touching the character which he bears in his country, the family he is of, and the fortune he possesses. Now my father conceives, though for the present he is engaged in contracts as a trader, yet that he is entitled both by birth and property to be perfectly secured from any misrepresentation whatsoever, and I must freely confess we think there is some mystery about Sir David, and cannot divine his motive for deserting a fine place and property, so newly devolved upon him, and coming to Lisbon of all places in the world, unless upon the plea of health, which by no means seems to be the case either with his mother or himself. His pretensions, as he states them, are such as my father

cannot reasonably oppose, and it does not appear, if we were satisfied as to all essential points of character and general conduct, that Sir David Ap Owen would be unacceptable to my sister, who, I must take the liberty to say, is qualified to look quite as high, as to this gentleman, who addresses her; and having no flaw in her pretensions, has a right to expect that none such shall be found in his. In this predicament I stand, protector of a sister's honour, and responsible for her happiness, which I am sure you will allow to be a serious and a sacred trust. If therefore you could bring your mind to put that repose in my honour, which, if you knew me better, I flatter myself you would not withhold, and would speak to me as friend to friend respecting this connection, you would confer the greatest favour possible on me and mine.

Sir, replied the gallant youth, (touched to the heart by the appeal now made to him, which brought to his recollection poor Ap Rees's case) I have no doubt of your honour, and as I am determined to go over to the rescue of my father from his dangerous situation, you shall in the mean time hear nothing from me, or in my company, relative to Sir David, which I will not be ready to avouch in presence of your father to Sir David's face, if you can bring him to the meet-

ing. However, sir, as there are certain restrictions, which bear with extreme force upon me, and do not affect others equally able to satisfy your inquiries, I will instantly conduct you, if you have no objection to lengthen your walk, to a place, where every thing shall be made known to you by one, whose veracity cannot be questioned.

CHAPTER V.

John De Lancaster and Devereux visit the Minstrel Ap Rees.

It was to the romantic little tenement, which John De Lancaster in his bounty had bestowed upon Ap Rees, he now proceeded with his companion Devereux, pondering by the way upon the wretched situation of his helpless father, and devising means how to overcome the difficulties, that he foresaw would assail him in his project for leaving England. He could as yet see no way through the labyrinth of obstacles, that from all quarters would be opposed to his departure; and of these the sorrows of Amelia, though probably the least obtrusive, were by no means the

least to be apprehended, or the easiest to surmount.

The information he could gain from Devereux did not in all points satisfy his curiosity; for Sir David Ap Owen had said nothing to him of the menaces he employed for obtaining the bond, and with Philip he had had but one interview, which disclosed still less of what John wanted to be explained than the letter, which he had been reading.

As they were on their way discoursing, the cottage of Ap Rees in all its rural loveliness caught the eyes of Devereux, and caused him to break forth in rapturous admiration of it—We are going thither, said our hero. That is the habitation of the minstrel Ap Rees, who from his childhood has been domesticated in the Ap Owen family, and is, as you will soon discover, a person of no ordinary talents; and although now old and blind, and (which is worse than both) broken-hearted by misfortunes, yet is he second to none that our country has to boast of, either as harmonist or bard.

Alas! said Devereux, old and blind and full of sorrows, with feelings yet alive to every pang they give him, what accumulated misery must

his be! Heavy enough, I should conceive, must be his loss, who cannot see the beauties of this lovely spot, nor gratify his senses with the scenery, that nature in the wantonness of her luxuriance spreads around him. But doubtless it is to the bounty of the heir of the Ap Owens, that he owes these comforts, this asylum for old age to rest in, till Providence shall graciously be pleased to terminate his sorrows, and close those eyes in death, that are already merged in darkness and despair.

'Tis natural, John replied, that you should so conjecture: but no Ap Owen gave him that asylum.

To whom then does he owe it?

No answer was given to this question; and now the notes of the harp, accompanied by the voice, caused them to stop and listen at the wicket of the little plat of grass, that for a few yards ran sloping down from the cottage. The harmony was of the most pathetic, sad and solemn cast, delicately touched by the hand of the master, but of the words they could distinguish few, except that by a passage more strongly given out than the rest, they concluded it to be the lamentation of a father at the funeral of his child.

He ceased, and all was silent in the house—'Tis exquisite, said Devereux; but pray don't ask him to repeat it. I should not like to see him, and to hear him at the same time—John walked up to the house-door, opened it gently, and entered the room, followed by Devereux.

The old man had replaced himself in his elbow chair; his son Robert had put away his harp, and in the corner of the room apart sate a young woman, who held her white apron to her eyes, and appeared to be weeping.

As soon as Robert announced Mr. John De Lancaster, Ap Rees rose from his seat, and with his clasp't hands pressed upon his bosom, bowed his head and exclaimed—The Providence of heaven be with you, my most honoured benefactor! Are you come to visit your poor beadsman? Oh, that I could see you! With the benevolence of an angel in your heart I am sure you must have the divinity of an angel in your countenance.

Robin, said the youth, do not address me in those terms. Call me your friend; for such I really am. The gratification I receive in giving comfort to a man like you, if indeed you are comforted, is full repayment; I deserve no praise.

Now tell me sincerely; what is there besides that I can do to put you at your ease?

Nothing is wanting, he replied: Man can do no more for man than you have done for me. I have my son yet left; thanks to your bounteous goodness for the blessing! she in the corner, Sally Gwynne by name, a kinswoman of my late wife, is a good girl, and waits upon me kindly: she was the beloved friend of my poor Nancy, and has been much affected by my mournful dirge: I did not know it, else I would have stopped. But sure I hear the footsteps of another in the room.

Your ear is correct, said De Lancaster. It is Mr. Devereux, a friend of mine. He listened to your dirge with great attention. I would not have you to repeat it, but let him know the purport. Tell that young woman to withdraw—And now I am about to put a melancholy task upon you, but it much concerns me, that this gentleman, newly arrived from Lisbon, should hear you briefly, truly and distinctly relate the manner of your daughter's death.

Where is the gentleman?

He stands before you.

Sir, I call heaven to witness that my child was murdered. Her vital functions were destroyed and poisoned by drugs of an inflammatory and deadly property, which, rendering her insane, drove her to suicide, and so brought on a death of double horror. This is no longer circumstance, but proof: The inspection of the corpse, the deposition of the surgeons, and, above all, the confession of the accomplice, bring it home to the criminal, and would convict him of murder, could he be brought to trial.

What prevents it? Devereux demanded with voice and look so horror-struck, as seemed to indicate suspicion of the issue.

His flight prevents it: his accusing conscience, which haunts him with the dreadful recollection, that my poor innocent, my virtuous child withstood his gross desires, till to effect his brutal purposes, he villanously contrived to deprive her of her senses, and to the crime of murder added that of violation.

Name the villain, Devereux exclaimed.

The minstrel rose from his seat, and laying his hand upon his heart, in a firm tone replied—Da-

vid Ap Owen—my dead patron's heir; and heaven so judge me as I speak the truth!

Enough! said Devereux. I set off to-morrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

John De Lancaster confers with his grandfather upon the purport of the letter he had received from Lisbon.

When Devereux had taken his departure from the cottage of the minstrel, following the steps of De Lancaster, as he led the way towards Kray-Castle, after long silence and much meditation, he thus addressed his companion—The insult, which this outlawed villain has put upon my family by audaciously attempting to ensnare my sister, calls on me to expose him in the most public manner, and he shall not escape the disgrace he merits. My presence will be required without delay, and as I can now see full cause why you should be as deeply interested to rescue your father from his engagement as I am to save my sister from all chance of so horrible a connec-

tion, what prevents our setting off together? I cannot promise you a reception so noble and so elegant as you give me, for we have no Kray-Castles in Portugal, but a sincere and cordial welcome I can truly assure you of. You will find comforts at least with us, that are not every where to be met with in that country.

John was about to make answer, when being now near the castle, they were met by Cecilia and Amelia, whom they joined, and of course nothing more was said upon the subject in their company.

There could be no doubt in the mind of young De Lancaster as to the necessity he was under of communicating to his grandfather the letter he had received from Lisbon, and he resolved to do it in the first instance without consulting even his friend Edward Wilson.

He found the good man alone in his library, and immediately began by requesting him to give order that they should not be interrupted, as he had something of a private nature to impart to him. This was soon done, and John, having briefly stated the purport of the letter, delivered it to his grandfather. It required all the philosophy of old De Lancaster to restrain his anger

and astonishment within any bounds—Is this disgrace, he cried, to fall upon my name and family? It must not be; it shall not.

You will suffer me then, said John, to go over and prevent it. You see, my dear sir, I am called upon by my father: it is my duty to obey him: he is in distress, and expects me.

Let him expect. 'Tis the sluggard's fate to expect. Am I to sacrifice the beloved of my heart; am I to extinguish the last spark of my hope, the only relique of my ancient family, to redeem a coward from his ignominious bond!

If my unhappy father is a coward, the youth replied, and reddened as he spake, let me at least convince the world, that the disgrace stops at me, and that there is but one coward in existence, that bears the name of De Lancaster.

I'll go myself: I am his father: the disgrace is mine.

Sir!—exclaimed the youth—You'll go yourself?—You, you to Portugal? Forbid it, heaven! my aunt, myself, your whole united family and friends will be upon our knees to turn your mind from such a desperate thought. What

can be the objection to my going? where is the danger? what have I to fear? you won't suppose that I would condescend to turn out with that outlaw, that convicted murderer, who dare not set his foot on British land: and if you think, that I could need protection, I have it in the family of Devereux; nay, Devereux himself solicits to go with me; for he has business not less urgent than mine is to adjust with that wretch, who has had the effrontery to offer at a marriage with his sister. He comes to England and goes back at once to save his sister, and shall I do less to save a father? If Devereux thinks his name dishonoured by that vile connection, have I not equal right to be as zealous to rescue yours from that nefarious bond, and the disgraceful marriage that hangs to it?—De Lancaster paused: he turned an approving look upon his grandson: his cheek flushed, and the tear glistened in his eyes—Your reasoning is unanswerable, he cried; your motive most commendable, my child! but alas! I am too old to accompany you, and whilst you demonstrate to me, that I ought to part from you, you convince me that I could not live without you, and show me all the danger and the dread of losing you. Besides, it is not me alone, whom the parting from you, will make wretched: there are hearts as weak, as tender and as fond as mine—Think of our

dear Cecilia, of your aunt! what will you say to her? what to Amelia?

What I have said to you. To every one, that feels for my departure, my honour and my duty form the plea, that I must urge for giving pain to them, who are so dear to me: and surely, sir, there's nothing so alluring in the task, that I should covet it for other reasons, than I've assigned to you. There must be something stronger than self-indulgence, more imperious than the repugnance, which I feel at heart, when I must force a sigh from you and them; and you of all men living best can tell what that compulsion is—We must not be dishonoured.

You have said it, De Lancaster replied; and now, my dear John, before we proceed any further I hold it right and proper to send for our friend Edward Wilson, and let him read your father's letter without saying any thing on the subject to bias his opinion. We shall then have his sentiments upon the matter, and either be confirmed in our own judgment, or perhaps hear from him what may induce us to reconsider it.

To this John of course most readily assented, and the messenger instantly produced the man. De Lancaster put the letter into his hand, simply

desiring him to read it. Edward's expressive countenance, whilst perusing the contents, bespoke his sovereign contempt of the writer, and was such a comment on the text as no one could mistake—Wretched, wretched man! he cried. This is a degradation and disgrace not to him only, but to human nature. We may pity weakness: we may find some plea in the construction of a man for want of spirit and of manly feelings; but this is such an act as even folly would not own, insanity would blush for. Ah venerable sir, is this your son? ah my beloved John, is this your father? sorry I am to speak with such contempt of one so near to those whom I respect and love. Forgive me, my good sir, it is my zeal for you my patron, and for this my pupil, that has betrayed me into this intemperance—But I'll offend no further. This only you will suffer me to say—He is De Lancaster, and must be saved. By whom you'll ask: by whom but by his son? nature demands it; duty calls him forth; honour imperiously compels him to it. But whilst the sacred trust that I still hold, the solemn obligation, that still binds me to this beloved youth, whose life is dearer to me than my own, gives me authority to speak thus freely, I must insist upon my right to say, that whereso-ever duty carries him, it carries me. I know his virtues, sir; I know his ardour: those I

have nourished; that I have repressed, and studied to confine within due bounds. If John embarks upon this filial errand, I throw these clerical equipments off, and embark with him as my father's son, the son of Colonel Wilson; and if you consent to part from him, no power on earth, your own excepted, shall withhold me from him.

Robert De Lancaster, who had kept his eyes fixed upon Wilson, whilst thus descanting in a higher tone and with a vehemence, that till this moment he never had given way to, now perceiving that he had brought his speech to a conclusion, rose from his seat, and, taking him by the hand, with great emotion said—Edward, I now with gratitude acknowledge, that heaven in you hath raised me up a friend to be the comforter of my old age, and the upholder of my family in the person of my grandson, whose mind you have enlightened by your precepts, and whose life you are resolute to guard by your fortitude and friendship. When you had said of my unhappy son—*He is De Lancaster and must be saved*, you had said all. John must obey his duty; he must go, and I resign him to you.

Here he paused, for Colonel Wilson, entering the room, presented to him his son Henry, now

promoted to a majority of dragoons and under orders to join his regiment. A finer person, and of more martial bearing, could not greet the eyes of man or woman. His address to the De Lancaster of ancient days was noble and respectful in the extreme : his brother he dismissed with that kind of soldierly embrace, which is warmly bestowed, but quickly dispatched. To John he turned, and measuring him with his eye from heel to head, as if he had been surveying a recruit, he exclaimed—May I believe my eyes ? can this be John De Lancaster, whom I have the honour to address ?

> " Now in the name of all the gods at once,
> " Upon what food hath this our Cæsar fed,
> " That he is grown thus great ?"

Here's a De Lancaster that shows fair promise to be a man indeed. Sir, I entreat you ; give me your hand, and give me what I have an hereditary right to ask, your friendship with it !

There it is, said John : I give it cordially with both my hands, and hope to have your friendship in return.

This salutation being over, Henry Wilson addressed himself again to the grandfather, and said —I felicitate you, honoured sir, upon this noble

scyon to your ancient stock. Look, if he does not over-top us all! Edward and I are hardly fit to stand in the same file with him: we are but summer soldiers: he may let the tempest blow, and bid defiance to it.

I hope so, old De Lancaster replied, for he may chance to hear the tempest blow where he is going. John and your brother Edward are for Lisbon.

For Lisbon! cried the major; that is lucky: for Lisbon is my very destination. If they are bound thither, and will let me join them, I warrant I'll keep pace upon the march to the sea side, and when we land at Lisbon, I'll engage that they shall find a welcome from some as worthy and as gallant fellows, as ever yet drew breath.

Major, the good old man replied, I cannot tell you how I am delighted to hear that you are going, who have served so long with so much honour in Portugal. You must be well acquainted with the country, and perhaps may know a gentleman, who is returning with them to his friends at Cintra, Devereux by name.

Devereux of Cintra! Henry exclaimed. Who knows not him, that ever passed but half a day at

Lisbon? I know him well, and have good cause to know and honour him for his noble entertainment of me and many of my army-friends. Devereux is rich in money, and richer still in a good name, and happy in a son whom all men praise, and in a lovely daughter, whom every body admires, but no one has presumption to address.

Yes, there is one, De Lancaster replied, who is as full of presumption as he is void of merit. He now detailed not only the affair, that brought young Devereux over to England, but the business that called his grandson out of it; and as he did this circumstantially and minutely, after his manner, the old Colonel also listened to the long but interesting narrative, though not without frequent grunts and growlings of displeasure against poor Philip; till when the story closed—Heaven have mercy on us, he exclaimed, that any man alive will let himself be scared out of his small wits by a knavish rascal, a pettifogging braggadocio fellow, half Jew, and half attorney, and forsooth because he comes with parchment and with pistol—'Sdeath, had I been Philip, and six feet high as he is, I would have made the attorney eat the parchment, and given the Jew the pistol for his breakfast: 'sblood, I would have laid the bond and baggage both upon the

fire and myself after them, or ever I would turn and nestle in a den with that hyæna.

Never fear that, good father, Henry cried; there is a way of dealing with hyænas, that makes them wondrous tame. If we three, and young Devereux fourth fellow, are not enough for Madam Rachel and her Jewish kindred, I have at hand a batch of special pleaders, who, without judge or jury, will soon settle her business by a process of their own.

Come then, my friends, rejoined the good old man; let us dismiss the subject for the present, and leave my grandson to discuss the point with others of the family, who perhaps may scan this enterprise with more alarm, than you, whose hearts no danger can appall. Our guest, young Devereux, has been employed upon his letters; we'll call him out, and take a turn or two upon the terrace. The sun is pleasant, and though mother nature begins to put her winter garments on, yet she looks cheerful, and invites us forth.

CHAPTER IX.

Our hero imparts to Amelia Jones his purpose of setting off for Portugal.

When Mr. De Lancaster and the Wilsons had departed and left our hero alone, his heart, which conversation and the flow of Major Wilson's spirits had upheld, now sunk within him, for it was not alone Cecilia's tender fears, Amelia's sorrows threw a sadness over him. He knew that he would find her with his aunt and Mrs. Jennings in their morning room; but how to draw her from them and unburden his heart to her in private was the question. He walked up to the gallery, with which their room communicated, and in passing the door took care his steps upon the dry-rubbed oaken floor should give a signal, that might reach the ear of his beloved; it being now about the time for them to take their usual walk together.

Hark! said Amelia; sure my ear deceives me, or that is Mr. John De Lancaster, whom I hear in the gallery.

I believe your ear is very correct, said Cecilia; it is my nephew's step; but go out, my dear,

and see: perhaps he wishes you to walk with him this fine day. Mrs. Jennings and I will finish what we are about, and postpone our walk till by-and-bye.

Amelia did not long delay to obey so pleasant an injunction. She sallied from the room as quick as thought—I guessed that it was you, she cried, as she went up to him, and held out her hand. Your aunt, who is all kindness, sent me to you. If you like a walk, I am ready. 'Tis a charming day.

Yes, and that voice is charming, he replied; that sweet inviting smile enchants a heart, that fondly doats upon you: but we won't walk, Amelia; at least not yet; for I have news from Lisbon, from my father, not of a pleasant sort I must confess; and if you will trust yourself with me in this room, which is my study, and where nobody will interrupt us, I wish to discourse with you upon it in private—They immediately entered the room, and being seated, John began as follows—

Amelia, it is my unhappy lot to have a father, who brings shame upon me, and seems to feel none for himself; in whom, with sorrow I am forced to say, I cannot trace one spark of manly

resolution, or the sense of what becomes a gentleman to feel. You, on the contrary, amongst the many excellencies you possess, and I am wanting in, have the advantage also to be born of parents, though now no more, of whom you may be justly proud. Judge, therefore, my Amelia, how incumbent it must be on me, whose greatest ambition is to approve myself not quite unworthy of your esteem, to support, as far as I am able, the credit of a name, which I am presumptuous enough to hope you will one day condescend to share. My father calls on me for my assistance; he conjures me to come and extricate him from a disgraceful contract, fraudulent upon the face of it, with those Ap Owens; which if I fail to do, he marries that detested villain's mother, insults the memory of your newly-buried friend, and blasts a name, that never yet was stained.

Married! she cried; your father, and the son of that good man, whom every one reveres, married so hastily, so rashly, so unworthily! It must not be.

True, my Amelia. Look upon this relic, which gives the image of your gallant father, and to which your piety allots that envied station nearest to your heart; then, tell me, what would that brave hero say, if I, aspiring to his daughter's

love, should scruple to obey the call of honour: Would he not bid me go and save a father?

He was the friend, that upon such an errand would not have suffered you to go forth alone.

And such a friend I have in Edward Wilson; he is resolved to bear me company. Devereux returns with me, and in his house I find a family of friends: Nay, my good fortune seems resolved to give me a host of friends, for Henry, our old Colonel's eldest son, whom in himself I may account a host, is now upon his way to join his regiment in Lisbon, and goes with us. Thus am I trebly furnished with companions. What has my dear Amelia now to fear, if thus befriended, thus accompanied, and sanctioned not by the consent alone, but the command of my good grandfather, I go where duty calls me? Now, my angel!—And, saying this, he clasped her in his arms, where can thy gentle spirit apprehend one distant chance of danger to alarm it? What can my lovely, my betrothed Amelia, oppose to the necessity, painful although it is, of a short absence from her?

Nothing; for the decree is absolute, and what am I but a devoted creature, whose heart is wholly your's? Nothing remains for me to do, but to

return you my unbounded thanks for all your goodness, and especially for condescending to impart these tidings, sad as they are, in this considerate manner to me, who in your absence can expect to live but in the hope that we shall meet again. I see, I know, I feel that we must part.

Here her voice failing for a while she seemed quite overcome by sorrow, till her tears relieved her; and at length, turning a look upon her anxious lover, that spoke a conscious dignity of mind, she rose and said—I am ashamed of this unworthy weakness. I know I ought not to bewail, but greet, the opportunity that does you honour. To deserve a hero I must not show the softness of a child—Come, let us walk. I feel assurance of a happy issue. When you go forth upon the summons of a helpless father, I trust that Providence will be your guard: it were a sin to doubt it—This said, she gave her hand to him, and smiled: He pressed it to his heart, and thus, endeared each to the other in the purest sense of virtue's chaste affection, forth they went—

I am ill at these descriptions: I confess it. Seventy years and seven, with clouds that hang upon my setting sun, will chill the brain, that should

devise scenes and descriptions warm with youthful love. Still the chaste maiden and the prudent wife shall turn these leaves with no revolting hand, nor blush for having read them. The friend of man will find no fault with me for having given a dark shade here and there upon my canvass to set off and contrast the brighter tints and nobler attributes of human nature. Whether in novel, drama or in poem, I love the mirror, that presents mankind in amiable lights; nor can I think that frowns and wrinkles are a mark of wisdom; or that asperity becomes the face of critic or philosopher.

Whilst I write this, my grandson, a brave youth, of six years service in the royal navy, born, as I vainly hoped, to grace my name, and recompense the cares that I bestowed upon his education, lies (as 'twere before me) dead and as yet unburied: Whilst I not only mourn his loss but feel his wrongs, of which the world must hear, if the appeal, that he had made to justice, is cut short by his untimely death.

Where then can a heart-wounded man, like me, find comfort but with that beloved daughter, to whom I gave the memoirs of my life, and who still lives to cheer its short remains? To her I

dedicate this humble work; for these repeated testimonies of my love, are all the inheritance I can bequeath her, all my hard fortune hath not wrested from me.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

CHAPTER I.

Morgan of Glen-Morgan arrives at Kray-Castle.

THE preparations, requisite for John De Lancaster's departure, necessarily involved a delay of some two or three days, and every hand, as well as every heart, was occupied in that interesting business. The cheerfulness of Major Wilson kept up the spirits of the ladies, except upon one occasion, when he launched out so vehemently in his description of Miss Devereux's charms, that, if he had not been so wholly taken up with his subject, he might have discovered one countenance at least in the circle of his hearers, that was not much enlivened by his raptures.

In the afternoon a messenger from Glen-Mor-

gan arrived with the following letter addressed to Colonel Wilson—

" Dear Colonel,

" My gout has left me, and if he never troubles me with his company again, he has my free leave to keep away. I meditate to take advantage of his absence, and pay a visit to my good brother at the castle before his dinner hour tomorrow, *Deo volente.* I shall bring my live-lumber, mother Richards, in the coach with me, as her small wits just serve her to descant with due precision upon warm nightcaps and a well-aired bed: she will pester the poor folks in the castle with her clack, but I shall profit by her care; and you know there is not a more selfish fellow living than your humble servant. As my rascally passion for hoarding money has no longer any object, since you wont help me off with any of my savings, I shall tack two more dog-horses to my scurvy team, and come in state, like Sir Francis Wronghead, with Giles Joulter riding postillion: the cattle will get a belly-full in De Lancaster's stables, and that is what they don't often meet with in their own. I have bought a flaming fine watch of a pedling Jew, which I dare say won't go; but it will do for Amelia Jones, if she be-

haves well, and does not slight me for that puppy John, for whom I do not care a rush, as you well know, having lived in solitude till I am unfit for society, and as cold at heart as the top of a Welch mountain. I am very glad my brother Lancaster has so much abated of his learned dissertations, for I have no reading beyond that of a trumpery story book, and am in as profound a state of blessed ignorance, as any gentleman in Wales can boast of. Yet Robert surely is an incomparable man; his honour is so nice, his nature so divine, that I am almost ready to adore him till he talks Greek, and then it's over with me; I know no more of the matter than a blind man does of colours.

"Your son Edward is the very *beauty of holiness:* he not only does faithful service to religion by the strong reasoning powers of his mind, but renders it lovely by the gracefulness of his manners. My spiritual pastor and teacher takes quite as much care of his own body, as he does of my soul: he is silent at his meals, but loud in talk and positive in argument, when he has satisfied his craving: he can't keep his temper at backgammon when the dice go against him; yet if I ever slip out a hard word, as we soldiers are too apt to do, he takes up their cause at once and sermonizes against swearing. I don't think this is quite

fair; for he swallows his oaths out of compliment to his cloth, and I from the habits of mine make it a point of honour to say nothing behind a gentleman's back that I won't say before his face. One day by chance he had not dined with me, and I sent to him to come and read the evening prayers to my crew of sinners as usual; for which, by the way, I pay him an annual stipend: He sent for answer it was not his custom to turn out after dinner; he has never had it in his power to make that excuse again, and of course has regularly lulled dame Richards and the old butler to sleep with his soporiferous homily as surely as the evening comes. I do not think there is in existence a worse enemy to edification than metheglin.

"Lord have mercy on me, what a household of idlers do I keep! I would make a total reform in my family, if I could flatter myself that I should live to reap the benefit of it; but that is not upon the chances, and I am such a lazy blockhead, so mere a caput mortuum, that I let them work their own will, and am content to lie at my length, like Sampson's lion, for the bees to make honey in my carcass.

"You must be sure to lay me at the feet of the divine Cecilia; for, if you don't do it for me, I can't do it for myself: I am quite as inflexible as

the wax-work in Fleet-street; attempt to bend me, and I break asunder. I am absolutely good for nothing, and I dare say the gout only left me because there was no credit to be got by killing me: That same *podagra* is a purse-proud sycophant, and if he stoop to kiss your toe, were you the pope himself, he will make you pay dear for the compliment.

"I suppose you wonder why I write to you so long a letter—so do I; but though it wearies you with nonsense, it winds up with a truth, when I profess myself your cordial friend

and faithful servant

JOHN MORGAN."

When this letter had been read to De Lancaster, joy brightened in his hospitable countenance: his orders circulated through the castle for all things and all people to be put in order to pay proper honours to his expected visitor. He commented with great good humour upon some passages in the letter, that seemed to strike his fancy.—Though the good man, he said, is so shy of what he calls my learned disquisitions, I believe it is only a copy of his countenance, for in

fact he is no mean scholar; but we will muzzle the learned languages, and trust to nothing but our mother tongue; so take notice, my good colonel, you will incur heavy penalties if you give us any of your heathen Greek, whilst my brother Morgan is in the house.

And if I do when he is out it, replied the colonel, I'll give you leave to hang me.

The next morning when the sun turned out upon the mountain tops, so did the whole castle garrison from their sky-chambers on the turret tops, and gave cheerful note of preparation—not indeed by *the armourers accomplishing the knights*, but by the warders and livery-men brushing up their orange tawnies, and by the squeaking of the pigs and quacking of ducks, that came unwillingly to be killed and roasted, whilst the mute inhabitants of the waters resigned themselves to their fate without a murmur.

When the family assembled in the breakfast-room, the colonel appeared in his uniform, not quite in its first bloom, nor altogether in the last cut of the fashion; whilst major Wilson, bright as bullion could make him, was perfectly caparisoned for court or camp. This ceremonious kind of etiquette, now thought troublesome and thrown

by as obsolete, was understood by the family of Kray-Castle as an acceptable attention to the good old lord of the soil upon certain gala days, when he was anxious to receive a visitor with particular respect.

When the approach of Morgan of Glen-Morgan was descried from the castle windows, and the green and red liveries began to show their colours in the sunbeams, the alarm bell sounded, the servants mustered in the gothic hall and David Williams seated himself on his tripod. Coaches were not made, as they are now, to accommodate the horses that draw them, but with due regard to the ease and safety of the company, who were conveyed in them. Old Morgan of course made his landing good, and found himself in the arms of his venerable host, surrounded by his friends, all emulous to greet him with a welcome.

As he leant upon the arms of De Lancaster and his grandson in his passage through the hall, he stopped and looked about him—This is wonderful, he cried; this is above hope, that I should find myself once more under the protection of these hospitable lares. Alas, when I had the honour of your company at Glen-Morgan, I little thought of making any other visit but to the place, from which no traveller returns. Providence has

decreed it otherwise—Well, well, well! a man must have a stubborn heart, that could not find some cause to be thankful, when a blessing such as I am now enjoying is vouchsafed to him. Take notice, brother De Lancaster, I understand my own unworthiness too well to intrude upon heaven's mercy with many petitions, but I hope I am not altogether deficient in my thanksgivings. He then addressed himself to some of the old domestics, as he passed them, and particularly to David Williams, whom he greeted cordially and with much respect.

When he entered the drawing room he turned to Cecilia and said—I now consider myself within the territory and under the command of the most amiable lady living. I shall add no grace to you, madam, as a courtier, but as a subject none can be more loyal. In this manner he paid his compliments round the circle, reserving his last and most affectionate address for his grandson, who, having risen from his seat, whilst his grandfather was speaking to him, when he had concluded, went up to him, and bending his knee, took his hand to kiss it. The action was irresistibly affecting, and the old man fell upon his neck and wept. The stillness and silence of the company whilst this was passing made the scene more awful and impressive: At length the good

old man, rallying his spirits, thus addressed his grandson—I know, my child, that you are going out of England; therefore it is I am come to take my leave of you; I also know your motive to be truly filial, and of course agree entirely with your worthy grandfather in approving of your undertaking. It is your duty, it is your point of honour, and you have no choice but to obey. Being a selfish pitiful kind of fellow, perhaps I was a little shaken when I heard of it; so to put myself in heart again, I gave out marching orders, and penned a pacquet to my old comrade the colonel, in which I did not treat him with one word of common sense. Now therefore, John, I am come for other purposes than to whine and whimper, because forsooth you are going to make a short excursion in good and gallant company, where I wish I was going with you: but as I can't do that, I come to see you and your comrades start, and after you are gone drink to your good voyage in a glass of old Madeira, and perhaps if my good friend here is not tired of my dull company, I may intrude upon his hospitality, and wait till you return.

Say you so? cried De Lancaster: then I pronounce you to be the kindest friend and the noblest ancient Briton, that draws the breath of

life on this side of the Wye—Now tell old David to strike up a welcome in his best bravura.

CHAPTER II.

Treats of what passed at Kray-Castle in the evening of the day before John De Lancaster's departure.

The dinner was not only elegant but sumptuous. Sir Arthur Floyd and two or three more neighbours of respectability had dropped in most opportunely to complete the party and divert the conversation from domestic topics.

When the ladies had retired, and the glass gone gaily round, Morgan desired to be heard upon a matter of some consequence. Gentlemen, he said, I reside as you well know, in the near neighbourhood of Denbigh, and I have had notice given me by the corporation of that borough, that their worthy representative is at the point of death. I never cultivated any interest there, and have no great property either in or about the place. Nevertheless in their free good will to

me, (though for what one merit on my part they bear me that good will neither they nor I can guess) they offer to elect the friend whom I shall recommend. They wish my grandson De Lancaster was of age to represent them, as they hold him high in honour for the generous part he took in poor Ap Rees's melancholy case. I thanked them, but had nobody in my view. As they were anxious to mark their abhorrence of a certain young baronet, who had been soliciting their support, this answer of mine did not satisfy them, but they would needs have me refer myself to my brother-in-law Mr. De Lancaster, now in the chair beside me; which of course I promised to do, and now fulfil my word. This I stated to him in a few words before dinner, and had his permission to call upon him, as I now do, for his answer.

I have not a moment's hesitation, De Lancaster replied, what to answer; for in the person of my friend Sir Arthur Floyd, luckily here present, I recognise every quality, that can constitute a character at all points worthy of their choice—an active magistrate, an honourable gentleman, a loyal subject, an able incorrupt and independent senator.

Before the baronet could reply, a joyous shout

from our young hero John, followed by a general plaudit of hands, seemed to leave Sir Arthur without the power of recollection, or the privilege of choice.

At length he rose, and, after bowing to Mr. De Lancaster and the company, he said—I have occasion to know, that the unworthy nephew, (with whose name I will not stain my lips) of a worthy baronet lately deceased, had pointed his ambition and directed all his resources to the attainment of this object, now so unexpectedly and beyond my hopes proposed to me, and seconded by an applause, that must ever follow what that gentleman says, even when he deigns to take so humble an individual as myself for his subject. But as I have hitherto been known as of the party and politics of that person before alluded to, now become so abandoned and so despicable, I will on no account accept the support of any one voter for the borough of Denbigh, until it is clearly and distinctly ascertained in the most public manner, that I offer myself upon principles directly opposite to those of that expatriated villain, (I can call him nothing less) and that I put my honour and my pledge into the hands of Mr. De Lancaster, as my friend, my sponsor and my patrón.

This handsome declaration produced a second and a louder applause, and that called up Sir Arthur Floyd once more from his seat to return his thanks to the company and at the same time to remind them of their duty to the ladies, humbly proposing, with Mr. De Lancaster's permission, an adjournment to the drawing-room: upon which gallant and well-timed appeal, the company with prompt obedience rose, and left the table.

This was the time when every one was solicitous to approach and pay their homage to Cecilia De Lancaster; here like Cato's daughter, she presided—

> "Whilst winning mildness and attractive smiles
> "Dwelt in her eyes, and with becoming grace
> "Softened the rigour of her father's virtue—"

On one side of her sate the sage preceptress of the young and blooming Amelia, who, on the other side, assisted in the elegant ministration of those lady-like offices, which it was not then the custom to transfer to a domestic. The refreshments of the tea-table came recommended to our lips from the fair hands of the lady president, who delicately distinguished every person's right, and without confusion of property guarded his exclusive cup, and faithfully returned it to the owner: Now some snuffy, hectic house-keeper

huddles all together, and indiscriminately serves out the messes, hot or cold, strong or weak, as chance directs, to be handed round the room for those who choose to try their luck in a lottery of hot water, very little better than poor Timon's dinner to his disappointed parasites.

As soon as this ceremony was over the folding doors of the drawing room were thrown open, and David Williams, led by his son bearing his harp, and in his habit of office, entered and took the post prepared for him: he paused and reached out his hand to the seat beside him, as if waiting for some one else. When immediately old Robin Ap Rees in a mourning vest with black crape sleeves to the elbows only, and bound about his waist with a sash of the same stuff, but without medal, or any professional badge, that could mark him as the bard of the Ap Owens, approached and made a profound obeisance in the doorway. Upon his appearing every heart was touched: his tall spare figure, drooping head and shrivelled arms, with the pale hue of his woe-stricken visage, might have softened the iron heart of Gallia's savage tyrant; can we then wonder if the generous bosoms of those assembled felt that soft impression, which nature's poet terms *the very dint of pity?*

John, who alone was in the secret of his coming, had whispered Amelia and his aunt to prepare themselves for his appearance. He now rose, and took the blind bard by the hand to lead him to his seat, when, upon his grandfather beginning to speak, he stopped, and whilst Ap Rees turned respectfully towards the voice that addressed him, Mr. De Lancaster delivered himself as follows—

My good old friend, and favourite of the muse, to whom I am beholden for so many tuneful hours, it is now with mixed sensations of satisfaction and sorrow, that I greet you with a welcome, and assure you that the friendship and protection, which my grandson shows you, have my warmest approbation and most cordial concurrence.—Your worthiness, your genius, your afflictions claim his compassionate regard and care. I take this visit that you pay us on the eve of his departure, as a tribute of your esteem, which I am persuaded has cost you some painful efforts to pay, and which I am not less satisfied is considered and appreciated by him as it ought to be. I see you have brought your harp, and my minstrel David Williams, who honours and admires you, will gladly either take a part with you, where the strain allows of it, or listen to you with delight, if you

rather wish to treat us with some melody of your own.

Respected sir, Ap Rees replied, my natural wish would be to edify in silence, whilst my superior (such I am conscious Mr. Williams is) exhibited that excellence, which has no rival; in me at least that rival is not found. But, Sir, there stands beside me one—would I could see him!—an exalted being, endowed by nature with such blessed properties, that, but to guess at what he wishes done and not to do it, would be in me, who live upon his bounty, and may be said almost to breathe his air, a sin of such ingratitude as yet no name is found for, and I hope no instance ever will occur to put invention to that lamentable test. Your grandson, heaven preserve him, willed me to string my tuneless harp afresh, and second Mr. Williams in a strain, melodiously adapted to the words which he will chant.

To this of course the assent was universal. The sightless brethren put their harps in tune; Ap Rees enriched the strain with his harmonious chords, whilst Williams led and sung as here ensues—

"Fearless of danger I prepare to roam
O'er seas, whose angry billows rage and foam;
An amulet there is, that guards my breast,
Whose power can charm the loudest storm to rest.

It is the image of my darling maid,
An image by no mortal hand pourtray'd;
Love, the great master, grav'd it on my heart,
And, ere time mars it, life and I must part.

Is it for loss of me that I descry
That tearful cherub in my fair-one's eye?
Believe it, Love, we part to meet again,
And purchase years of bliss with hours of pain.

Full well I know what title he must prove,
Whose hope aspires to gain an angel's love;
Therefore I go, though fond affection pleads,
Where duty warns me, and where honour leads.

Farewell to all that's good and all that's dear!
Vice hath no pow'r that virtue ought to fear:
Link'd to my home, whatever course I take,
The chain may lengthen, but can never break."

If our hero John was, as I suspect, the author of these lines, it is plain he was more in love with his mistress, than his muse was with her poet: But young men are very apt to scratch, when the itch of scribbling is upon them.

CHAPTER III.

Our Hero takes his departure from Kray-Castle.

AMELIA, who had counted every hour during a sleepless melancholy night, rose, with the break of day, and light of foot, though with a heavy heart, flitted along the gallery in the dusk, and gently tapping at the chamber door, where John and she had mutually agreed to pass a parting hour, was instantly admitted by her lover, accoutred for his journey.

Of this scene I must decline to attempt, a description. I could say nothing new to such of my readers, who know by experience how exquisitely pure those feelings are, which virtuous love inspires; and on such, as have not that experience, my labour would be lost. In short it was an interview between two young persons, firmly affianced and fondly attached to each other, and how delicately that must pass, which honour conducts on one part, and innocence on the other, their needs no ghost to tell us.

In the breakfast room the whole family were assembled. In the countenances of the several parties any man of common sagacity might have

read the several feelings. Old De Lancaster struggled hard to maintain a firm and dignified tranquillity, and if he did at any time betray symptoms of occasional embarrassment, it was only to show that his philosophy did not absolutely desert him. The person, whose thoughts seemed to be most disengaged, was the gallant Major, who just then had the most to do; for the ordering and arranging of the whole cavalcade had been assigned over to him, and the alacrity with which he executed his authority over men, horses, and carriages, left him no time for those tender sentiments and concerns that seemed to occupy every body else. Life and spirit animated him; silence and sadness dwelt on all the rest.

Here was an opportunity for an orator to avail himself of, and an audience to his heart's content most happily disposed to hear him; but Mr. De Lancaster let it go by for reasons no doubt best known to himself. He did indeed take occasion to impart a few words to Edward Wilson when he came into the room; but they were only for his private ear. The ladies kept their stations in the back ground, and as much out of sight as they could contrive. Devereux had very sensibly committed his adieus to paper, and left them in the hands of Mr. De Lancaster's servant to

be delivered to him at his better leisure. At length Major Wilson in a sprightly tone announced all ready; Devereux's travelling coach was first at the door, and appointed to lead; himself with John and the two Wilsons were by the Major's order billeted upon it; our hero halted a few minutes, after his companions had taken leave, to bid farewell to the beloved object of his duty and affection; after which, having presented himself at the door of the coach, where his three friends were already seated, he made his parting acknowledgments to the crowd, who were invoking blessings in his behalf; and passed the outward gate of the castle with those sensations and in that kind of triumph, which only virue can deserve, and gratitude alone bestow.

When Colonel Wilson, who had gone to the hall-door with his sons, returned to the breakfast room, the ladies had departed, and he found the two grandfathers left in silent sadness to themselves. De Lancaster was in a meditative posture, with his elbow rested on the arm of his chair, and his head reclined upon his hand. Poor old Morgan was wetting a crust of bread with his tears, whilst he was mumbling it with his teeth. When he had pretty nearly settled the controversy between swallowing, coughing and choking, he turned a look upon Wilson, and said—

Brother soldier, there is nothing in this world, for which I so much envy you as for that piece of wood, that you wear as a supplement to your composition, and is one part of you at least which is totally devoid of feeling. I always knew you were what we call heart of oak, but I did not till now know that you had an oaken heart. Look at me. Did you ever see such a blubbering beast as I have made of myself? By the life of me, Wilson, you are a fine gay fellow, and can have neither water in your head, nor water at your heart, else methinks you would have pumped up some of it upon this occasion. May I perish, if I don't suspect you have got an hydrophobia in your eyes: at least, I am sure you will never die of Niobe's disease—all tears.

I hope not, colonel Wilson replied; yet to such tears as you shed I cannot object, forasmuch as they convince me I was not mistaken, when I set you down as a very tender-hearted man, though you was pleased to represent yourself as something without any heart at all. When I now find you weeping without cause; what would you do, if you had cause? Why, man, you would drown yourself in tears. Old fellows like me rarely out-live old habits, let them live as long as they may. I have been a poor soldier at the command of other people, and

bandied up and down all my life long. If I had wit enough to understand my duty, I never wanted will to undertake it; in this light I look upon this trip of your grandson's as a call of duty made upon him by his father, who according to the laws of nature is properly his commanding officer, though heaven knows he is as little proper for a command as any non-effective officer can be, though you rummaged the whole shelf to search for him. And now give me leave, my good friend, to ask you, whether you lament over his absence because he is out upon his duty, or because he can't go there and stay here at one and the same time. Convince me only that he went away from us when he might honourably have staid at home, and I will own you have good reason to lament his absence. In the mean time I confess to you that I do not conceive our dear John De Lancaster to be more in the way of danger upon this expedition, and with those friends, than he would be on his horse's back on a chase after a paltry fox, which it is no part of his duty to pursue, nor any proof of his merit to overtake.

Whilst the colonel had been thus haranguing, Mr. De Lancaster had shifted his meditative posture, and paid attention to what was passing: He now took up the argument and replied—

Enough said, my good colonel, enough said! You have a right to argue for duty, having yourself uniformly obeyed and fulfilled it, as an officer and a gentleman. My brother Morgan does not want to be convinced that his grandson is gone upon an honourable errand; but you are well aware, that the painful and enfeebling illness, with which he has been visited, will naturally shake even the firmest and the bravest spirit.

In my own particular I am not a man prone to shed tears: If I were, I confess to you, colonel Wilson, I should be sooner thrown into the melting mood by the contemplation of a generous act, or noble sentiment, than by the pathos of a tragedy, or the pity-moving lamentations of a desponding lover, or a whining mendicant.

A servant now delivered the letter Devereux had left for Mr. De Lancaster, who read as follows—

"Sir,

"The hospitality and kindness I have experienced at Kray-Castle have made an impression on my mind that can never be obliterated.

The purposes of my coming to England have been completely obtained, and I am now returning to my family fully armed with evidence, not only to rescue them from any chance of a disgraceful connection, but also prepared to co-operate with your amiable grandson and his friends in their measures for averting the like disgrace from you and your respectable and ancient house. Believe me, sir, this will be a task, that can involve no representative of your's in either difficulty or danger; for I confidently assure you that upon my father's statement of the case to the minister of Portugal, that court will not permit a fugitive from the laws of his country, more especially a British subject, to avail himself of its protection for escaping with impunity; much less will it be allowed him to enforce a bond illegally obtained for purposes the most inadmissible and outrageously unfair.

"As I have sent letters to announce our coming, I am sure my father and friends will be on the shore to receive Mr. John De Lancaster upon his landing, and will immediately conduct him and his whole party to our house in Lisbon, where no attention will be omitted, that can mark their sensibility of the abundant favours I have received from you and your's, which must ever

though I must not disguise from you that his life is despaired of. He has been infamously treated, and, as it is presumed, unfairly wounded, either by some hired assassin or by Sir David Ap Owen, with whom the unhappy gentleman, it seems, had been induced to trust himself, and turn out alone to settle their differences by a duel. This is all we can at present collect of an affair, that has a very black appearance. Suspicion is strong against Ap Owen, who has absconded, and the ministers of justice are sent out in all directions after him. He is not yet discovered; and your poor father, who is now attended by his surgeons in my house, I am sorry to say, is in no capacity of giving us any information, his senses being totally deranged.

To this De Lancaster for a few minutes was in no condition to make answer, but put up his hand to his eyes, and suffered grief to overpower him. The barge now approached the landing place, where Devereux's carriage was in waiting. Our hero rallied his spirits, landed from the barge with an assumed composure, took his seat in the coach, and soon found himself at the door of a magnificent house in the great square, that opens to the river.

Ushered by his friendly host through a noble

hall, John De Lancaster ascended the stairs, and cautiously entered the chamber, where his father was lying on a couch, at the side of which a young lady was standing, who made a sign for him to stop. It was the daughter of Mr. Devereux, and by the faint light that was admitted into the chamber the elegance of her form struck on the instant with such a resemblance to the image ever present to his mind, that in the agitation of the moment the words involuntarily escaped him in a murmur loud enough for her to hear—Heaven defend me, is it my Amelia, or some sister angel, that I see?—Alas, she said, 'twould be an angel's office to afford you comfort; for human help I fear is all in vain—He bowed, and approached the couch.

A death-like insensibility, though not death itself, seemed to have locked up all the vital powers of the unhappy object, which to behold, now chilled the filial heart of our afflicted hero. He took his father's hand, and turning to the lady by his side—It is not absolutely cold, he said, nor is his pulse quite gone. If I could awaken him from this morbid trance, and get him once to turn his eyes upon me, I think that he would know me.

Try it, she said; and speak to him. Perhaps your voice may rouse him: Our's have no effect.

Father! he cried, my father, do you hear me? I am your son. I am come to visit you; to comfort you, to avenge you. Look on me; recollect me! it is I; 'tis John De Lancaster who speaks to you.

The filial voice awakened him; the animated call stayed the emancipated spirit, even in the act of parting on its flight, and death, at nature's privileged appeal still to be heard, forbore to stop the pulses of the heart, and gave the reinstated senses once more use of their suspended functions.

When Maria Devereux saw this, she exclaimed—He lives; he stirs! Let in more light, that he may see his son.

The dying father had now unclosed his eyes, and the wild ghastly stare, with which at first he fixed them on his son, as his mind gained its recollecting power, softened, and by degrees assumed a look indicative of that intelligence, that gleam of satisfaction and delight, which in his mercy God sometimes vouchsafes, when he re-

leases his afflicted creatures, and calls them to his peace from persecution and a world of wo.

At length a voice, yet audible, exclaimed—My son, my son! I see you, hear you: You are come to close your father's eyes—May heaven reward you for it! Ah John, John, I am murdered, basely murdered.—Here he checked, and struggled hard for words. At length he faintly cried, reach me a cordial; let me wet my throat, and I'll relate it to you.

Maria, who stood ready on the watch, quickly presented him the cordial draught. He made signs to be raised up in his couch: It was providently so constructed as to effect what he wished for without disturbance of his person, or alteration of his posture. The fair hand, that brought it, lifted it to his lips; (it is to female feeling and compassion that we must look for offices like these in our last moments.) Philip felt the kindness —Bless you! he cried, and drank what she bestowed to the last drop: the comfort, that it gave him, was immediate: his eyes, which now he turned upon his son, appeared to brighten, and he thus addressed him—

Oh! now I see you clearly and distinctly: now I perceive that power is mercifully granted me

to recollect and tell you my sad story. I will be brief however, for I feel that this reprieve is only for a time: Now listen, therefore, and record my words—When that Ap Owen, that atrocious villain, heard you were coming over, he called upon me, and with furious threats demanded of me instantly to wed the base-born woman, whom he calls his mother, or satisfy the bond. 'Twas then, though much too late, I recollected what was due from a De Lancaster, and shortly told him that his threats were vain; I would do neither: I abhorred a duel, as he well knew, but I would sooner die than stain my name, and stoop to such extortion and disgrace. He raved; he swore, and foamed like one possessed: he sprung upon me, and aimed to seize my throat; I grappled with him, and hurled him on the floor. He rose, and drew his sword; I had drawn mine the whilst in my defence, and my blood boiled within me. Coward, I cried, assassin, I defy you! Here, or elewhere, I am ready on the moment.—Then follow me, he said, and in a spot, where I'll conduct you, not two furlongs off, we'll settle our dispute. I followed him, unthinking as I was; for he had galled me past my power to bear; and in a grove, as I was entering it, some one from behind gave me a blow, that felled me to the ground: There as I lay, but not deprived of sense, the inhuman monster, the unmanly coward, rushed on me as I was

in act to rise; and thrust me through the body with his sword: he fled, and left the murderous weapon in me: I bled profusely; could not call for help, nor raise myself from off the ground; I fainted, and thenceforward cannot account how time has passed, till now that I revive to see you and that beauteous form, that sweet benevolence, that gave me drink; and I suppose, is she, whom my dead wife wished you to marry; and if you are married, may heaven confirm my blessing on you both.—Ah, I relapse again; all, all is past—farewell for ever.—

This said, his head collapsed upon his shoulder; his eye-lids dropped; he strove convulsively to grasp the clothes that were upon him; his bosom heaved as if about to burst, and one deep sigh, the last he drew, released his struggling spirit, and left him outstretched at his utmost length, a lifeless corpse.

CHAPTER V.

A further account of what occurred at Lisbon after John De Lancaster's arrival at that place.

SUCH was the melancholy end of Philip, son of old De Lancaster, and father of our hero. Heaven endowed him with moderate faculties, and indolence conspired to make that little less. The place, which he left vacant in the list of the De Lancasters from earliest time, was scarcely less a chasm whilst he lived, than now when he was dead. Yet weak and dormant as his spirit was, repeated aggravations from Ap Owen roused him at last, and in the moment of his unguarded courage he fell into an artful villain's snare and was destroyed.

The memoirs of poor Philip's life would hardly fill a page; but the reflections, that might be deduced from his untimely death would be a lesson of useful warning to those listless idlers, those non-effectives in creation's roll, who seem destined to live for no worthier purpose, except to turn that vital air to waste, which might have fed the lungs of nobler beings, who either patiently employ their hours over the midnight lamp in learned toil, or, by their country called to unwhole-

some climes, where the extremes of heat or cold are fatal, go forth and die by thousands.

Still nature pleaded to the filial heart of John De Lancaster—That mangled corpse, on which you look, gave life to you, and was your father—Keenly he felt the appeal, and, whilst his eyes dwelt on the piteous object, the big tears rolled down his cheeks: nor could he quite abstain from exclamation, or keep his fiery spirit in command, whilst the last words his dying father uttered still sounded in his ears—Never, he cried, bear witness for me, nature! will I revisit my beloved home, till I have obtained, or executed justice on the villain, the out-lawed enemy of God and man, who did this murderous deed. This is the second corpse, that he has made, and sent the immortal spirit to arraign him at heaven's tribunal. Dreadful wretch, what must the torment of his conscience be.

Whilst these or words like these, burst from his lips, as still he stood, alone, contemplating the dismal scene, Edward, the younger Wilson, came behind him, and embracing him, whilst he spake—Bear up, he cried: remember God allows these trials to improve and exercise our virtue: every sorrow that may fall on us by his dispensation, may be converted to our use and profit. And

now, if what I say required a proof how prompt his justice is, I have it for you—The criminal is seized, and in your hands—Aye! that is right: address your praise to heaven! there fix your thoughts, and cease to mourn for him, whose cause is heard, whose injuries are redressed—But you shall have the matter as it passed—

After you left the ship, Devereux obtained intelligence that Owen had been traced, and was suspected to have got on board a certain vessel, which he pointed out, then lying near us, bound to the Western Isles, and ready for a start. The man, who told him this, came from the shore, and was apprised that orders had been out to search for him and seize him on suspicion of murder. Upon this information instantly Devereux with Henry and myself, well armed, took to the boat (the master of the pacquet freely granting it) and in a few minutes, claiming our right of search, we were admitted, and rushing to the cabin, there discovered Owen, who, though disguised in the apparel of a common sailor, made no attempt to contradict our charge, such was his terror on the sight of us, and his surprise exceeded all description. We told him that our errand was to seize him—What had he done?—What you must answer for with your life, we replied: murdered a noble gentleman, your countryman, your friend,

Philip De Lancaster.—Is he then dead? he cried, and started with horror, trembling and ghastly pale.—Two or three of the by-standers instantly exclaimed—He's guilty, he confesses it: Away with him! He sunk down on his chair, and hid his eyes. My brother now addressed him by his name, and said—Sir David Owen, you must come with us. The laws demand you. You know both who I am, and what I am: a Major in the King of England's army, serving in Portugal; and in the right of that commission I arrest you as his subject, on the charge of murder; and I am sure, none in this vessel will attempt to stop me in the due execution of my duty.

None, cried the captain; pass! Let all stand clear! 'Twas then we saw, in the behaviour of that wretched man, how abject guilt can be: That insolence, which I have witnessed, now was sunk into despondency, and but that pity would in me have been almost a crime, I could have pitied him, when in a melancholy tone, he said—I am your prisoner. Misery beyond mine, man cannot suffer. You have known me, Major Wilson, in better days: I am a gentleman; at least I have been such: Don't let your people use me ill, I pray you—He was at this time in so helpless a state, that we were obliged to have him lifted into the boat. Henry gave orders to be rowed

to the shore: A considerable party of his officers and men were there discovered waiting for his landing: When we approached, they cheered him, and as soon as he had set his foot on shore, the air again rang with their shouts—Comrades! he cried, as they were crowding round us, you will stifle us with your kindness: form a circle, and give us air; don't you perceive the prisoner is fainting? He caused his soldiers instantly to make a kind of military litter by taking hands, and in this manner they bore off the wretched criminal by his order to the guard-house. Whilst this was passing I had taken notice of an officer in the same uniform with the others, who had separated himself from his comrades, and stood apart from the circle, not interfering, but much interested, as it seemed, in what was going on. When my brother had given orders for his men to take Ap Owen to the guard-house, he called this young officer to him, and bade him take a party with him to Mr. Devereux's house in the square, for the purpose of escorting us through the streets, where a crowd was now collecting. This young gentleman is now on guard upon the house, waiting till my brother shall come and dismiss him: Mr. Devereux invited him to accept of some refreshment; but he declined it on the plea of duty to the special orders of his commanding officer.

Here Edward Wilson concluded his narrative, and John De Lancaster, who had heard him with the most profound attention, now took his hand, and pressing it to his bosom—Worthiest and best of men, he said, I see with humblest thankfulness the hand of heaven in these events, which you have faithfully related to me; for, wonderful although they are, yet I am sure nothing but truth can issue from your lips. The cause no longer is with me; nor ought I to indulge a fruitless grief, much less an angry and revengeful spirit. 'Tis henceforth only these unburied reliques, this breathless piece of clay, that I must guard. But in that duty I must be alert, for decency requires, that with our quickest forecast and dispatch we must provide for this corruptible, and take such instant means as may secure it from these melting heats till our departure: In the mean time we must look out to find a proper house, respectably appointed for the purpose of paying all those honours to the dead, which must not be omitted on my part.

Having said this, he declared himself ready and sufficiently composed to pay his respects to the family, which had so hospitably received him and so highly merited his thanks for their benevolent attentions to the unfortunate deceased.

At the foot of the great stair-case, which landed in the hall, he was met by Mr. Devereux and his son, who ushered him into an elegant and spacious room: Here he had an oportunity of returning his acknowledgments to the amiable and compassionate Maria in a better manner, than he was in a capacity for doing, when she was present with them, whilst his father expired.

At her solicitation he drank some wine and partook of some refreshments; and as the delicate consideration of his worthy host had allowed no stranger to intrude unseasonably upon him, he found no other calls to satisfy but those of gratitude, and he saw a tender sympathy and sweet benevolence in all around him, his spirits brightened, and his youthful heart glowed with devotion, thankfulness and love of that pure quality, that sacred character, which, springing up from earth reaches to heaven, and man partakes of it in its way to God.

CHAPTER VI.

There are Secrets in all Families.

After an hour thus passed had calmed our orphan hero's agitated mind, a word was given out at the hall door, and the sentinels were heard to salute, when immediately Major Wilson was announced, and young Devereux hastened to give him welcome, and usher him into the room, where the family were assembled. The gallant soldier entered, and was followed by the officer who had received him at the door. In the act of paying his devoirs to Maria Devereux, and in the manner of her receiving him, there was an expression of surprise, and a certain instant change of countenance on both sides, which probably did not escape the notice of any one there present. It struck her father in particular so strongly, that when the blood, that had rushed into, and overspread her countenance, had now given place to an alarming paleness, he anxiously inquired if she was not suddenly taken ill. She confessed being a little sensible just then of the extraordinary heat upon letting in the outward

air from the door, but that she was quite as suddenly relieved, and her looks soon testified to the truth, or, more properly speaking, the plausibility of her excuse.

The Major in the mean time was not wholly unembarrassed, neither did he give the directest answers to the many speeches, compliments and inquiries, that were successively addressed to him. As soon however as he obtained a respite, anxious to turn the general attention to some other object than the lady, who had so lately engrossed it, he addressed himself to the young officer, whom he had introduced, and in an under-tone, that was not quite a whisper, said in his ear, familiarly laying his hand upon his shoulders —Roberts, my dear boy, I would wish you to step to the guard-house—The obedient subaltern was instantly on his legs—Nay, said the Major, I don't want to hurry you out of this company, to which, above all others, I should be most happy and most proud to have you known, but I sincerely think it would be right for you to visit a certain person there, who earnestly solicited to see you; and being sure, that what you ought to do, you ever will do, I promised in your name, that you should come. Go then, and tell the officer on duty, you have my leave to be admitted to the prisoner under his charge—The young

man bowed respectfully, and asked if he had any further orders. The Major upon referring to Mr. Devereux if he had any commands for the party, having received for answer that he had none, said—Take off your sentinels; march them with your party to the barracks, and there dismiss them—This was answered by a second military obeisance to his commanding officer, and whilst Mr. Devereux was politely saying, that he hoped to have a better opportunity of being known to him, he made his acknowledgments with great respect and departed.

I should guess, said Edward Wilson, from what I observed of that very interesting youth, that there is something in his mind of a melancholy nature, that oppresses him.

There is every thing in his mind, the major replied, that does honour to his feelings. You perhaps observed him stand aloof whilst we were busy with the prisoner. That young man, by the death of his father colonel Roberts, is at this very time next heir to the entire estate of the Ap Owens under strict entail. Knowing this to be his situation, I remarked the delicacy of his conduct with peculiar satisfaction, and I also happen to know that he purchased into the regiment with money supplied for that purpose

by the unhappy man, whom he is gone to visit. There was a trace of human kindness in that act, and therefore I record it. There are packages and trunks belonging to the criminal, which we brought ashore and have in safe keeping; these are most likely of considerable value, and in the situation which this young man stands towards the present owner of those effects, I think it right for his sake that I should be present at the opening of them.

With these words he rose to take his leave; Maria's eyes followed him to the door; the glance was not unobserved by him; he bowed to her, and having beckoned to his brother, Edward instantly obeyed the signal, and they passed the windows arm in arm hastening to overtake young Roberts and his company.

Well! cried the elder Devereux, that is indeed a soldier and a gentleman. Never did I contemplate courage, honour and benevolence more strongly charactered in the human form and countenance. I am enchanted with major Wilson, and I hope he will allow me to cultivate his friendship.

A nobler being does not breathe the air, De Lancaster exclaimed. He is the true son of the

best of fathers, and full brother to my best of friends.

He is the preserver of my life, Maria said, and the tears glistened in her eyes as she uttered it.

Astonishment seized the father and the brother upon this sudden and extraordinary declaration. De Lancaster started from his seat, and offered to withdraw. The generous Maria immediately interposed to prevent him—Stay, sir, I conjure you, she exclaimed, and as you must have noticed my agitation upon seeing major Wilson, I beg you will be pleased to hear me state the circumstance that caused it.

Right! cried the father, 'tis expected of you. Every thing that is honourable, said the brother, may be expected from a character like Major Wilson's. I'll pledge myself that nothing can be told of him, which my sister may not repeat without a blush.

I thank you for that handsome testimony, rejoined De Lancaster. Miss Devereux has said, that my friend Wilson is the preserver of her life; every body of course, that has the honour

to know her, must feel an obligation to respect and honour him.

You may recollect, said Maria, addressing herself to her father, when Count La Lippe had his grand review at Cintra about this time last year, you permitted me to be present at that brilliant spectacle: upon a charge made by the cavalry my horse became unquiet, and, rearing, dislodged me from my saddle, whilst, my foot being entangled in the stirrup, rendered my situation that of the most imminent danger: in this perilous moment, as I was in the very act of falling, I found myself in the arms of an officer, who at the same time that he was supporting me, found means by an extraordinary exertion to stop my horse, and rescue me in the very instant, when my life would have been at the mercy of the terrified animal. When my alarm and agitation had so far subsided as to enable me to speak, I did not fail, as you may well believe, to render those acknowledgments and thanks, that were so justly due: I told the stranger who I was, and that I had a father, who would be most anxious to express to him his grateful sense of the service he had rendered to me: perceiving him to be a British officer, I also besought him to inform me by what name you, sir, were to discover and

address the preserver of my life. When I looked to him for his answer, he seemed to be at that moment in even greater agitation than I was myself, and I had reason to apprehend he had received some hurt by the violence of my horse: he hastily replied, that he was to leave Lisbon the next morning, and probably might not return to it again: after a short pause, seemingly to recover breath, or perhaps from the effect of pain, he added (and I well remember the very words he used, and the expressive manner of his uttering them)—Alas, madam, I am a mere soldier of fortune, and the only happy fortune, that has hitherto befallen me, is this, which I now enjoy, of having rendered you some little service: With the joy this gives me I am so abundantly rewarded, that I cannot think of receiving any other acknowledgments, than those, which you have honoured me with already—Whereupon, seeing my party come to me, and that I was safe and unhurt, he apologized for the necessity of his abrupt departure, and hastened to recover his charger and rejoin his regiment. Judge now, my dear father, when I recognised my preserver in the person of Major Wilson, whether I had not cause to be affected by the conscious grateful sense of my unspeakable obligations to him.

Surely, my beloved child, replied the father of the beautiful and ingenuous Maria, you had just and ample cause for the sensibility of your feelings on the sight of Major Wilson; and I and your brother, and every one, that values and esteems you, are bound for ever to esteem and value him. Had he been the poorest private in the army, I would have made him affluent for life: it would have been my duty: but when I find myself indebted for every thing that is dear and precious, to a man of Major Wilson's amiable and engaging character, what can I say less, in the warmth of my paternal feelings, than that if he were to claim my daughter herself as a recompense for my daughter's life, I, as far as my authority extends, should have no scruple to confirm his title?

Upon hearing these words, young Devereux eagerly started from his seat, and in the enthusiasm of his friendship for Wilson, exclaimed—That is nobly said! that, my dear father, that is like yourself: I second it with my whole heart.

What our delighted and approving hero felt, he properly and considerately kept to himself, as far as his expressive countenance would suffer him to conceal it; in the mean time, Maria (the sensitive and interesting Maria) covered with blush-

es, and dissolving into tears which had every grateful, every virtuous affection for their source, took her father's hand, tenderly pressed it to her lips and hastened out of the room.

You have allowed me, Mr. Devereux, said our hero, to witness a domestic scene, revealing secrets, which my honour never will permit me to violate, and inspiring me with an admiration of your lovely daughter, and a respect for you and my friend your son, which nothing can exceed.

CHAPTER VII.

A chapter, which disposes of one of the principal characters in the history, and concludes the eighth book.

The next morning early, as soon as John De Lancaster had risen and was dressed, a note from Cornet Roberts signified, that he was waiting and requested leave to be admitted to him in private for a very few minutes. This was instantly granted, and his visitor introduced the business he was upon by premising, that it concerned a guilty but

repentant object, whom he was sensible it did not become him even to name in Mr. De Lancaster's hearing, unless he had his free permission so to do.

Assure me only, said De Lancaster, that the person you allude to is really penitent, and I shall then think it my duty to hear and attend to any thing you have to tell me of Sir David Ap Owen, or from Sir David.

That he is truly penitent, replied Roberts, I most seriously believe, and, as one proof of it, I have received from his hands this bond, which with contrition he returns to you by mine.

He considers himself as a dying man, and from what he hinted at respecting his avoidance of a public execution, I cannot but suspect that he has taken means to intercept that punishment. I understand from my kind friend Major Wilson, that you are apprised of my connection and peculiar situation with respect to this unhappy man. I therefore flatter myself you will not be displeased when I inform you, that I have here in my hand a full confession, every word of which was dictated by him, and signed in his own handwriting with his name, of the dreadful crime, which has made you fatherless, and also of anoth-

er infamous proceeding of a complicated nature, respecting a much-injured young woman, daughter of his uncle's bard Ap Rees, and now deceased. Under the dreadful consciousness of these atrocious deeds he is now approaching to his last hour. Condition more calamitous than this, is not in mortal man to suffer or conceive.—In a trunk, of which I have the key, there is a considerable sum of money, raised and amassed by him before and since his leaving England, as a resource I should suppose against events, which he had reason to foresee and dread. Out of this money he has directed me to purchase an annuity for the joint lives of the father and brother of the poor girl, who was the victim of his cruel and flagitious passions. Of his-mother he speaks with bitterest abhorrence, accusing her as the incendiary, who inflamed his animosity against you, and spurred him on to the late horrid act to satisfy her malice and revenge. She has thrown herself into the convent of Saint Barbara, and by a letter I am charged with he solemnly adjures her to devote the remnant of her days to repentance and atonement. This, sir, is the sum of what I am commissioned to report to you, except the last most anxious wish of his heart, a wish however, which he justly fears you cannot be induced to grant, though he credits you for charity of the sublimest sort; namely, that you

would condescend to look upon him in his extreme distress, and suffer him to humble himself before you, though despairing of forgiveness.

Sir, replied De Lancaster, with the lessons and example of our heavenly master ever before me, it is not in my heart, wounded although it be, to turn away from this repentant criminal, and not comply with his request, however painful it must be to grant it. Tell him I'll come to him within this hour; nay, if you rather wish it, I am ready at this very minute to go with you. Perhaps what you conjecture may be true: and, if it be, no time is to be lost.

This said, the generous youth, without a moment's loss, took his visitor by the arm, and with a ready mind, prepared for every trial, hastened to the melancholy abode, where, upon giving in his name to the officer upon guard, he was admitted to the wretch, who had been his unrelenting enemy through life, and had at length completed the full measure of his malice and atrocity by the murder of his father.

Upon entering the room, John De Lancaster had no sooner come within the sentinels, than he stopped, and addressing himself to the prisoner, said—Sir David Ap Owen, I am come at your

desire to convince you that I am incapable of withholding from you any thing on my part, that can facilitate and further your repentance, which I truly hope may be so perfect and sincere, as to atone for your offences, grievous as they have been, and, through the intercession of your Redeemer, recommend you to the mercy and forgiveness of your God.

The prisoner had been reading; he raised his eyes from the book, and fixing them with wild amazement upon the person of the man he had so deeply injured, now beyond all his hopes presenting himself at his call, and addressing him with these solemn and impressive words, when struck on a sudden to the heart (the mortal dose conspiring with his conscience to arrest and stop its pulses) he gave a hideous shriek and fell into a swoon.

There were two sentinels within the room: the officer upon guard had entered with De Lancaster, and his relation Mr. Roberts was also present to assist him. By their efforts, and the medical assistance within their call, the prisoner after a time was brought out of his fit; De Lancaster in the mean while never stirring from the spot where he stood.

There was evidently a change and some derangement of features observable in the prisoner after this attack: his mouth was in a degree drawn aside, and he seemed to speak with difficulty: he made himself however understood, and asked if he might be permitted to be in private with the gentleman, who had condescended to visit him—I am struck with death, he said, and if the door was opened to me, I could not walk out of it.—To this the officer made answer, that his orders did not allow him in any case to take off the sentinels, and of course his suit could not be granted.—I submit, replied the dying suicide, and now when I am hastening to the presence of that awful Judge, from whom nothing that I have done, nothing that I have meditated, can be hidden or concealed, what avails it who is present to hear and to attest my full and free confession that I am guilty of the heinous crime, for which I justly suffer this imprisonment, so rigidly, but so deservedly enforced? It was because the early virtue of that excellent youth, whom I have now made fatherless, overshadowed my unworthiness, that my envious spirit rose against him; it was the praise, which he obtained and merited from all who spoke of him, that galled my pride, and fostered that malignity of mind, which hurried me along from step to step to the commission of the direst acts that ever

weighed on a departing soul. To all my sins I now have added suicide, and defrauded public justice of its rightful punishment by being my own executioner. I have been long provided with a poisonous and tasteless mixture, which (with horror I confess it) was destined to be made my instrument of vengeance upon the only woman that ever touched my savage heart—the innocent and beautiful Maria Devereux; and what was it inspired me, monster as I am, with such a horrid purpose? it was because she honourably withstood my splendid offers, and candidly avowed that her affections were fixed upon an unknown gallant officer, who had saved her life, and by that action won her grateful heart.—Blessed be heaven, that hath prevented this!—I had more to say, much more, but it is lost; my memory wanders, and I feel the deadly drug within me now in operation—I know, I know, that there is joy reserved for that benevolent, that blessed youth, who even now, with eyes that beam divinity, looks on me whilst imploring pardon with my dying breath, and pities even the murderer of his father.

Here his voice failed; the deleterious dose rushed to the seat of life; another spasm seized him; his senses vanished; death was in his visage, horrible to behold; the medical assistants

came about him, pronounced him gone ; the poison had prevailed. The awful consummation was complete.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

BOOK THE NINTH.

CHAPTER I.

Our hero meets Major Wilson, and a conference takes place, which to some of my readers may perhaps be interesting.

As John De Lancaster was crossing the barrack-yard on his return from the guard-house, he was met by Major Wilson, to whom he imparted the tragical event, which he had so lately witnessed. When the Major had given directions for the measures necessary to be taken in consequence of the prisoner's death by suicide upon his own confession, he expressed his wish to De Lancaster, that he would step aside with him into his private room, having something on his mind, that he was anxious to communicate to him.

As soon as they had seated themselves the Major said—Though the sudden exit of this wretched man naturally takes up your thoughts, and must also occupy my attention, yet I seize a few minutes, my dear John, to inform you of something that has passed between Mr. Devereux and me this morning; and I am persuaded you will pardon the intrusion, though it is a matter that relates entirely to myself. I had not long parted from that gentleman, when I met you, and his business with me was to request, that I would change my quarters, and accept of the accommodation of his house, whilst you and Edward took up your abode with him. When I declined this polite invitation on the plea of regimental duties, his kindness led him to urge it upon me with a degree of earnestness, that seemed very particular, and embarrassed me not a little; for in fact I had more reasons for withstanding his importunity than were convenient for me to disclose to him. To you, my dear John, I can tell all the truth, and the truth is, that like a silly puppy as I am, I have something more than a weak side towards his fair daughter, and don't choose to expose my folly in either his or her company. You must know, my friend, that yesterday was not the first time of my seeing her. In a situation of some danger from an unruly horse at a review, it was my fortune to

be of service to her; by which adventure I dislocated my wrist, and have felt a pain in a certain part under my left ribs ever since: it occurred to me that her father had been let into the secret of this piece of service, on my part, and was seeking an opportunity for making me some sort of return, which you can well believe I am too proud to allow of; besides which—

Besides what? said John (availing himself of a pause in the Major's narrative) can't you go on with your story, and fairly own that you are not one whit more in love with Maria Devereux, than Maria Devereux is with you? do you suppose that I have no eyes, no observation to discover that?

Nonsense! rejoined the Major, you allude to what occurred upon our meeting yesterday, and mistake gratitude for liking. Now gratitude, you know, won't serve her purpose, for I want no return; and love would make an ass and a fool of me, were I to let it get the mastery of me; for what am I? 'Twould be just as possible to persuade his faithful majesty to give me the princess of Portugal to wife, as to propose my ridiculous self, (Major Wilson forsooth, with a sword by his side and a bit of riband in his hat) to a man of Devereux's sort, whose coffers overflow with

the gold of Brazil, and whose daughter is a rock of diamonds, eclipsed indeed by the lustre of her eyes, and the bright display of ten thousand thousand charms, which I am not quite philosopher enough to withstand, nor fool enough to encounter? Why, John, if I could suppose for a moment that she had any liking for me, s'death! I should run crazy, nay, I know not where I should run.—

Into her arms to be sure, John replied; I don't fancy you need run any where else, if you knew half as much of your own case as I do. But tell me first how you brought yourself off with Mr. Devereux. Did'nt you accept of his invitation, and won't you post yourself in the citadel, when the gates are opened to you?

Not for the world, said Wilson: 'Tis not in my nature to be so presumptuous. In short I managed my affairs most wretchedly; honesty got the better of me, and after blundering out several false excuses, I at last let out the true one, and, like a downright John-Bull blockhead fairly told him, that his daughter was too captivating, and I too much captivated to venture any nearer to a lovely and enchanting object, whom if I were rash enough to approach, it would be only to expose my folly, and destroy my peace. I believe

I said something too vauntingly about honour and attachment to my profession, which I considered as a patrimony I never could be brought to alienate: in fine however I became more humble, and earnestly besought him to allow of my declining his favours altogether, whilst I had recollection enough left to find my way to the army I belonged to, and show myself not totally unworthy of his good opinion by the force I put upon myself to preserve it. And now, friend John, what say you to all this, that I have been telling you? you, that have all the wisdom in a green head, that others have in their grey ones, answer me, and say—did I, or did I not, do right?

In point of honour, Major, you did right; you were a little romantic perhaps, but, honourably speaking, you did strictly right. But you have not told me how your conference ended.

At this moment an orderly man put a letter into his hands, which having hastily perused, he said—I am not sure that our conference is ended, my dear fellow; for it should seem as if the gentleman only quitted me to collect materials for continuing it. I will read you Mr. Devereux's note just now received, and you will judge.

"At the express desire of Maria Devereux I

am to signify to the gallant officer, whom she holds herself indebted to for life, that she cannot admit the plausibility of his scruples, and will guarantee his honour, if he will be pleased to wave them, and make her and his friends happy by being of the family party this day at dinner. The undersigned, who writes what she has dictated, begs leave to add that he is ready to second these her absolute commands, or any other to the like effect, that she may lay upon him in the case aforesaid, and thereunto, for the fuller satisfaction of the parties concerned, he pledges his name.

GEORGE DEVEREUX, Senior."

No sooner had our friendly hero heard him to the end, than impatient to congratulate him he exclaimed—And what would you have more to assure you, that you have gained the prize, and all your wishes, all your hopes are crowned? Now all this I could have told you, had I not been a little too much of a man of honour to betray family secrets, but the wretched suicide, who lies in yonder guard-house, made no secret of declaring before he died, that Maria Devereux scrupled not to avow her fixed attachment to the unknown officer who had saved her life. Can you want any further evidence, or would you have

her to proclaim her passion for you in the public square by sound of bell? Do you require the father to fall upon his knees to you, and petition you to save his daughter's life? Something a little short of this, methinks, if I can comprehend that note, he has already done. Now then, puissant conqueror, sally forth in all your pomp of triumph, and receive into your arms the loveliest girl (excepting always her whom I should still except, was the whole world of beauty ranged before me) that ever I beheld. I did not think I could have felt such joy on this side those old towers, in which my heart is lodged. Oh my dear Wilson, let me be the bearer of these joyous tidings to your beloved, your delighted father, to my old darling grandsires, to my sainted aunt, and to my lovely my betrothed Amelia. My work is done. I'll quicken my departure.

The name of the sub-minister was now announced to Major Wilson, and De Lancaster took his leave.

CHAPTER II.

Major Wilson visits Mr. Devereux. John De Lancaster briefly recites the history of Amelia Jones.

A GRAVE and courtier-like gentleman presented himself to Major Wilson, and with much deliberation informed him, that his most faithful majesty, having resolved to repair to Elvas for the purpose of reviewing the combined forces there assembled, had signified his royal pleasure, that a British officer, not below the rank of a major of cavalry, should be sought out to attend upon him as one of his aid-de-camps on that occasion; and that he, Major Wilson, having been recommended as an officer in all respects qualified for that distinguished situation, he had now the honour to inform Major Wilson, that the king had been graciously pleased to accept his services, if it suited him to undertake the duty.

Sir, replied Major Wilson, I understand it to be so much my duty to lay my poor services at the feet of his most faithful majesty, that I cannot for a moment hesitate to profess myself ready to obey his majesty's commands, which I beg you will be pleased to report to the minister in

such terms as may best express the respectful sense which I entertain of his excellency's kindness and condescension.

I shall report to his excellency, the sub-minister made answer, exactly as you instruct me, and as I know your friend Mr. Devereux to be warmly interested in your behalf, I shall call upon that gentleman in my way, and inform him that his wishes are now happily accomplished: I have also a particular message to Mr. Devereux in command from his majesty, in whose grace and favour that very worthy gentleman stands extremely high.

The man in office bowed himself out of the room, and Wilson sate down and wrote as follows to Mr. Devereux, in answer to his note.

"Sir,

"If my diffidence caused me to decline your most obliging invitation, I am sensible no plea will excuse me, when you join authority so irresistible with your own: You will nevertheless be pleased to bear in mind, that I have confided to you my terrors, and acknowledged my unworthiness. I have just now had a visit from a gen-

tleman in office, which convinces me that you are resolved I shall be indebted to you for favours, which I have no right to expect, but which it would have been an unpardonable presumption on my part to have withstood. I am much afraid you have recommended a very unfit person for courtly services, when I cannot find words to express to you how much I am,

Sir,

Your ever obliged and

devoted servant

HENRY WILSON."

When it was time for the Major to fulfil his engagement, and wait upon Mr. Devereux, he found the gentlemen assembled in the receiving room, but no Maria. It is probable she had passed a little more time than was usual with her at her toilet; but her occupation there was not to find ornaments for her person, but rather to recommend herself to her expected visitor by the simplicity and modest elegance of her dress.—When dinner was announced she contrived to

meet the company as they passed the hall, and avoided the embarrassment of a formal entrance.

As the events, which had so lately occurred, kept the house under exclusion, as to visitors, their party still continued to consist of their family circle only. The conversation after dinner took that turn, which naturally tends to put the parties at their ease, and as the gaiety of the Major's disposition began to show itself, Maria's spirits rose, and reserve was banished. Addressing herself to him, she said—I understand you are to be at court to-morrow, and my father is to have the honour of presenting you to his majesty. I don't conceive you will like it; 'tis a formal piece of business. You will be more at home in the field at Elvas, when your favourite regiment passes in review.

In the mean time, said John De Lancaster, Edward and I must be measuring back our solitary way by sea and land, deprived of that agreeable society, which we enjoyed on our passage hither. Events, which we could not foresee, and which produce sensations and reflections of a very opposite nature, have contributed to dismiss me from the duty of a longer stay, and a very little time will now release from any further trouble these generous friends, whose benevolence has given us shel-

ter ; and as I despair of ever expressing to Mr. Devereux the full sense I entertain of the kindness and consolation I have received under the protection of this charitable roof, I must rely upon the friend I leave behind me to take every occasion for bearing witness to my gratitude, till we may all have the happiness of meeting once more in our native land ; a happiness which I hope is in reserve for every one of us. I have secured my passage in the pacquet, now on her return to England. My first duty will be to deposit the mournful charge, that providence has been pleased to lay upon me, in the burial-place of my family. There are two benevolent old men, anxiously expecting me, both far advanced in years, between whom and me there is now a broken link in the chain, that leaves, alas ! to them but a precarious and short hold on life. Your gallant father, my dear Henry, is, you know, and ever has been, as my father also ; and for my aunt Cecilia, what I feel towards her, is only short of absolute idolatry.

Here as our hero seemed about to pause, Edward, who had watched him with a pleased attention, said—John, you have gratified us much with this account of your own feelings for a family of love, whom when you speak of thus, by honouring them, you at the same time reflect

most honour on yourself. But is their not another in your thoughts—aye, in your heart, my friend, of whom you have not spoken? Come, let us—let me at least—hear of the lovely the beloved Amelia.

Ah, why name her? De Lancaster replied. Why tell the Major soldiers are courageous? What news to him? He knows it, and he feels it? Why tell Miss Devereux, woman may be charming, and men be charmed? She knows it, and we feel it. If love be named in any lady's hearing, it should be love particular, not general—How am I sure, if I should speak of love in any way that I can speak, the topic would be pleasing to Miss Devereux, who has such powers to inspire it, but may not want to be told any thing of those who feel it?

I understand you, sir, Maria replied: You are very civil, and a little sly: But be assured, of all the topics you could single out, that most grateful to my ears, and perhaps most correspondent with my feelings, would be a fair account without reserve of your love (which I am sure is honourable love) for the lady of your choice, of whose perfections I can't doubt; and as for beauty I'll take George's word for that; he speaks in rapture of the fair Amelia.

You must not quite believe him, said our hero: At least it is not for her beauty I should be inclined to speak in raptures of Amelia. Her form and face are pleasing I presume; to me at least they are: but there is something spiritual about her something I can't define; an emanation from the mind within, that takes and keeps possession of my heart. I seriously declare I never yet was in her company, when I had leisure to bestow my attention upon her beauty, simply so considered. She was but as a child when I first saw her; Nature had not supplied her with attractions that could induce me to mistake the impression, I then received, for any other than a love as pure as her own thoughts, a zeal to serve her, a wish that I might live to make her happy, and shield her, like a blossom, from the blast. I found her in the humblest situation, that dependance on my friends for education and support could place her. She was an orphan without means to furnish food for another day. There was a soft petition in her eyes for pity and protection, which if I had not felt in every vein that visited my heart, I had been a monster. Her father, a brave soldier, like my friend here in my eye, whose honour and whose sword were all his portion, married the generous girl, who risked her life to nurse and save him in a dreadful fever, when all his fellow soldiers

round were dying, and every breath of air, that she respired, was charged and saturated with infection

Oh what a godlike act, Maria cried! she merited his love. Could he do less?

He could not, and he did not, John replied. She was the daughter of a brother officer, the major of his regiment then serving in the West Indies. She lived to be the mother of Amelia; she was too good for this bad world we live in, and heaven recalled her; after she was lost, death had but little trouble to destroy a wretched man, whom sorrow had struck down, and both Amelia's parents now repose in the same grave: by happy chance she found her way to England: there, by the bounty of my grandfather Morgan and my deceased mother she was placed under the care of an excellent lady, who educated and brought her up. When my poor mother died, she left her what she had in her disposal, a slender portion, but enjoined me on her death bed to consider it as my especial duty to protect her, and make her happiness, her honour and her interests in all respects my own: from that moment such they have been, and ever will be—This is the history of my Amelia. It is my happy fortune to have gained an interest in her pure and

virtuous heart, and, if we live to meet, let a few months pass by without fresh cause of sorrow, she will be my wife.

Happy, happy man! exclaimed Maria, the envied privilege of whose sex it is to put aside the mean concern of money, and say to the dear object of your heart—I love you; share my fortune: I am your's!

As she said this, not daring to abide the interpretation that her words might bear, she rose, and with apparent agitation left the room.

CHAPTER III.

A definitive explanation takes place between Maria Devereux and Major Wilson.

When Maria had retired, the company were silent for a time. Devereux at length addressed De Lancaster, and said—How much I hold your character in honour for what you have related to us, I cannot tell you; but I am convinced the proper use of the advantages, that affluence gives

us (and therein I agree with my Maria) is to procure that lasting happiness, which a well-chosen partnership for life is of all chances, that this world can give us, the likeliest to ensure to us. Some aspire to raise their families to rank and title; and it would be a laudable ambition, if nobler principles, superior wisdom and sublimer virtues were interwoven with our pedigrees, and descended to our posterity with the patents of our peerages, and entail of our estates: but these are not the expectations, neither are they the motives, that induce ambitious parents to betray their children into those fatal and delusive marriages, which only elevate them to become conspicuous objects of disgrace and scorn. I have been long persuaded, that the control of parents over the affections and attachments of their children should, by the laws of nature and of reason, be only exercised for the prevention of ill-advised, unworthy, indiscreet connections, which cannot fail to lead to ruin and repentance. A dissipated profligate, a vain fool, a gamester, a disbeliever, libertines without principle and conceited puppies without employ have been known to catch the eyes of an unthinking girl, but 'tis the parent's duty to repulse them; so is it not his duty, but the abuse of it, when he refuses to bestow her fortune upon the worthy man, whom she has honourably singled out, and wisely cho-

sen, not by the eye, but heart, to be the sharer of her happiness. The children, heaven hath blessed me with, are fitted by understanding, and fully able by the ample means, which of right they possess, to carve out for themselves their future lot in life, without regard to what the objects of their choice may be unprovided with, and which they abound in—worldly property. Each of them have enough, whereon to live in ease and affluence so long as they can live in harmony and peace—And now I have tired you with a long harangue, but I would wish to have it understood by all here present as my rule of practice; so with your leave, good friends, we will break up this court of conscience, and remove our cause into another, where we can have the counsel and assistance of the lady, who there is left in solitary expectation of our company over her tea and coffee.

The proposal was instantly complied with, and the gentlemen adjourned to another room, where Maria was present, and did the honours of her tea-table. When this business was dispatched, she produced the chess-board, and offered a challenge, which Major Wilson gallantly accepted. Parties, that devote themselves to that dull monopolizing game, seem for a time to be absolutely excluded from society, and so wedded to

their own manœuvres, that it is perfectly fair and lawful to consider them as absentees, and accordingly the gentlemen, who were at liberty to follow their own amusements, walked out to enjoy the breeze, that every evening visits the banks of the Tagus from the northward, and qualifies the else insufferable heat.

It was some time before the contending parties perceived that they had no spectators, and not even a solitary second to appeal to in a case of controversy, if such had arisen, or should arise, in the course of their engagement.

You are too strong for me, said Maria, and as I cannot make any impression on your defences, I give up the contest. You are absolutely a professor, and I am a mere novice, more fit to be your disciple than your antagonist: besides, you mask your game, whilst I lay myself open to you, and (which is more provoking still) when you have me in your power, and might checkmate me by a single move, you always mischievously contrive to leave some loop-hole for me to escape, on purpose to postpone a victory, which you are indifferent about securing and seem to consider as below your notice.

If I do this, he said, I'm sure you cannot se-

riously suppose my reasons to be those, which you assign. Could you not find some motive for my hesitation more natural, and less impossible, than indifference? May not the consciousness of what I am, instruct me almost to distrust my senses, though the divinity, whom I adore, should condescend to me her humble worshipper with looks so gracious, kindness so alluring, as seem to say—Approach me, and be blest? —but how to approach, when I compute the distance, that throws me off, and awes me from the attempt, is indeed a question that staggers and confounds me.

At this she smiled, and with a look, that spoke encouragement, which could not be mistaken, I suppose, she said, the scale, on which you measure distances between us, is a certain thing called money, which though yourself disinterestedly hold in no respect, you think perhaps that I have not the spirit to treat with the same contempt as you do. Therein you do me no wrong. Were those eventual and mean advantages, which I possess, transferred from me to you, I solemnly declare they would not be a feather in your scale, as I should weigh it; why then should you suffer them to give a false predonderance to mine? When Owen laid his fortune at my feet, I had no knowledge of his character; he had the ad-

dress to keep it out of sight, his manners were polite, his temper placid, in point of person nature had rather favoured him than not. My father left me free to make my choice, and I had made it; therefore I refused him. Now do you understand me, do you know me? need I be more explicit? No; the privilege of truth can go no further: sincerity itself must stop me here.

Now, now you throw me on my knees for ever, the enraptured lover cried: now I look up to you as to a being, exalted above all that I conceived of human excellence: your nobleness of soul is now a charm beyond what nature has bestowed upon you, and my admiration of your beauty is almost lost whilst I adore your goodness. When happy fortune threw me in the way to save you, and receive you in my arms upon that memorable day, I had marked you out and fixed my eyes upon you in the charge; I knew you as the daughter of the wealthiest man in Portugal, and honour tied my tongue, though even then I struggled with a passion which tempted me to tell you —That your rich father amidst all his treasures had but one recompense that I would take; which being far above what I could merit, or dare aspire to, I was proudly silent, and studied rather to avoid than seek your presence, conscious that every time I looked upon you, I should find

fresh occasion to admire you, and, as love sunk the deeper in my heart, the deeper I should sink into despair.

Now then, she said, I am understood at last, and it is not the first proof I have received how slowly merit finds that secret out, which impudence and vanity pretend at the first glance to see through, and interpret in their own favour. You are a soldier, and modesty of mind is ever found with manliness and valour: you must be still a soldier: I'll not ask you to sacrifice your honour and your occupation: 'tis for your country's service you were born; that is your character; in that you shine, to that you must adhere, and never for an instant fly your post, but when you fly to save a fellow creature, as you did me. If you suspect me weak enough to sigh for any honours greater than to share your fortune, any pleasures beyond those, which your approving smile will ever give me, any self-consequence above the honest pride, that I shall feel to hear your praises, you mistake me wholly. Don't think that I will borrow from my father's stores to dazzle you with diamonds; no; not one, had he a mine, would I consent to wear, unless by your command, and that I think will never be your wish to lay upon me, whilst there are nobler graces

and adornments within my reach far more becoming of a soldier's wife.

What answer Major Wilson made to this, how the dialogue was carried on during the time the lovers were alone, as likewise how much shorter, or how much longer that time seemed to them to be than it really was, must be left as matter of conjecture, which the imagination of the reader will readily supply without referring to the chess board to fill it up, as there is authority to say that game was not by either party proposed to be renewed. Happiness sanctioned by paternal authority, and virtuous love unchecked by the demurs of honour, fill'd the brave heart of Wilson with delight, and he heard an early day annouced by Devereux for the sure tying of that sacred knot, which nothing but the hand of death should sever, though in too many cases it has proved a slip-knot in the fingers of the law.

CHAPTER IV.

John De Lancaster embarks for England, accompanied by his friend the Reverend Mr. Wilson. Conversation on the passage.

THERE was no longer any cause to stop De Lancaster's return to England. All duties were discharged; all ceremonies had been observed towards the unburied body of his father, which man's inventive fancy has devised to decorate the case that holds our clay, and make the ostentatious living pay large contributions for those empty honours which they bestow on human dust and ashes. Mutes, who would keep no silence, and mourners, who expressed no sorrow, in rooms, hung round with "customary suits of solemn black," had regularly sate up all night long, with their full compliment of wax-tapers, to watch a thing that could not run away, and which no one wished to steal. All these ceremonies, which, had poor Philip been alive, would have given him such intolerable annoyance, had now with religious punctuality been performed, and his corpse was committed to a ship, which, unlike to that wherein he came, was not bound to the coast of slavery, but to the land of liberty.

All things were now on board; the morning dawned; the dog-vane witnessed an auspicious breeze; the crew sung out at the cap-stan and the pacquet was under weigh. Devereux's eight-oared galley was in waiting, and nothing now remained but to put off and part. Although the friends, who stayed on shore, as well as those, who put to sea, took the very course, to which their wishes pointed, and which their own immediate happiness prescribed, yet they could not separate without sorrow, and the last farewell drew tears from the brightest eyes in Portugal, and sighs from some of the best hearts in nature. Philip the whilst, in his narrow house of lead, slept undisturbed, and was as perfectly untouched by sensibility as if he had been alive.

The gallant vessel in the mean time, as if conscious of the charge she had on board, cut her passage through the waves, not deigning to rise to them, but throwing them aside, and dashing them from her bows, as her spreading canvass pressed her down in the water, and hurried her along before the steady breeze.

Our hero and his friend, having cast a parting look upon the towers of Lisbon, retired into the cabin, whilst the master kept the deck, regaling himself in the prospect of so fair an outset, for

the weather was delicious, and the sky prognosticated a continuance of the breeze.

If any thing, said Wilson, could reconcile me to the imprisonment of a ship, it would be a day like this, with a breeze impregnated with odours of orange flowers to regale my senses, and the elements in good humour all around me. I am happy to discover that there are some consolatory moments in a seaman's life. And now, my dear John, I am satisfied you have not let these singular events pass by without reflecting, with due gratitude to the Disposer of our fate, how graciously he has been pleased to terminate our enterprise; which, though not absolutely untinctured with disappointment and misfortune, might yet have led to miseries, that would have admitted of no consolation. Don't let me wound your filial feelings, when I remind you, that the blow, which made you fatherless, might have fallen where it would have extinguished more lives than one, and blotted out the very name of De Lancaster for ever. If I went so far as to say, that probably there are few beings in existence, whose loss society has less cause to mourn than that of him, whose remains we are now bearing to the grave, I should not at least offend against truth, though I might need your pardon for addressing the remark to you. How visible is the hand of

divine justice in the apprehension of that guilty wretch, and in the prevention of those further crimes, which he meditated to commit! What can be more strikingly charactered, more impressively apportioned to our ideas of retribution, than that tragical catastrophe, which passed before your eyes, and put a period to his sinful life? How mercifully is it ordered, that those worldly blessings, which he so grossly abused, will now devolve upon one, who seems able and disposed to estimate them rightly, and employ them worthily! When we turn our thoughts to what has come to pass respecting my most fortunate and happy brother, what a dispensation do we contemplate! How unexpected, how beyond all hope! If in one respect we bring home with us fresh cause for mourning, do we not also bring full matter for rejoicing, if happily we return to our dear friends in safety, and find them, as heaven grant we may! in prosperous health and undisturbed tranquillity of mind?

That, my dear Edward, that indeed, replied De Lancaster, will be a happiness never to be exceeded, a vouchsafement never to be forgotten. As from these windows I look out and see the foaming track, which our swift-sailing vessel leaves behind her, my heart exults to think, that we have cut off so much from the space of sea,

that we must traverse before we reach the shores of that asylum, where I left all that my soul has treasured up to bless and crown with happiness my days to come. Ah, my best friend, if heaven shall so vouchsafe that I may live to call Amelia mine, and, when possest of all my heart holds dear, if those principles, which you have taught me, shall be found still operative, still inviolate and pure, how vast will be my obligations to you, who took me when I was in a state of dereliction, taught me to perceive that I was endowed with reason, and enabled me to discern how to apply it to its proper uses. If I could have suffered the events, which you have instanced, to have passed by me without reflections, of which you remind me, I must have been insensible indeed: On the contrary, be assured they struck me with the double force of opposite examples, showing me both the evil and the good; the punishment of villany in the instance of Ap Owen, and the reward of virtue in the person of your brother.

The master of the pacquet now came into the cabin, and introduced a gentleman by the name of Anderton, in whose frame and complexion the effects of tropical disease were strongly marked. He might be somewhat past the middle stage of life, and there were traces in his sickly countenance of that mild character, that to hearts like

those of our hero and his friend made an interesting appeal; and he soon perceived that his good fortune had thrown him into the company of fellow passengers, who felt for his situation, and were naturally disposed to show him all attentions in their power, and tender him a share in all those comforts, which Devereux's care had amply stored them with, and which his condition seemed so much to need.

The wind was fair, the sea was easy, and the motion of the vessel being regularly and rapidly progressive, was not of that sort, which produces sickness and disquietude. Anderton by their invitation reposed himself on the couch, where they took their seats on each side of him. His eyes now brightened as he turned them on his beneficent companions, the blood flushed faintly in his cheeks, and addressing them, he said—

Knowing in whose company I have the happiness to be, and highly grateful as I am for the kind reception you have given me, though as yet a perfect stranger, it is fit that I should briefly tell you who and what I am; briefly it needs must be, for one dull scene of industry, one uniform pursuit, comprise the whole history of my unimportant solitary life. If it were the sole purpose of man in this world to make his fortune, I have ac-

complished that purpose; for in colonial property I am superfluously rich. I was an orphan in my infancy, and have no recollection of my parents; after a scanty education upon charity, I was taken into a merchant's service, where I performed the menial offices of his counting-house; there however I gained a knowledge of accounts and forms of business. I devoted myself, as I have told you, without avocation of any kind, to the task before me, and was consigned over to the manager of a considerable estate in Jamaica as an under agent, who was not likely to decline any labour, or betray any trust. I did neither one nor the other; they did not spare me, and I did not spare myself. Incessant industry, no taste for pleasure, no incitements to excess, an absolute sequestration from all society, and no diversion of ideas from those, which I employed upon the cane, the mill and the negro, raised me by degrees hardly gained to a capacity of adventuring for myself, and my laborious efforts have succeeded, as I told you, to the fullest extent; I am the sole fabricator of an ample property, for the attainment of which I have, as you see, sacrificed my health, and deprived myself of the ability to enjoy my earnings. One consolation however supports me on reflection, which is that of being conscious, that I am chiefly indebted for my prosperity to the humanity, with which I ever treated those

who were my slaves: I have been the founder of their happiness, and they the instruments that have raised my fortune. I made their cabins comfortable, their wives and children happy; I contemplated their increase with satisfaction, and can boast of having never purchased or imported a single African, since I have been owner of a single acre. They grew up with me as their common father, they lived and worked for me, I lived to think and act for them. To the whole world of white men I am a stranger; except with one alone I never formed acquaintance: he, and he only, was my friend; from him I learnt the precepts and the policy of humanity to my enslaved fellow creatures: I loved him as my own life; he married and became a widower; I received him in his sorrow, and lodged him in my house; he was a soldier, and a gentleman; my purse would have been his for every use he could have put it to; but his high-born spirit would not stoop to obligations of that sort; he sickened, languished a few days, and expired in my arms. My spirit died with him; every comfort, every joy my nature was capable of feeling, were buried with him in the grave. He left a little orphan girl, in whom the remnant of my heart was wrapped; her grandfather took her from me; she was sent to England, and if she yet survives, and is in the virtues of her mind, what she promised to

be in the beauties of her person, she is an angel. Would I might see her once before I die!

Tell me her name, said De Lancaster, and instantly, as Anderton pronounced Amelia Jones, our astonished hero threw himself back on the couch, smote his hands together and with uplifted eyes exclaimed—Just heaven, how wonderful are thy decrees!

The explanation that ensued would be superfluous to relate; it filled up the time till the hour of dinner put an end to it. Devereux's provisions furnished out an excellent repast, and the sea-air supplied an appetite. Anderton fed heartily, and the languor of his countenance yielded to the joint effects of cordial diet, and that elevation of spirits, which the conversation of De Lancaster and Wilson had inspired him with. After a glass or two of delicious wine had gone temperately round, the cabin was cleared; all, who had charge of the ship, repaired to their duty on the deck, and the three passengers were left at liberty to resume their conversation.

CHAPTER V.

John De Lancaster and Wilson arrive at Kray Castle.

FROM the preceding chapter it appears that John De Lancaster had made known to Anderton the situation of Amelia Jones, and that gentleman no sooner found himself in private with his new friends, than, turning to our hero, he said —The hopes you have held out to me of beholding the relic of my dear-loved friend, inspire me with new life, and I will not despair but that the clear air of Wales may keep my waining lamp alive a little longer.

At least I'll give the experiment a chance, for though I don't fear death, simply considered as a dismission from this world, yet I would most devoutly wish to fit myself for it as my passport to the world to come. For that, alas! I have made no preparation. Of my religion I am supremely ignorant; I have had no church, no pastor to instruct me. I scarce know why and by what right I call myself a christian: I must believe I ought to understand the book of duties, that is open to me; but where is the instructor? Nothing can be too much for me to give, could I but find that

charitable man, who patiently and piously would teach me rightly to know and reverence my God, or ere I am summoned to appear before him. The tomb itself can be no darker than my ignorant mind; he whose instruction will throw light on that, will merit all the uses of my fortune, on which there is not in this world one, who by affinity or friendship has the slightest claim, now that Amelia Jones is so disposed of.

Stop there, said the reverend Mr. Wilson, if you please. Had you not named what seems so like a lure to bribe me to your service, I had offered my best endeavours, as in duty bound (being myself a minister of the gospel,) to give you that assistance, which you profess yourself so earnest to obtain.

O that you would! said Anderton.

Be patient, rejoined Wilson, I can make no promise till I am satisfied, that you withdraw all thoughts of every thing, which seems allied to worldly recompense, and credit me for pure benevolence and zeal to serve my God by services to you. Here therefore we must conclude this conversation for the present, and wait till further knowledge of each other may possibly dispose us to renew it with effect.

In the further progress of their voyage Anderton's gentle and benignant nature so recommended him to Wilson, and he drew such comfort from the discourses, which that excellent instructor favoured him with, that, as his understanding opened, his spirits and his health improved, and he became as it were a new creature.

As they neared the land, the breeze freshened, and in the first of the morning they came to anchor in the port of Falmouth. Upon their landing, the attendants on the corpse lost no time in providing for its conveyance to Exeter, where fresh relays were to be had; and when these arrangements were made, our hero and his friend, with young Willams only, set out for Kray-Castle by the shortest road, and Anderton bent his course to London. The journey of these gentlemen was in all respects like the journeys which other gentlemen take, except in novels, for the drivers and horses, whether good or bad, performed their stages, and their carriage was driven into the court of Kray-Castle, nay, even up to the castle-door, without accident or adventure of any kind. The surprise of the old porter was such, that he took especial care, that every body within hearing should partake of it, and rang out an alarm so violent, that some cracked bells and some crazy towers would have resented

it in a manner not very convenient for the puller of the rope, which provoked them to such clamorous exertion.

The family had not quitted the breakfast-room, for Mr. De Lancaster had engaged their attention to a dissertation upon dreams, in consequence of a prediction, which David Ap Rees had ventured to enounce from his tripod, namely that Mr. John De Lancaster was on his road, and would speedily arrive in safety; David having gone to bed with a full dose of soporific metheglin, and been visited in his sleep with the vision of young John and his father alighting at the castle-gate safe and sound from the backs of two griffins, that had flown with them through the air. This he had imparted to his patron after his morning serenade, and that excellent person had entertained a very good opinion of the prophecy, though he had some hesitation to admit the vehicle of the griffins: Upon this circumstance he commenced a learned dissertation upon dreams, holding at nought Mr. Locke's notion of their being made up of the waking man's thoughts, and substituting an opinion of his own, which took up so much time in explanation, and grew to be so entirely unintelligible by his mode of explaining it, that when the turret bell sounded out that terrible alarm, old Morgan started and cried out amain—

What the devil is coming to us now? That horrid bell has waked me out of a comfortable nap, in which I was dreaming of—

Your grandson John, said De Lancaster, and behold he is here!

It is in scenes like this, which now took place upon the sudden entrance of our hero, that speeches cannot be found for people, who all speak at the same time, and of course out-talk description. The tender sex have tearful eyes and trembling nerves for these occasions; the three seniors had their several modes of giving vent to their joy, and each mode different from the other.—The dream is verified, cried De Lancaster, my grandson is arrived in safety—But he did not come upon a dragon, said the Colonel—No matter, exclaimed old Morgan; here he is, and that's enough.

Edward Wilson now came into the room, and the cordial congratulations of every one present were renewed upon the sight of him. In the general exultation it so happened that nobody had yet recollected to make one inquiry about poor Philip. At length Cecilia said—What is become of my brother? Have you left him still in Lisbon?

He is not in Lisbon, replied John. We should not have left you without an account of every thing as it came to pass, if a single pacquet had sailed from Lisbon, whilst we remained in it; we came in the only one that was on that side the water, and they stopped it till the dispatches from the army were made up. Much has occurred in the short time we have been absent from you, and we have happy news for Colonel Wilson of our gallant Major; but as we have travelled hard and are journey-baited, if you will let us satisfy our hunger first, we will then endeavour to satisfy your curiosity.

CHAPTER VI.

Familiar anecdotes of the family at Kray-Castle.—Comments on the events which occurred at Lisbon.

It will be a very saving compromise for our readers to refer John De Lancaster's narrative to their recollection rather than to tire their patience with a recapitulation of what they have heard before. Let it therefore be understood that the

eventful narrative has been minutely given; that Mr. De Lancaster with philosophical resignation has acquiesced in the dispensation of poor Philip's death; that he has acknowledged the hand of Providence in the seizure of his murderer, and in the consummation of his dreadful doom; and that the happy return of our beloved hero, now sole heir of the De Lancasters and Morgans, with the brilliant prospect of Major Wilson's fortunate connection, leave impressions on the hearers only tinged, not obscured by sorrow and regret.

When we reflect, said Robert De Lancaster, upon occurrences in all respects, save one, so prosperously, so providentially disposed, it would be an unpardonable offence in us, who have been listening to the narrative, were we to suffer one ungrateful murmur to escape us, because the general blessing, though beyond our hopes, and far above our merits, defeats our wishes in one single point. Cecilia will recollect, how ill we jointly augured of the idle expedition, that has now proved fatal to the unhappy object, who obstinately would set out upon it, and returns a corpse. Fate has now struck him down, who would not wait to witness, as in duty bound, and to console, as by humanity it was required of him, a wife, who languished on the bed of death.

Can we complain of this? Is there not justice in the dispensation? If then, it behoves me, his father, to submit in silence, who amongst you will give way to lamention? We will consign his body to the grave with suitable respect, and his memory to oblivion with as much philosophy as we can muster, for in the journal of his days, if every action was set down, there will be found not one, on which we can ingraft a single word of praise to grace him with an epitaph. Therefore, my good and worthy brother Morgan, you, who by law, and I, who by nature, fathered this poor man, will pray for life, that we may see the hour, which but for this event, had joined the hands of those affianced lovers, now in our sight, destined, as I trust, to keep our names alive and lay our grey heads in a peaceful grave.

I'll tell you what, brother of mine, said old Morgan; if I live to see that happy day, I don't believe I shall be content to lay my grey head in any grave at all, let it be as peaceful as it may. I hope those fatal spinsters won't cut my thread, just when I want to wind up my bottom, and be merry: why, I've a cellar full of wine, that I hope will be drank out before I die; I have a locker full of money to scatter amongst the poor, and a subterranean of strong beer to set the ancient Britons a-dancing on their heads. I know I am

an old gouty good-for-nothing blockhead; but what then? 'Tis other people's wit, not our own, that makes us merry; and let death stand at the door, I'll have my laugh out, so long as he does not come in, and spoil the company: Here's my old friend Wilson, who has literally one leg in the grave, why he makes battle still, like a stout fellow, and fights upon his stumps, as Whittington did in Chevy Chase. Was there ever in the annals of good fortune such a happy father as he is? 'Tis not in the order of things probable, that a fellow, like his son Henry, with all the disadvantages of modest merit, refined high principle and rigid unrelenting honour, should find himself invited, nay, compelled, to be one of the happiest and most prosperous gentlemen, that beauty, wealth and virtue ever joined to bless. How, in the name of all that's wonderful, did it come to pass, that Devereux, a trader in diamonds, should have the good sense to discover, and the good heart to reward, the merits of Major Wilson? What shall I say of him? Why, I will say, that he is worthy to enjoy the friendship of De Lancaster, and his daughter to share the affection and esteem of Cecilia and Amelia; and if any body can suggest how I am to do him and her greater honours, I shall be glad to hear it. As for myself, if some kind spirit, that is friendly to good fellowship, will graciously keep from me

pain and sickness for a while, I shall be profoundly thankful; but I must not be importunate; if he gives me to the full as much as I deserve, and gives no more, my allowance will be nothing: still if I may be suffered to hang, as I do, like a ragged remnant, on the skirts of society, I shall be well content, for I would fain shake honest Devereux by the hand before I die; aye, and poor Anderton before he dies, because he loved the dear white man, whom I loved and lamented, and because he dandled on his knee my pretty Amelia, who is sweeter than all his sugar-canes, though she does not care a rush for such a rascally old negro as I am.

Oh sir, sir, cried Amelia, don't say that, even in jest—And rising from her seat, devoutly put her arms about his neck, and pressed her lips upon his forehead.

Child, child, he cried; don't overthrow me. I am a weak old fool with a watery head, and you, who are the fair nymph of the fountain, can make it stream at pleasure.

Brother Morgan, said De Lancaster, whilst you think fit to rally yourself with pleasantry, you shall be as pleasant as you like, and we won't quarrel with you; but if you pique us upon the

serious point of affection and respect, we may chance to defend ourselves in the same manner that Amelia has done; I think therefore you will do well to be contented with the salute you have got; for the rough beard of Menelaus won't do after the sweet lips of Helen.

In the mean time, said the Colonel, if it will be any gratification to see Maria Devereux, I'll introduce her to you. It is an elegant compliment, that her father has made in sending me her picture; and though Henry tells me in his letter, that it is not half so handsome as the original, that may be an opinion very natural for him to give, but we are not absolutely bound to take the lover's word against the painter's art. Saying this, he gave the picture to Morgan; the ladies eagerly rose, and even De Lancaster was impatient to satisfy his curiosity with a sight of it: The ladies were in raptures with the beauty, De Lancaster with the character of the countenance; Morgan declared at once, that he had seen enough to understand why she preferred one of the finest fellows in the British service to all the yellow-faced nobles in the court of Portugal—There is discernment, said he, in those eyes, brother De Lancaster.—Yes, yes; replied the other—

"Oculi loquuntur male pertinaces."

CHAPTER VII.

Conversation in an evening walk.

THE evening was delicious, there was a stillness in the air, that seemed like the repose of nature, when our hero and his Amelia walked forth to enjoy those happy moments, which rural scenes and rural solitude afford to love. They were no sooner out of ear-shot from the castle walls, when John began—Now, my sweet girl, when no witness is about us, but the unseen Spirit, that protects and guards you, I can open all my heart to you without reserve, for it honours you, it loves you, it adores you. I have been absent from you; I have visited another country, I have seen other women, and contemplated their charms and their allurements without emotion or the diversion of a thought from you. I am entirely and unalterably yours. I think you love me; nay, I am sure you do; nothing therefore but the hand of death can separate us, and when I dissuaded Anderton from leaving you his fortune, it was because I regarded you already as my wife. But time, my lovely girl, must pass before I can have legal right to call you by that name. You see within how short a period I have been deprived of both my parents, and although my

grandfather De Lancaster treats or feigns to treat the late melancholy event as a philosopher, I cannot help feeling it as a son; for I was present to behold my father die, and witnessed his last words. If I could charge my conscience with having hesitated or delayed to obey his summons, and hasten to his relief, I should be wretched in the extreme: but, thank heaven, I had fortitude to tear myself from your arms, and cannot reproach myself with any breach of duty. Nothing can exceed the kindness I received from Mr. Devereux and his family: but neither his hospitality, nor the approaching nuptials of his daughter with my friend Major Wilson, could prevail with me to prolong my stay a single hour beyond the very first paequet, that afforded me an opportunity of returning to the place where I had left my heart. You will perceive I gave you credit for a mind superior to the vanity of show and ornament; for I have not brought a single gem to glitter on that lovely person, whose elegance and simplicity are its best adornments. My dear Amelia, we must seek for other honours, than decoration can give us; we must find out better uses for the affluence we are intrusted with, than gems, and equipage and splendid galas: If you and I decide upon a country life, we will not let our tranquillity degenerate into indolence, nor ever suffer these superfluities, which we have no present call for, to

accumulate for those who may chance to come after us to inherit, and perhaps to misapply, them: No, we will consider prosperity as a loan, and administer our abundance as the almoners of providence, and stewards for the uses of our fellow-creatures, whose privations and distresses shall have claims upon that, which is not given as a monopoly to be devoured by one, but as a resource against the wants of many. By this conduct I may atone for not devoting my life, as well as my fortune, to the service of my country; and you may walk forth amongst your poor dependent pensioners, brighter, and more splendid in the lustre of your charities than if I hung you round with all the jewels of the Lady of Loretto. Let us live hospitably, becomingly, liberally, after the example of my grandfather; but don't let us make an undistinguishing waste, either by our domestic style of living, or by wanton largesses to any, who may not deserve, as well as need relief. We will support the industrious, who struggle against hard fortune, and the helpless, who would else sink under it; but we will not confound the lazy drone with the laborious bee. And now, beloved of my soul, as I have occupied you with a long homily, and wearied you with a long walk, here is a baiting place to repose in; sit down with me upon this shady bench, and let me read my answer in those heavenly eyes.

Oh, my dear sir, replied the fond and happy Amelia, your just and generous sentiments instruct and charm me. Convinced, that by the practice of these virtues you will ensure all that my heart can wish, all that my prayers can ask of heaven, you give me that supreme delight, which only can be felt, but not described. What can I say to you? What other answer can you look for from your devoted, your betrothed Amelia, but that I am entirely yours? Is it enough to tell you, that I love you, that my whole happiness depends upon you? No; I am not quite convinced, but that the impression, which at our first interview you left so deeply fixed in this poor hopeless heart, would have compelled me to have loved you still, though you had treated me with marked neglect; nay, though you had neglected your own self, and fallen off from that high character in which I now behold you and admire. I felt as if I could have forgiven you every thing: and when you left me for so long a time without a word to soften my despair, I feared indeed that you was lost for ever, but I did not suspect you to be cruel. I knew you was offended with Mrs. Jennings, but I was sorry to find your resentment could be so lasting, and that you would take no pains to acquit me, who was innocent, and set my mind at rest. Morning and night I mused upon the words I heard you utter, when, looking on

the portrait of my father, you pledged protection to the orphan who then lived, as she still does, upon the bounty of your family—Is this the man (I said within myself) who threw his arms about me, and pressed me with such rapture to his heart? Was there no meaning in that fond embrace? Did it sink only into my sad heart? Alas, I hoped that his had felt it too!—Thus I tormented my poor wretched self, till now, behold! I am sitting by your side—Nay; hear me out!—I have not told one half—

The expostulation was not out of place, for by some means or other, (what I know not) our heroine was defrauded of her right to tell the other half; and whether it was ever told, or not, I hope is no great object to the reader; for, upon the word and honour of a novelist, I have no authority, that can decide the question.

In due time the corpse of Philip De Lancaster arrived and was interred in the vault with his ancestors. Every member of that ancient house attended the funeral, and several of the intimates and friends of the family showed their respect by being present at the solemnity.

As the parishioners and labouring poor had no particular reason for tears and lamentations, they

reasonably enough forbore to interrupt the ceremony, and only gratified their curiosity by gazing on the plumes and scutcheons and the costly pall and coffin: this did extremely well, and the cheering horn of fat Welch ale, that was dealt out to quench a thirst, that was natural to them at all times, and did not spring upon this occasion from sorrow, did still better. A great company were regaled in the state apartments of the castle, and a mighty mob in the lower regions.

Whilst these things were going on, lawyer Davis, doctor Llewellyn and the family-bard old Williams held a special consistory in a private cell, for the purpose of minuting down the *memoranda*, proper to be inserted in the family archives under the article of "Philip De Lancaster, Esquire, lineally descended in the male line without a flaw from Japhet, son of Noah."

The bard was to dictate; the lawyer was to write, and the doctor was to smoke his pipe, and make comments. As it was a business not to be dismissed in a slight perfunctory manner, there was a huge can of metheglin on the table to assist thought, for the *data*, that blind David had to go upon, were rather of the scantiest; and when a biographer has little or nothing before him, he must depend upon his wits for matter.

David opened the consultation by observing, that, before they sate down to their work, it was correctly in rule to make a libation to the immortal memory of the excellent person, whose virtues they were about to record; and he assured himself, that posterity would peruse the life and actions of Mr. Philip De Lancaster with peculiar interest and avidity.

After they had drank they began to deliberate, and the Doctor suggested, that the first thing needful was to prove the life, before they narrated the actions, of Mr. De Lancaster.

That is already settled, said the Lawyer, by entering, as I have done, the date of his birth.

Pardon me, replied the Doctor, that entry is not quite authority, unless you can show that he was *born to die;* for in many cases, which I have met, the death of the object in question has been known to forerun the birth.

Here is the date of his death, rejoined the Lawyer, copied from the plate on his coffin; and by this it appears, that he lived to complete a period of forty-three years, five months and three days.

Sufficit ! said Llewellyn ; the plate upon his coffin is evidence. Now let us understand what he employed himself upon during that period.

A silence ensued for a considerable time. David referred himself to the metheglin ; the other two to meditation on the past events of Philip's life, as materials for history.

He was very fond of angling, said the Lawyer. —He was so, replied the Doctor, and you may put that down in the archives, only you need not inform posterity, that he never got a bite.

Pooh ! rejoined Davis, that naturally happened, because he was too indolent to bait his hook.—He had an acknowledged partiality for the game of chess.

Yes, and an acknowledged ignorance of it, said the Doctor. I am apt to think, that it will be perfectly safe to record that he was six feet high—

Wanting half an inch, rejoined the Lawyer.

Pshaw ! exclaimed the Doctor ; if you begin to reckon up all that is *wanting*, there will be no end to the account.

David now unmuzzled his oracle, and began to utter—Gentlemen, give me leave to observe to you, that you wander from the points, that chiefly constituted the exemplary character of the deceased personage, whose incomparable qualities we are even now preparing to commemorate. He possessed, as I can witness, a most laudable respect for the almost miraculous powers of music: I do not say that Mr. Philip De Lancaster was skilled in the practice of that sublime art; but I do say, that he was at the pains of ascending the winding stair-case of my turret, and of entering my chamber on the top of it, for the benevolent purpose of employing me to expel the meagrims, or blue devils, as they are called, from the possession they had taken of his lady, and restoring her to health and spirits by the healing remedy of dulcet tones, elicited by me from my harp.

A fiddlestick for your harp! exclaimed the man of medicine, I tell you, that its dulcet tones were the very death of his wife. You may take that from me, friend David, *in verbo medici*.

I'll not take that from you, or any one else, friend or foe, retorted the enraged musician; and now began an altercation between chemicals and galenicals *versus* chords and crotchets, which was maintained with such heat, (both gentlemen being

of the principality,) that in the confusion of tongues all memory of poor Philip's history was done away, and to this hour no record, anecdote or account of that unfortunate gentleman is any where to be found, save only what the historic tool of the engraver has briefly inscribed upon the lacquered plate, that ornaments his coffin.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our history verges to its conclusion—Cornet Roberts arrives at Penruth Abbey.

A very few days had elapsed since the event recorded in our preceding chapter had taken place, when intelligence reached the castle, that the young heir of Penruth Abbey had arrived there from Lisbon. The servant, who brought this news, was the bearer also of a letter from Cornet Roberts to our hero, signifying that he was charged with a letter from Major Wilson to his father, which with permission he would have the honour of delivering into his hands. The answer of our hero expressed every thing, that hospitality and politeness could convey; but cer-

tain reasons, still in force, prevailed with him to avoid, for the present at least, a visit to the Abbey. A very short time however brought young Roberts to the castle, where he was received with all possible cordiality. He had left his friend the Major on the point of setting out for the review at Elvas, and as his marriage with Maria Devereux had taken place, the bride and her father had been invited, and were preparing to accompany him in the royal suite; in his letter to the Colonel he announces his intention of coming over to England upon the close of the campaign, and the family seat in Herefordshire was by order of Mr. Devereux furnishing and preparing for his reception. Prosperity had flowed in upon him; promotion awaited him, and every thing seemed conspiring for his happiness.

Roberts in the mean time ingratiated himself to every body, old or young, in the family of De Lancaster, by that modesty of mind and manners, in which his sudden turn of fortune made no change. He made frequent short excursions to the Abbey, where he had projected several considerable works for the occupation and employment of the labouring poor; but his delicacy never suffered him to ask John De Lancaster to accompany him. John attended upon him however to the house of old Ap Rees, when he went to

invest him with the annuity settled upon him and his son. The business was so cautiously introduced and so delicately conducted, that it created no very painful agitation on the part of the old man—I have so deep a sense, said Roberts, of the injuries you have received from the deceased person, whose property, but not whose principles, I inherit, that so long as life is granted to me, I will be the friend of you and all that may belong to you or yours; so be assured—The venerable minstrel bowed his head; but the sad recollection of his dear-loved daughter weighed upon his heart, and he was silent.

This and so many instances like this, occurred to strengthen and confirm our hero's high opinion of young Roberts, that in hearts like theirs acquaintance soon was ripened into friendship; in proof of which it may not be entirely out of place to record a circumstance, that happened at the county races. Sir Arthur Floyd, the steward for the year preceding, had nominated John De Lancaster as his successor in that office, and when the time came round for his appearing in that character, his grandfather and friends were of opinion, that he could not handsomely absent himself. He proposed to Roberts to accompany him, and with some hesitation he accepted it. At the ordinary John in right of of-

fice took the chair; the cornet, as yet unknown to the gentlemen of the county, in his riding dress, and out of uniform, attracted very little notice, and declined all offers of introduction. It had been whispered however between some at table, that a near relation of Sir David Ap Owen was there, present and amongst them. When the glass had gone round briskly, and Welch blood began to stir, a sporting kind of half gentleman at the bottom of the table, who had been of the Ap Owen hunt, stood up and in a loud voice desired to ask a question of the president: leave was instantly given him from the chair to propose it.

He was ready enough with his words, and, addressing himself to De Lancaster, spoke as follows—Mr. President, it is not my good fortune to possess any great property in this county, but I hold it in as much honour and respect, as any gentleman here present, being perhaps of as ancient standing, none excepted, not even yourself, Mr. De Lancaster, whom we are all proud to see at the head of this table as our stewart, and shall be still prouder to see you there in good time as our representative.

A clapping of hands, and a vehement clatter of glasses, ensued—The speaker as soon as si-

lence was restored, proceeded—Mr. President, I am sorry to say, that a great and grievous disgrace has been cast upon this county by the infamous conduct of as dire a wretch as ever went into his grave unhanged. I mean the late Sir David Ap Owen; I speak out; I am no slanderer. And now, Mr. President, I am informed, (whether truly or not you perhaps can tell) that there is a near relation of that wretch, who has so disgraced us, actually present in this company.

I am that person, said young Roberts, instantly starting up, and cutting him short in his oration. I am nephew to the late worthy Sir Owen Ap Owen, and of course first cousin to the late unworthy heir of his title and estate. Now, sir, if my presence, gives you on that account any umbrage, I am ready to leave the company, provided you go with me; for having the honour to wear the King's commission, I am not willing to disgrace it by putting up with an affront from you, or any man alive, who can prove himself a gentleman.

Several persons now rose at the same time, and called upon the orator for an apology, when upon John De Lancaster's appealing to be heard in right of office, all were silent and sate down—

Gentlemen, he said, I am persuaded, that a very few words in the way of explanation will set this matter right, without disturbing the peace of the company, or wounding the feelings of any person present. It would be hard indeed upon my friend Mr. Roberts, it would be hard upon me, who am proud to call him by that name, if, because he inherits the estate of an ancient and respectable family in this county, the guilt of that man, through whose hands it passed in its descent to him, could be supposed to cast the slightest stain upon his character: that I am sure was not the purpose of the gentleman, who was pleased to address himself to me. He spoke upon the impulse of an honest indignation against one, who is far enough removed from this assembly, not from the premeditated motive of putting an affront upon a gentleman, whose company confers an honour, wheresoever he bestows it. If therefore I conjecture rightly of my worthy countryman at the other end of the table, I will put it to the proof by calling upon him to pledge me in a toast, which I will give to the health and prosperity of our new neighbour, Charles Roberts, esquire, the present heir and owner of Penruth Abbey.

Instantly without a moment's loss, the orator started on his legs, and having filled his glass

to the brim, with a loud voice, directed to Mr. Roberts, cried amain, that he hoped he would accept of his apology, and that he drank his health with all his heart. When the toast had gone round, the young heir of the Ap Owens rose, and having made his acknowledgments to the company, professed himself perfectly satisfied with the testimony, which the gentleman, who addressed the president, had been pleased to give of his good opinion of him. Thus by the temperate and manly interference of our hero, the spirit of discord, which for a time had worn so menacing an aspect, was expelled, and harmony and good fellowship reinstated in its stead.

CHAPTER IX.

The History is concluded.

When John De Lancaster returned to Kray-Castle, Edward Wilson communicated to him a letter, which he had from Anderton, of which the following is the substance:

"Dear Sir!

"Having at length settled all my temporal affairs, nothing remains for me in this world but to prepare my mind to meet that awful moment, which must soon dismiss me from it. I rather think my complaint has gained upon me, since my residence in London, and the physician, whom I have consulted, tells me that I must positively lose no time in seeking out some country-house in a better climate and purer air. From what passed between us on our passage, (which, though you may have forgotten, I never can) I have cherished hopes, that perhaps your benevolence may induce you to procure for me a situation in your neighbourhood, where I may enjoy the comfort of your edifying and instructive conversation. Could I obtain this blessing, it would be all I wish for; I should die content. If you return a favourable answer, I shall instantly set out, and I flatter myself that by easy stages I may accomplish the journey: if on the contrary you reject my suit, I have only to thank you for your favours past, resign myself to despair, and bid you everlastingly farewell."

When John De Lancaster had read thus far, he eagerly inquired of Wilson what answer he had returned to this pitiable appeal. I have told

him, replied Wilson, that I am about to fix my residence in the parish of which I am the minister, and as my parsonage house is by the bounty of your grandfather rendered perfectly commodious, and has the further recommendation of being situated in a fine air and very beautiful spot, I shall very gladly receive him in it, and show him all the attentions in my power for such time as it may suit him to make use of it.

The return of the post brought a letter from poor Anderton full of acknowledgments for the generous offer, which he most gladly embraced, and was eagerly employed in preparing for his journey.

Nothing now remained but to wait the expiration of the time allotted to the forms of mourning. That interval was not chequered by a single incident, that could disturb the happiness of our hero, or of any of those worthy characters, whose story may have gained an interest in the reader's wishes.

Anderton, having slowly crawled through his long length of journey, arrived at Kray-Castle, where Edward Wilson waited for him; and having lived to see the lovely daughter of his friend in perfect happiness and high prosperity,

retired with Wilson to his calm asylum, where after a short period profitably employed he closed his days in peace.

Mr. Devereux, having delivered over to his son the management of his concerns in Portugal, came with the Major and Maria to England, and having paid a visit to the family at Kray-Castle, established himself in his fine old mansion in Herefordshire, in the centre of a noble property, augmented by purchases and embellished by improvements.

Colonel Wilson lived to see his beloved Edward, after the decease of Anderton, married to the amiable and accomplished daughter of Sir Arthur Floyd. His frequent visits at Sir Arthur's house, which was within a very short distance of his own, had naturally given rise to an attachment, which, when Anderton's bequest had established him in affluence, and not till then, he made known, and found his well-placed passion was returned.

The good old Morgan kept a gay heart, and the gout at a distance. Whilst he was for ever laying out a character for himself, which every action of his life contradicted, no persuasion could divert him from ordering new carriages to be built and

fine horses to be bought in town for the purpose of setting out his grandson with a splendid equipage, that he had no wish for. He bustled over in prodigious haste to Glen-Morgan, as soon as ever the day was named for the wedding, and gave directions that open house should be kept for three days after that event took place, and free allowance without stint to all drunken idlers, that chose to lend a hand to the draining of his cellars.

When his brother-in-law gravely took him to task, and remonstrated against these lawless proceedings, as tending to produce nothing but riot and disorder, he stuck boldly to his text, and would not waver; contending that it was fit and right the tillers of the soil should enjoy the produce of the soil, and, if they quarrelled over their cups, they might fight it out over their cups for what he cared; a few broken heads would set all to rights; and as for riots and disturbances, if the county could not keep its own peace, he hoped he was not bound to keep it for them.

In the mean time he was not wholly inattentive to his own person, but found a half-crazed chattering Denbigh tailor, to fit him out with a flaming suit, laced down the seams, like the jacket of a drum-major; and at the same time provided

himself with a most tremendous periwig, and long cravat of Brussels lace. He was with difficulty prevented from heaping tawdry ornaments and trinkets upon Amelia, that would totally have destroyed all those charms, which the elegant simplicity of her own taste knew so much better how to set off and recommend. But the Jew Lyons exhibited a glittering show-box, and having trapped him into the purchase of the French watch, that he bestowed upon Amelia, knew the value of so good a customer.

Cecilia De Lancaster was the presiding spirit, that kept all things straight and steady in their course: at her command they moved, by her discretion they were governed and directed. Under her control joy was not suffered to run riot, and the vagaries of old Morgan were kept within bounds; to any other authority but her's he paid no regard, and had a way of parrying the railleries of Wilson, and the remonstrances of De Lancaster.

That venerable and worthy personage preserved a dignified tranquillity. A smile sate upon his countenance, and his eyes brightened when he turned them on Amelia and his grandson. He caused a considerable length of parchment to be added to his roll of pedigree, for the purpose of

leaving space for the future descendants from John De Lancaster and Amelia Jones. He put old David upon composing an epithalamium, which when written down as he dictated it, turned out to be very little shorter than *the Last Lay of the Minstrel.* Neither was his own genius unemployed, for he composed, and was at the pains of writing with his own hand a set of maxims, which he entitled *rules for domestic happiness in the married state.* They consisted chiefly of truisms, which he was at the pains of proving; and of errors so obvious, that examination could not make them clearer. He pointed out so many ways, by which man and wife must render each other miserable, that he seemed to have forgot, that the purport of his rules was to make them happy. So little was this learned work adapted to the object held out in the title, that, if it had been pasted up for general use on the door of a church, it may be doubted if any, who had read it, would have entered there to be married.

He delivered it however with much solemnity to his grandson—saying to him—Here is a proof, my dear John, how seriously my thoughts have been employed for your instruction: govern yourself by these rules, and you will be happy.

If I govern myself by your example, John made answer, I shall have no need of rules.

On the evening preceding the wedding-day, John drew Amelia aside, and conducting her to the private chamber, which he made his study, produced a case, which he said contained the family jewels of the De Lancasters and Morgans, newly set—I have added nothing to them, he said, for I am fully conscious they can add nothing to you: It is fit however that you should have them, and wear them, when you see occasion: our friends seem to wish it, and our fortune fully warrants it. When I shall put this plain gold ring upon your finger to-morrow, and confirm it as the symbol of our union with an oath before the altar, trifles like these jewels will have no further value, as the test of my affection: that is made secure to you, not only by the graces of your person, which ornaments cannot improve, but also by the virtues of your mind, which time cannot impair.

FINIS.